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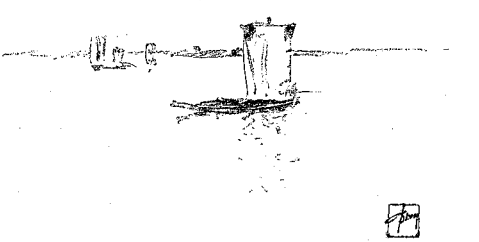
AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

WAY back—was it 1872?—Cincinnati encumbered itself with a musical festival. I have a dim recollection of its being the very first—an inception of Teutonic ingenuity, inculcating in the native art public an appreciation leading to, and crowned at last by, the erection of Springer Music Hall. During that particular month of May of which I speak the town led a highly festooned existence, with much and vigorous demonstration of the kind so indispensable to all German "Jubelund Festtage." The event, however—quite apart from the significant epoch in the city's history—was incidental to an episode that to me had the force and suddenness of a revelation.

In and out of the crowd surging about the crude structure—the smell of the fresh, unpainted pine of the "Sänger-Halle," mingling with the odor of budding trees, wafted across from Washington Park—a boy was busily hawking ordinary Japanese fans. I think they were the first I had ever seen, and I became, what must have seemed to him, an amazing, if somewhat critical buyer. As enthusiastic a student, as I had been before an extravagant customer, I hung over the treasure, providently exploring my vast and fascinating prize.



Sketch from the Steamer-deck along the Coast.

The magnificent Japanese display at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, augmented the wild desire that had grown up in me to some day visit this country of art. In the years slipping by my aspiration was cherished only as an idle day-dream, and—like all dreams—fast became dim and indistinct, when suddenly I awoke to find it revived in the golden reality. I was on my way to Japan.

We had approached the coast during the night.

The sound of the steamer's whistle was still in my ears as I awoke the next morning with a vague sense of apprehension. In place of the full throb and beat, the engine's pulsations seemed strangely faint and feeble, and it hardly

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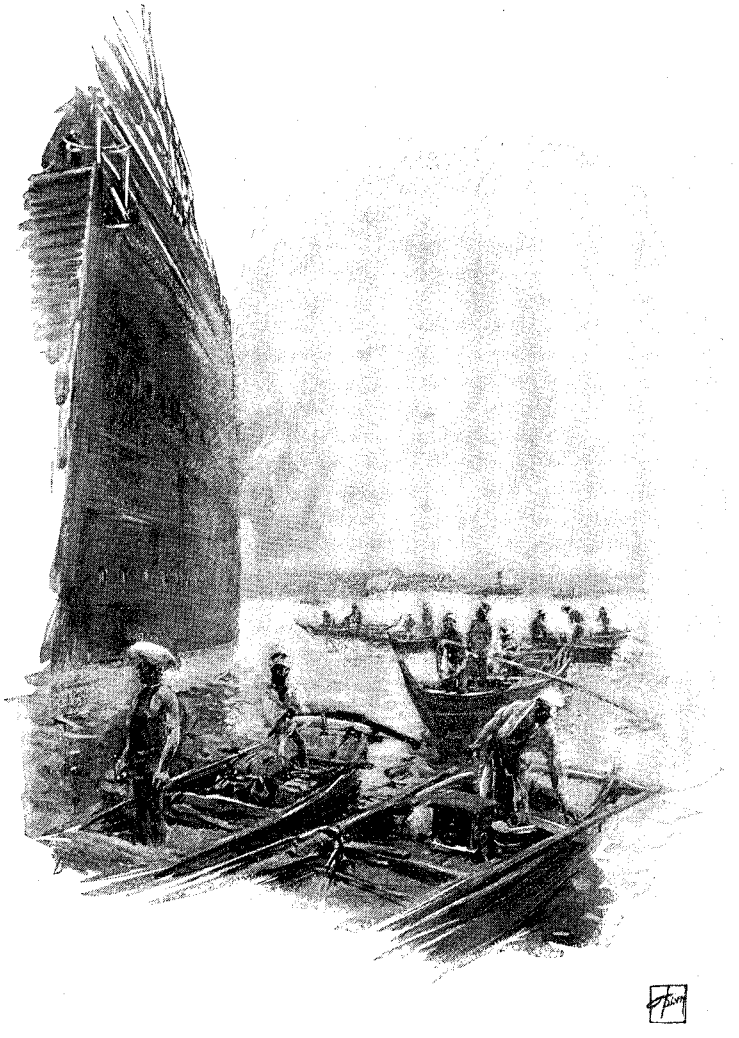

The Sampans.

needed the renewed shriek — strained and hoarse, as if irritated by its efforts —to tell the cause of the ship's half-speed. That there was fog was only too apparent in the sickly and chalky light which found its way through the blurred port-hole. Nor was a more expansive view of the situation as seen from the deck conducive to anything but impatient staring and an over-abundant vexation which this change in the weather had brought about. The air was bleak, and filled with the drizzle of the fog pressing in on us from all around. It was easier, in the rawness of the cold, to believe in the closing in of an Arctic winter than the actual spring at hand which favored this June morning with so remarkable a phenomenon. Shivering, I walked about the slippery deck, listlessly watching the coolie sailors at their various tasks of preparing the ship for port, and colliding, at the companion-ways, with precipitate passengers that gradually drifted into groups about the comfort-giving smoke-stacks. Yokohama, our destination, never seemed farther away, and could be barely credited with a mundane existence at all.

Imperceptibly, and certainly quite as unexpectedly, the fog lifted, and broke into shifting banks. About us stretched the immense expanse of Yedo Bay,

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smooth, lazy, and gleaming with the sheen of satin in the opalescent light. The sun, veiled, formed of the sky a shimmering silver dome, made iridescent here and there the floating mist, flashed brokenly in luminous streaks, and sent out into the distance a wealth of tender, rose-tipped shafts to where —hovering in the air, intangible as a rainbow, high above the land-blurring vapor — appeared the snow-topped crown of Fuji-Yama. The land, close to the left of us, might have had, even with better opportunity to judge, characteristics similar to other coasts; but now there was no mistaking this country for any other—this was Japan.

It was while I was busy in my stateroom below, in a heated search for the inevitable last few and scattered belongings, and wasting energy over refractory valises and trunk-locks, that I heard the rattling chain of the anchor plunging overboard. When I finally found myself free from the wiles of a particularly time-robbing shawl-strap, I hurried on deck. The first sight of the harbor was rather disappointing. As we lay at some distance out, Yokohama presented itself as a panorama; but, like nearly all panoramas, it was monotonous, and excepting a certain Oriental setting of verdured "bluffs" and hills, uninteresting enough. There was too much that was uncompromisingly ugly in the incongruous mixture of Western and Eastern architecture to admit of even passing interest. As a whole, the bustling port, with its "common-the-world-over" aspect, seemed prosperous and very enterprising. As everything depends upon the point of view, I dare say to a mercantile eye the spacious harbor, with its bristling population of ships, appeared successful enough; I found myself quarrelling with it only on personal grounds —as the background to the picture in the immediate vicinity of the steamer it was a lamentable failure.

Here, on the other hand, was abundant proof that we had reached Japan in the swarm of crowding sampans surrounding us like a large school of fish—boats of unpainted fir gleaming brightly in the sunlight, of a build unlike any seen elsewhere, curiously put together (a row of sunken copper cleets being

A Cloth-bound Head.

"A girl looking back over her shoulder."—Page 406.

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the only bit of metal apparently used in them), and having the double advantage of utility and trim decoration. There might have been perhaps in the odd high stem-pieces, even the flat bottoms (were it not for the straw matting and hibachi), and, to a certain extent, in the skilful manner of handling the strange spliced oar, a dim suggestion of the boats in old, far-away, Venetian days. But of a certainty the occupants could not have been mistaken for any other than Japanese—these small, wiry, dark-skinned people could belong to no other race.

The Slushy Rice Field.

This color-splashed crowd of half-naked natives, in full cry for patronage, was so splendid, so delightfully, confusingly picturesque, that I was lost to all else about me, and expended on them all my powers of observation. And it was only when, in my vicinity, a lady passenger gasped, "Oh, my! aren't they horrid?" and with heightened color fled, that I was recalled to my immediate surroundings. The lady, it had been whispered—a rumor not unmixed with some degree of malice, and emanating, I hasten to add, from the smoking-room—was coming to Japan to devote herself to missionary work. I say it with all deference due such a sensibility as she displayed, that I shared, perhaps equally, the shock received by a sense of propriety in seeing such reckless disregard of wearing apparel. But whereas she found fault with finely bronzed forms bared of nearly all clothing, I, on the other hand, was incensed at the complacent scarecrows which those natives, wearing our costume, had made of themselves. And while it was easy to see that the lady might prefer the hybrid creature, a caricature decked out in billycock hat and congress gaiters, and generally riotous as to the fit and color—but clothed withal—I, on the contrary, confess to feeling a keen, even fierce exultation in the fine natural unconsciousness of a people who can afford to luxuriate in the quiet dignity of a loin-cloth.

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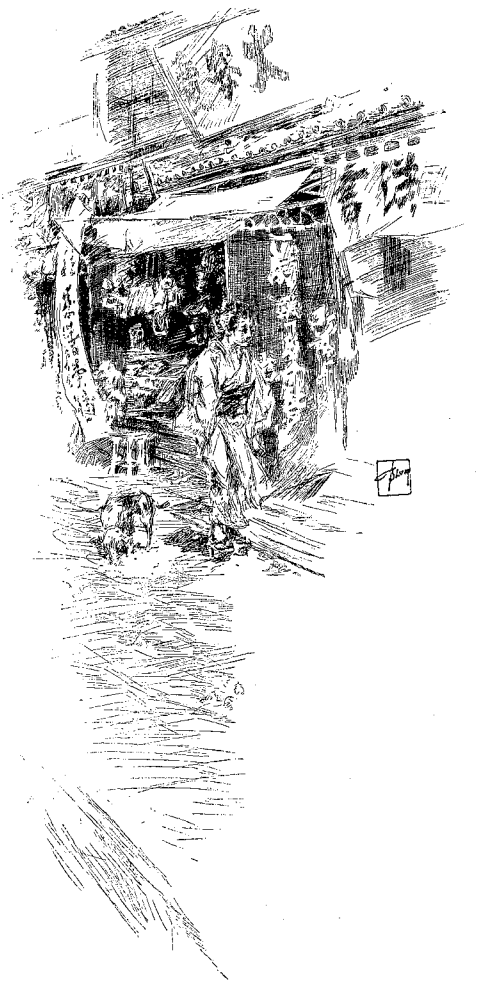


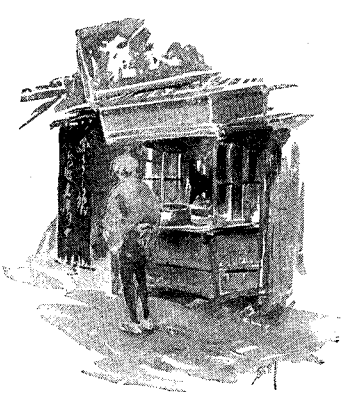
Shop Curtains.

No doubt the proper way should have been to go ashore per sampan. But in the trying moment of facing problems of so new and exceptional a kind, it was timidity more than desire that checked me in generously offering suggestions to the Japanese friend who was with me. And it was only after clambering down the ship's ladder and scrambling over a few intermediate sampans, and reaching the wheezy little tug—dodging showers of slushy soot and cinders as we sputtered along, and passing some radiantly complacent fellow-passengers in the clean-matted boats—that I regretted my taciturnity and felt that a mistake had been made.

There was little formality on the part of the officials at the custom-house examination. With unruffled mien, and a consciousness of superior privileges which even the least important of us at times assume, we awaited our turn. We held ourselves, in a measure, to be visitors to the Japanese people at large. An invitation had been extended from the Japanese Government through the Commissioners of the Third National Exhibition at Tokyo, and presented to us by the consul before leaving New York. When we produced this hieroglyphic sesame, the official affably supplemented his bow with cabalistic signs with a lump of chalk on our unopened trunks and baggage, and we were free, feeling equal to any hospitality the country might offer.

My very first impressions of Yokohama will always remain vague and blurred. We expected to go on to Tokyo as soon as the pleasant little farce at the customs had concluded. There was an interval of a few hours before a train would start—ample time for a call which my friend wanted to make, and in which he wished me to join him. All this was deliberated in the midst of a lot of clamoring jinrikisha-men; of the ride itself which followed I have, however, a brighter recollection, impressing me as it did with the decidedly uncanny feeling of a perhaps somewhat overgrown infant taken out for an airing.

I had purchased, before leaving San Francisco, a diary—something small and compact that could easily follow me and be always at hand—a new and untried



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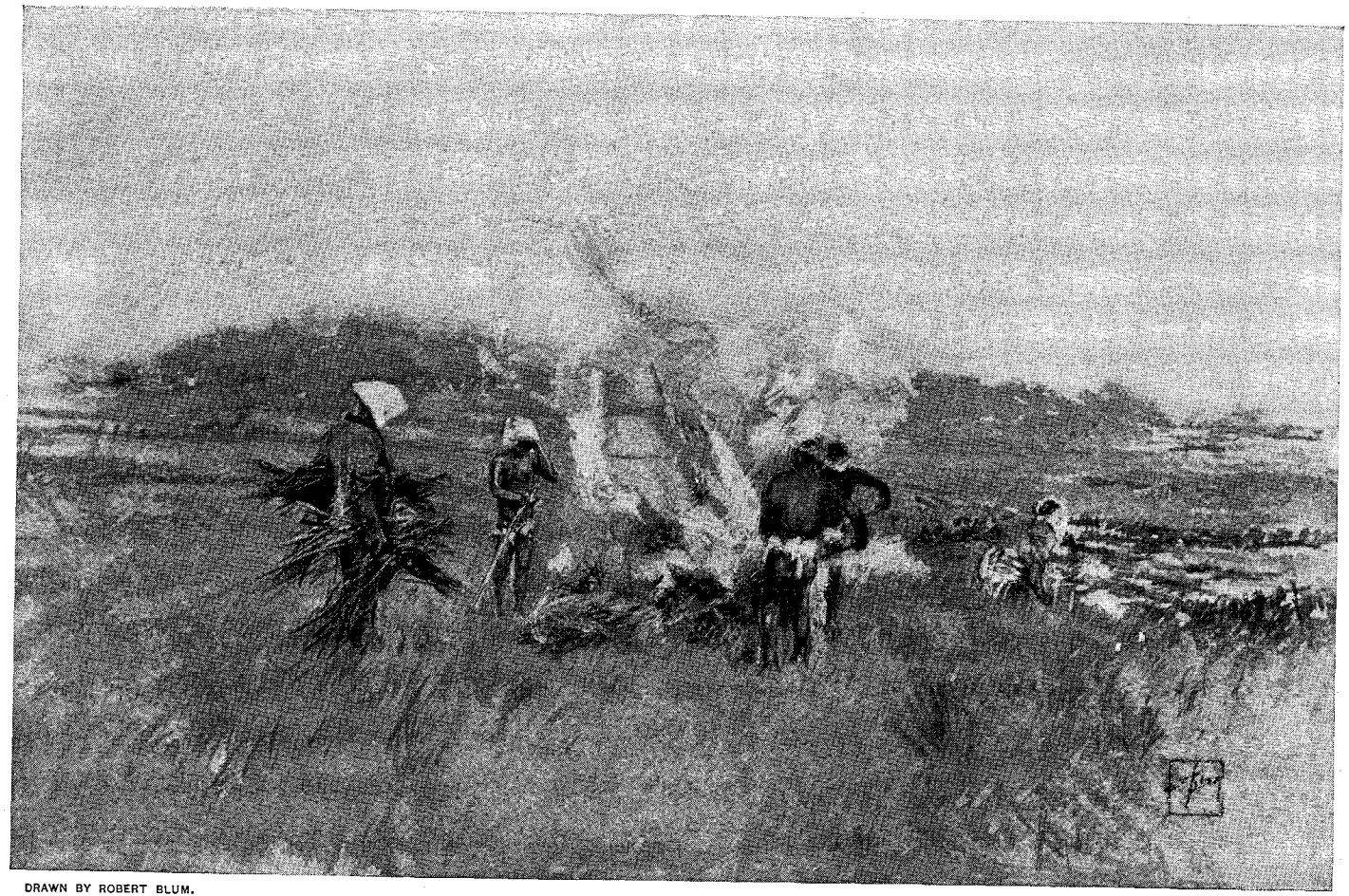

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"At work heaping brush on smouldering fires."—Page 408.

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experiment which I promised should be a thing of curiosity to my friends at home afterward as well as a benefit to myself. While it has perhaps realized expectation as to the first, its tantalizing unreliability, only exceeded by its brevity, makes it of doubtful success in the other respect. All I find are these thing. Room a mere shell, nothing in way of furniture unless a kakemono and a flowering twig in bronze bowl standing in queer recess in one of the walls could be called such. Everything about seemed remote—'was I really seeing it at all' I kept thinking. Tea was brought . . . some sweetmeats

Gun-hammer Queue.

not very stimulating notes: " . . . . Went at once to the house of a friend of S.'s, and suddenly dropped into the quiet strangeness of Japanese life. Took off shoes before entering. While so engaged saw how perfectly formed was the little foot of the girl standing by me on veranda waiting to usher us into the guest-room. This same little personage, placing some squares of wadded silk on matted floor, slid down on knees and bowed her head till forehead touched the floor, murmuring some—small, aniline red and green globes, tasting like marrons glacés. After the awkward introduction to S.'s friend—he speaks only Japanese—got up from floor, my Western joints altogether unprepared for the ordeal of crossing my legs *à la Japonaise*, to examine the neat woodwork and carpentry of room. Ate Japanese food for first time—repast in shape of lunch—forget what S. called it. A vegetable soup, fish (boiled), and with it a delightful affair, the root of lily ;—eggs, and a few more vegetables,

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tea, rice, and warm saké. I managed to feed myself somehow with the chopsticks—seemed to get everything where it was not wanted and nothing where it was. Hinted to S. to make proper excuses; went through a queer kind of etiquette of drinking saké with host. All I could do was to smile and look pleasant to what seemed a kind of sober and rather impressive 'Well-here's-your-very-good-health—I'm-very-glad to have-met-you, performance.' Hurried away to catch 2.10 train for Tokyo."

A Head.

So much for the diary. It might as easily have been a dream for the little retained of the living reality of a day so filled with frequent and startling revelations. It is hard to own to it, but all has faded away completely—all but the jerking, rattle-jointed skeleton exhibited above. I do dimly remember—and the impressions partake more of the nature of a series of prints from under-exposed plates than anything else—a vista of strange streets, stranger architecture, shapeless blurs that stand for figures; one or two others of closer focus, the object occupying the greater part of the field; a head, cloth-bound, dark-visaged almost to fierceness, the steady eyes looking into mine with inscrutable thoughts behind them; shadows from gnarled pines along the sides, making of the street a crumpled kakemono; a girl looking back over her shoulder, with powdered neck and flashing high lights on her lacquered, black, wobbling clogs, and the like more.

The railway between Yokohama and Tokyo, with its European system of cars, is only one of the many anachronisms which a perhaps over-confiding rubbing with the West has brought about. Everywhere over the land is apparent an over-reaching haste on the part of the Japanese to acquire the mark of the beast. Innovation takes the place of renovation—the spirit of the nineteenth century, materialized in the person of the surveyor, is hard at it levelling moats and old ramparts, and laying out boulevards through the *débris* of many an ancient palace. The days of Feudalism are long past; the most lovely halls and spacious grounds of Daimyo and Lord have made way for a modern European hotel or bank building. It is, of course, more than useless to lament the depressing fact that the Japanese display a wonderful alacrity to pull down and destroy everything, and to adopt anything that will tend to show their mad desire to keep abreast with the rest of the world.

Peter.

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"Born of other habits and ways."—Page 411.

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Such reflections hardly troubled my mind at the time, as I dodged about from side to side in the coupé, to catch a glimpse of the country on our way to Tokyo. Nor did I feel deterred from utilizing the comfort and speed of the modern railway train, or get less enjoyment from any disturbing thoughts of what the journey must have been under more primitive conditions, and when even the more modern jinrikisha, was an unthought-of luxury.

There were large tracts that reminded me of Holland in their far-stretching simplicity — landscapes similar in the slight, thin lines of limbless trees breaking against the sky in Corot-like delicacy; in the woody clumps where thatched roofs nestled in cool shade, but totally unlike in the Oriental attributes of slushy rice-fields, tea-plantations, bamboo-groves, etc. There were isolated spots and places where the arbor-trained pear-trees even recalled Italy for the moment; but on the whole, a country peculiarly distinct and different from any other I had yet seen. It would be hard to say just in what the principal characteristic lies, unless it be in a certain robust ruggedness coupled with vegetation almost tropical and rankly profuse; a country, however, that, while resplendent with natural beauties, would, perhaps, appeal to the botanist more than to a temperament which loves vegetation less for its own sake than as a paintable background for the works of man. A country, moreover, teeming everywhere with life—in the fields of sprouting rice where rows of doubled-up figures, in tucked kimono, handled and fingered the tender roots; in the meadows, still brown with last year's weeds, with groups busy in clearing the ground for the seed. To see them in the mellowing glow of a hazy June afternoon, in their colored costumes among the dried, ochre-tinted stubble, on the miniature dykes, or in the roadway, was of ever-recurring pastoral picturesqueness. But best of all was to see here and there the ruddy, salmon-toned bodies of some field-laborers—stripped of all save the snowy white loin-cloth—at work heaping brush on smouldering fires, and wreathed in the sinuous thick smoke. Such a thing seemed a gracious gift of nature; a pleasure easier felt than described.

Every now and then the train pulled up at a little station, prosaically trim and precise—as these affairs must be, I suppose—and as suddenly jerked me back into a befitting realization of modernity. The platform bustled into spasmodic life with the shuffle and clatter of clogs. A brief delay of amusing irruption and absorption of fellow-travellers, then on again into the sunny country beyond; past the rich and teeming fields, filled with workers, digging, delving, manure-spreading; past sleepy villages, till, skirting for a moment the bay at Shinagawa, we open a vista of glassy waters, flecked with sail; of clear-toned sky, streaked here and there by the trailing smoke of distant steamers. And then — I hesitate to write it — a thickening, not to say

The Baby.

sickening, maze of brick walls, reeking chimneys of shop and factory, a final plunge into the midst of the paraphernalia of an elaborate railway yard. We had arrived.

Once in Tokyo the attempt at description becomes more perplexing.

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Street Scene in Tokyo.

There was in a letter or two written at the time a wild attempt to put my novel impressions into words, of which this fragment may give some idea:

". . . I am busy collecting my scattered ideas, and come to a realizing sense that it is not all a dream!

"Can I make plain to you the reality of something which even to me seems as yet unreal, and haunts me with the belief that I shall surely wake up and find myself back in the little room at the Benedick. This dread keeps me rushing about trying to crowd days into hours. Can I give you an idea of Japan? Perhaps I can answer best by asking, Was there ever lover that blurted out his feelings in words intelligible enough to be of the least satisfaction to his dearest and most patient of chums—or to himself for that matter?

". . . I expected much of it (Japan)—I expected to be interested—fascinated; I was even prepared to find—to find it go beyond my expectation, but I was hardly prepared to drop into a new world. And yet a world not altogether unfamiliar—the thousand and one things that go to make up its sur-

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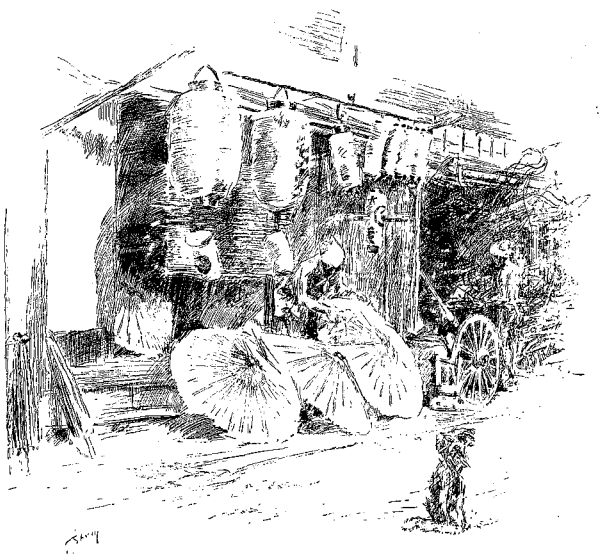
The Unconventional in Wearing Apparel.

face life having, in a way, become familiar through its Art. I am only brought face to face with the breathing reality of it—a reality, nevertheless, so eluding that there is nothing to guide one in forming comparisons with what you may have seen or felt before. Life is on another — a different plane. If one could make the comparison it would have to be with such dead and gone civilizations as Greece and Egypt. Do you recall in some of our chats about Fortuny my speaking of the Orient as a conundrum, which with all their cleverness, Gérome, Fromentin even, failed to answer satisfactorily? It was left for Fortuny to solve the riddle. Yes, I flatter myself that I hit the nail squarely there. What Morocco, Tangiers, was to his genius, that Japan holds out to the first man great enough to grasp it. Does the thought leave a pleasant taste in your mouth? It does in mine, accustomed as it is to the ashes from many a loaf of Life's bread."

At first the bustling thoroughfares seemed like so many turns of kaleidoscopes. There was a crowded foreground—a confused and blurred middle distance. A soft, silvery light, diffused a peculiar quality of color over the sombre monotony of Japanese architecture — a light of pearly tenderness, rarely noticed in America, but not unlike that of some summer mornings in Venice. In this atmosphere the heavy leaden gray of weather-worn buildings and the overpowering mass of blue, which in all gradations and the whole gamut of broken tints forms the fundamental color of Japanese clothing, is finely harmonized; the signs and curtains with the black or white characters hanging before the shops, the goods and wares exposed in the open fronts, and the occasional brighter bits of red or green in the kimonos of women and children, afford a decided and sharp contrast; while some rarer spot of white or a glimpse of the delicate pink or lemon obi of some passing musmee — quite apart from any fascination the wearer may unconsciously exercise—will attract the eye involuntarily. There is, however, at all times an absence of gayness; the streets, lined with strange, promiscuous, booth-like shops, thronged as they always are, preserve an even, subdued aspect. The houses of unpainted wood, unpicturesque in themselves, present in the conglomerate a bristling jagged line, spotted with signs and fluttering sun-screens of sombre reds,



Umbrella and Lantern Makers.

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grays, and blues, sufficiently qualifying for the needs of the painter.

I was struck more forcibly than I can express with the appearance of the people. The unconventionality in wearing apparel was particularly pleasing to the eye, haunted as it still was with the sober meanness of Western attire. Clothed often in the simplest of garments, leaving limbs free and unfettered, the bronzed and finely developed figures of toiling coolie, itinerant vender, and strolling player were very tempting to the sketcher. The walk, the attitude, the face were new—born of other habits and ways, other channels of thought, and exerting the fascination of an existence strange to our comprehension. There haunted me in these early days a peculiar and pleasing odor—which as it faded completely after a time may have been but some queer freak of imagination—that seemed to hover about everything. Coming often suddenly and at an unexpected time or place, it carried to me the very embodiment of the enchantment inseparable from things Oriental.

One of my earliest purchases was a "Colloquial Grammar" and a double-back-action dictionary, for I hoped by this dual aid to learn something of the language. The consequent study on the four following days will always be associated for me with the vivid recollection of a poisonously green carpet and livid walls, which between them divided the room in the "European-plan" hotel where I had installed myself *pro tempore*. With unwary confidence and laudable enthusiasm I began fingering the leaves of the dictionary, and reading the opening pages of the "Colloquial." It was not long before I found myself pondering over things as mysterious and fathomless as any the life outside had propounded. I soon made one discovery, however. I had laughed only a few days before when, in my wanderings about the streets, an extraordinary

A Leaf from a Sketch Book.

sign above an open shop-front caught my eye. A small part of the oblong, white expanse at either end was given over to an artistic assortment of wriggling hieroglyphics, while the centre was occupied by the dignified legend, "Honorable Milk." While amused at its incongruity I had been puzzled as to what particular shade of meaning it might contain. I found that it was

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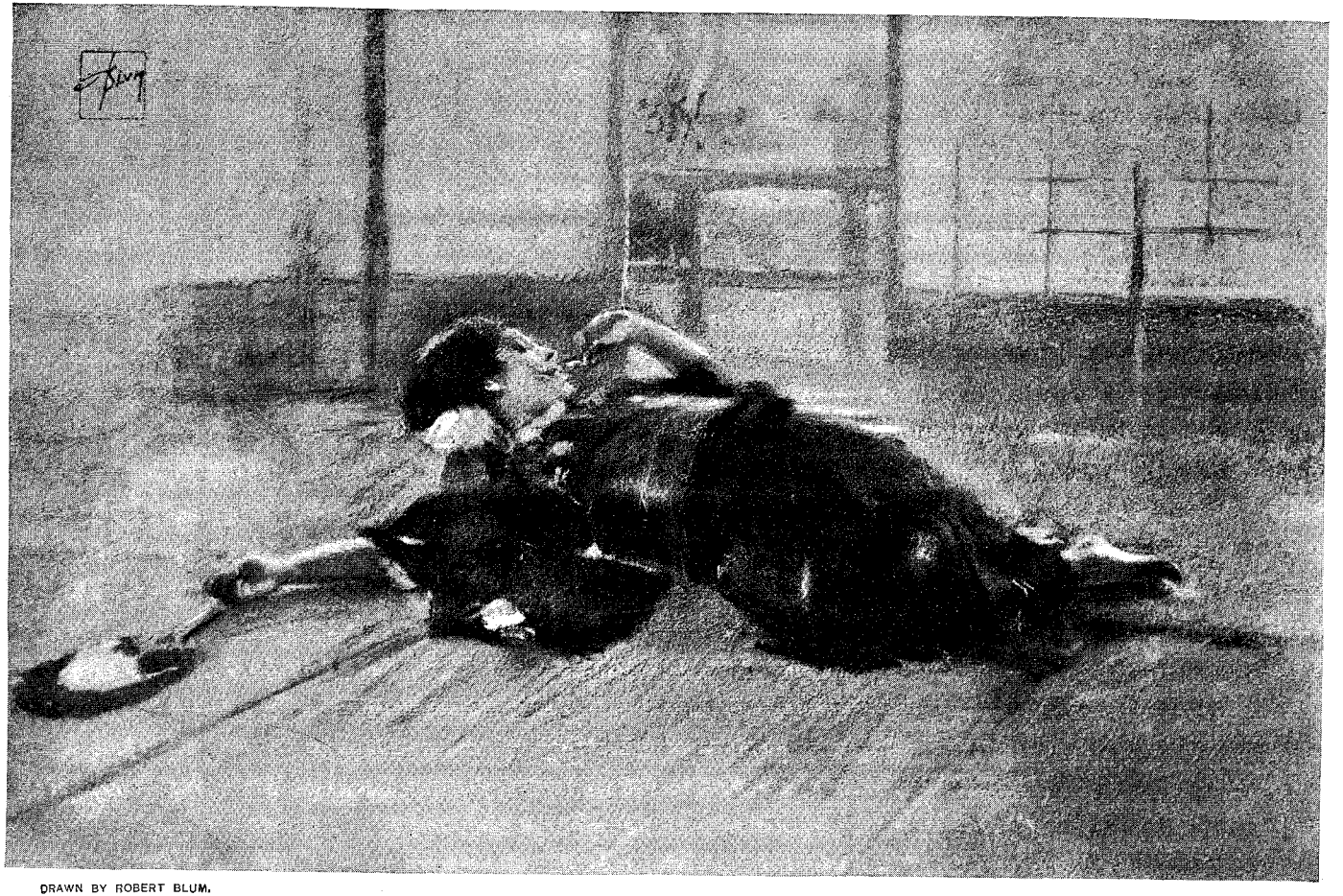

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

A Siesta.

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simply a literal translation. The "Colloquial" seemed fairly alive with honorifics. The author says himself that "no language in the world is more saturated" with them; and darkly hints at some damaging qualities which they inflict on "not only the vocabulary but the very grammar itself." Not only is an exceeding reverence shown the person *per se* (in which the smallest tot and hoariest sage have an equal share), everybody being entitled the Honorable This or That; but in its profuseness it overwhelms even inanimate objects with polite distinction. Thus courteously referred to are o yu, "honorable hot water;" o bake, "an honorable ghost;" o deki mono, "an honorable pimple or boil." In addressing anyone, however, it behooves the speaker to allude to—say, his fine residence—in a befittingly depreciatory manner, as "my unworthy hovel;" while with decorous discrimination in speaking of the hovel of the person addressed, he will dignify it as "your honorable abode." It becomes really a matter of fine art when a person can juggle with politeness in this way:

Go burei mōshi-agemashĭta
August rudeness (I) said- lifted

I was very rude to you,

which with a little patient thought resolves itself into—"I may have been rude to you, but that in itself is sufficient glory, since it was in connection with so exalted a personage as yourself." As if it were to plainly say, "I have had the honor to be rude to you."

To inquire in just what the differences consist between the Japanese and our language would prove perhaps as useless as it certainly would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that every part of it was to me in structure and idioms incomprehensibly alien from all that we are accustomed to. It may be of interest to give an example from the grammar I have been speaking of to show how baffled and "snarled up" the unsuspicious student would be likely to become confronted with one of these long sentences.

Aru hito ga naga-ya no mae
A certain person (nom.) block of houses of front
wo tori masu toki, ishi ni tsumazukimashĭ-
(accus.) passes time, stone on when he had
tareba, naga-ya no uchi no hĭto ga
stumbled, block of houses of inside of person (nom.)
baka ni shĭte, "Aitata!" to koe
fool to making, "Ah! how painful!" that voice
wo kakemashĭta kara, tsumazuita hĭto
(accus.) placed because (the) stumbled person
wa, ima imashii to omoimashĭta ga waza to
as for, disagreeable that thought though, purposely
otonashĭku, "Iya! go men nasaimashĭ!
blandly "Nay! august excuse deign!
kemashĭta no wa, ishi ka to omoimashĭtara,
kicked thing as for stone? that where as I thought,
anata no hana no saki deshĭta ka?" to iimashĭta.
your nose's tip was?" that (he) said.

A certain man, passing one day in front of a block of houses, tripped against a stone. Thereupon some one inside the block of houses made fun of him, and cried out: "Oh, how I have hurt myself!" So he who had tripped constrained himself to be bland (although he felt disgusted), and said: "Oh! pray, excuse me. I thought that what I had kicked was a stone. But was it the tip of your nose?"

To whittle one's way inch by inch through that without the aid of a scroll-saw would be an effort to which the trials of Job were a pleasant pastime. And albeit "Japanese—with its exotic grammar, its still uncertain affinities, its ancient literature—is a language worthy of more attention than it has yet received," I felt I could not give it any more at the time short of insanity; and reluctantly availing myself of the courteous permission extended by the author of "leaving his work to the kind indulgence of the student," thought it best not to meddle with Providence in too reckless a fashion, and put the book away under lock and key.

In spite of what I have written of the general picturesqueness, it remains to be said—however reluctant I always feel to say it—that the havoc created in traits, manners, and customs—the destroying of much that is individual and characteristic—which the blind adoption of Western ideas has brought about, is enormous and depressing. Especially is it noticeable in the matter of dress. I found on part of the male population an unwholesome craving to shine in borrowed finery, which few resisted. All patronized hair-dressers of Western cult; the tedious and perhaps inconvenient mode of queuing the hair had probably been one of the earliest to be relinquished, and the

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modification one of the easiest to acquire. The sight of the peculiar "gun-hammer" queues in the streets of Tokyo was a comparatively rare one; their wearers were invariably types of those trying to stop the hopelessly widening breaches in crumbling Conservatism. Was it wholly clinging to old traditions that helped the women of the country to repel Western innovations? or were other and unsuspected forces as well at work to keep them from making any concessions? Be it what it may, they preserve an individuality and character totally and delightfully at variance with those of the men. They are demure and decorous always, and seemingly so by nature; and in spite of the slavish subjugation to man and master, there is a cheerfulness of disposition about them, a contentment almost inconceivable of those in their position. I do not mean to imply that Western contact has been altogether without results in their case, but that the effect has been so slight and insignificant when compared with the wholesale and widespread surrender of the sterner sex; the concessions made are so half-hearted and timid, that the few who wear their hair *à l'européenne* startle one not so much by the incongruity as by a boldness of assumption inconsistent with their character. The sight of a Japanese woman in European costume is an exceedingly rare one, I am glad to say;—the most venturesome resting content in permitting themselves the comfort and convenience of shawls and parasols.

I longed to leave the hotel with its lurid enticements of arsenic carpets, electric buttons and lights, and live among the people. I was daily hoping to receive from the Government, through my friend's intercession, the permission necessary for such a proceeding. I was getting restive under the prolonged delay in the securing of this "merely nominal official position—you know," which was to give me the—to me most important—privilege of living outside of the foreign concession. I longed to work, to set up my easel in a place consistent with the life of the people about me. It was just as I began to despair and was driven to make other and self-devised plans, that I was helped out of all difficulty in an unforeseen way. I fell in with a young Japanese, a fellow-passenger on the ship out. He was temporarily out of employ, and intimated his willingness to be of any service until such a time as a turn should come in his fortunes.

He was a slender, sallow-faced youth, with the touch of a Western back-street tailor in the aggressive pertness of his attire, altogether out of keeping with the meek deportment of the wearer. There was, however, at times, under the thawing influence of our acquaintance, a mild ostentation, "having-mixed-with-the-world" air, which, if anything, increased the *naïveté* underlying his natural unobtrusiveness. His vocabulary was decidedly limited;—conversation acted on his restricted understanding like a pall, and added not a little to the difficulty I experienced in putting my position clearly before him. His kindly disposition and patient forbearance I "took to" at once; both were qualities of a kind, it seemed to me, to stand any strain our relations might impose. Such was Katsushika Yorikadzu as he appeared to me in our first and rather trying interview at the hotel.

"Ah, yis — I see — you wish house. Can get."

In the first flush of enthusiasm I suggested that this be done—that he get it then and there—at once.

"Y-e-s," with a quick, bird-like sidewise tip to the head, and meditatively eying the question, as it were; 'bot—I thing mus' take prenty time." He would consult friends, and in the meantime we could also in rambling about be on the lookout for it. Evidently it was not so easy a problem to solve as I had expected.

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EPITAPH.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Now lay thee down to sleep, and dream of me;
Though thou art dead and I am living yet,
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers be,
Dream—do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,
With never a painted shadow from the past,
To haunt thee; only, when the blackbird's song
Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,
Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring wind grieves,
When budding violets close above thee spread
Their small, heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovéd, to dreams from slumber deep;
Recount the store that mellowing time endears,
Thread, through the measureless mazes of thy sleep,
Our old, unchangeful years.

Lie still and listen—while thy sheltering tree
Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set—
For far-off echoes of the spring and me.
Dream—do not quite forget.

AN IRISH PEASANT SONG.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while;
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet when I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams;
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart, till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin cross the fields are green and still:
But once I hear a blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

[The Letters of Carlyle here published have been preserved among the papers of David Hope, a merchant of Glasgow, to whom most of them are addressed, and whose relation as an intimate friend to both Carlyle and Edward Irving is in a great degree explained by the letters themselves. The presence among them of letters to Irving is explained by the fact that Mr. Hope and Irving used constantly to interchange their letters from Carlyle by way of giving each other news of him. Mr. Hope died in 1857, leaving his correspondence and other papers in the care of his brother, whose daughter, Miss Hope, now of Manchester, England, has permitted their publication here.]

[*To Rev. Edward Irving.*]

MAINHILL, 3d June, 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING:

For the last three weeks, my conscience has frequently reproached me on your account; and tho' the frigorific mixture of Hunsteen's terrestrial magnetism and Herr Mohs' crystaltography that my soul was enveloped in, prevented the things from being so acutely felt as might have been expected, yet they left the proper wounds behind them; and now that I once more breathe the free air, the balsam ought to be applied without delay. To speak without figures—for the present one has little to recommend it—I shall be too severely punished if you apply the *lex talionis* to me. Of the two, there is no doubt that I have suffered more severely by my silence. Having no associate; living, I might almost say, only in the abyss of my own thoughts; I cannot without pain, lose sight of one who—widely as we differ on many points—participates more deeply in my feelings than any other I have met with. You must not doubt that I shall be a most exemplary correspondent during summer; with proper encouragement, I propose not to be as long silent again—if I can help it.

You would derive little pleasure or profit from a detail of my insipid journey into Annandale. The road lay over moors and waste land; had it been thro' Tempe or Eden, it would have made small difference; the remembrance of the days I had spent with you, and the deep matters we had been discussing, gave a colour to my ideas which the aspect of material nature had little power to alter, and I arrived at Dumfries the second evening after leaving you, in the same humour nearly as we parted. Nothing on my journey pleased me more than the character of a shepherdess—not, alas! Arcadian in person or accommodation—but the wife of a raw-boned Scottish herd on the borders of Dumfriesshire. She was dirty as McClarty of deathless name, her children squealed, and her husband grunted with the pain of a vanishing inflammatory fever; but whilst I wondered how human beings could support existence on such terms, the arrival of three women from Glasgow revealed a more touching scene. The husband of one of these women, on his way from Glasgow to Dumfries to seek work, had died suddenly in that miserable hovel; his widow, with three little children, was returning to her own country under the guidance of her mother and sister; the tears of these poor forlorn creatures, the genuine heart-felt sympathy and benevolence of poor McClarty altogether formed a picture which moved me deeply. When I left the "crib"—wishing that I were but an angel to relieve these unfortunates—I could not help asking: How is it that this poor slut, who has never read of sympathy or examined Sterne and the "Man of Feeling," can yet experience a sentiment so warm and profound? How have the hardships, the penury, the discomfort of her own situation failed to shut her heart against the hardships, the penury, and discomfort of others? Does experience teach her imagination to represent such evils more vividly? Does refinement lead to naked egotism, as some pretend? Why or how does it happen?

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I could not say at all; and so winded on my way without deciding the point. Nothing material has occurred to me since I returned to Mainhill. I wrote the first half of Hunsteen and translated, from the German, the first half of Mohs; I rejoice that I have so far done with them. Are not such things the *vaccination of science*, as Napoleon spoke? *Elle ne durera pas cinquante ans.* Except a brief visit to Ruthwell, I have scarcely been from home since my arrival—my excursions in the world of literature have scarcely been wider. Rousseau's Contrat Social—in spite of the frightful notoriety which circumstances gave it—seems little calculated for a remote posterity. The misanthrope of Geneva resembles a certain great *Doctor* more than many of either's admirers are aware. With respect to Goethe's Faust—if I were at your side you should hear of nothing else for many hours; and sorry am I that your brows will suddenly contract—if I give free scope to my notions even by this imperfect vehicle. I wish Goethe were my countryman, I wish—O, how I wish—he were my friend. It is not for his masterly conception of human nature—from the heroes of classical story down to the blackguards of a Leipsic alehouse—that I admire him above all others; his profound sentiment of beauty, his most brilliant delineations of all its varieties—his gayety of head and melancholy of heart, open all the floodgates of my sympathy. Faust is a wonderful tragedy. I doubt if even Shakespeare with all his powers had sadness enough in his nature to understand the arid and withered feelings of a passionate spirit, worn out by excessive studies and the want of all enjoyment; to delineate the chaos of his thoughts when the secrets of nature are bared before him; to depict his terrible volition and the bitter mockery of the demon gives scope to that volition. All this and much more is done by Goethe; and but for his *speaking* cats and a good deal besides of a like stamp, I should be an unexcepting admirer of the execution. Upon the whole, I advise you strongly to persist in German. These people have some muscle in their frames.

Enough of the polishing and burnishing of our Gallic friends—commend me to Fichte rather than Voltaire. I tell you, go on with German—I will lend the very best of Schiller's plays—(I have lately got them all from Ewan of Kirkcaldy) as soon as they are bound. We shall have another point of union by this means; if I had studied Italian still another.

But I must quit these prospects—or bring you in for a double postage. Have you heard from Pears or Dickson? I have got two marvellous letters from the former. He invites me strongly to go and witness his school's examination. John seems to enjoy some measure of composure at Alnwick, if Castlereagh would let him be. I had a kind of proposal made to me afar off by Allen to go and teach at York—the answer was some further inquiries about the affair; and since I began to write I have got another letter from Allen signifying that the place in question is disposed of; but inviting me strongly to go and see York in summer. Que deviendrai-je? no matter, write to me soon—if you have any charity. (Kindest respects to Messrs. Grahame and Hope.)

Ever yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[*To Rev. Edward Irving.*]

MAINHILL, 14th August, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:

All hands being off to *the* Lamb fair, and I sole master of this house, so silent at this hour, I devote the morrow of my return home to discharging a debt which I have calculated on the pleasure of discharging any time these three weeks. Yesterday, from the period of my leaving Edin^h^ to that of my arrival here—from six o'clock in the morning to 11 at night—was a series of fatigues and disappointments and discomforts; but a warm welcome awaited me at the end; and to-day I have been out breathing the free breeze of my own hills, I have looked at the fields, green as a new-dug emerald; I have seen all things, living and lifeless, happy; and I feel happy myself to bear them company. So I am going to write with great alacrity.

Perhaps for a moment I experienced

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some shade of regret when you told me of the necessary failure of our travelling project. The thousand pleasures I *might* have enjoyed rushed at once upon my mind, and the recollection that they were gone came along with the idea of them; but a very brief consideration showed me that my own fortune, not yours, was to be blamed in the affair. The truth is if you had not disappointed me, I must have disappointed you; the state of my health was such as to forbid the hope of enjoying anything or letting another enjoy anything in my company. You do not believe in any of these *imaginations*. My earnest prayer is that you may never believe in them. I was once as sceptical as yourself on that head; till a stern experience convinced me far too well. Such disorders, I now, to my sorrow, feel convinced, are the heaviest calamity, the very heaviest, that the lot of life has in store for mortals. The bodily pain is nothing or next to nothing; but alas for the dignity of man! The evil does not stop here. No strength of soul can avail you; this malady will turn that very strength against yourself; it banishes all thought from your head, all love from your heart—and doubles your wretchedness by making you discern it. O! the long, solitary, sleepless nights that I have passed—with no employment but to count the pulses of my own sick heart—till the gloom of external things seemed to extend itself to the very centre of the mind, till I could remember nothing, observe nothing! All this magnificent nature appeared as if blotted out, and a grey, dirty, dismal vapour filled the immensity of space; I stood alone in the universe—alone, and as it were a circle of burning iron enveloped the soul—excluding from it every feeling but a stony-hearted, dead obduracy, more befitting a demon in its place of woe than a man in the land of the living! I tell you, my friend, nothing makes me shudder to the inmost core—*nothing* but this. One's spirit may be bruised and broken by moral afflictions; but at least it will break like the spirit of a *man;* moral affections will irradiate its painful strugglings, and the last gleam of being will be pure if it is feeble. But here—I declare I will not speak another word on the subject. I can hardly excuse myself for saying so much—except by trying to suppose that it was intended partly for other purposes than those of a common valetudinarian. It is too true that I have been a very ill-conditioned person for a long while; and you, who least of all deserved it, have not escaped without a share of my ill-humour. You must convince yourself, if possible, that *all* this proceeded from physical causes: call me an *atrabiliar*, but not an ingrate. I shall get well here; and then I am persuaded you will reckon me a very decent character. In fact, it is high time I were well—above all if the effect which I have predicted is indeed the consequence of *wellness*. I have had no leisure for many days to think of anything, the pain has so distracted me; and my faculties have all taken into the wildest courses, the whole inward man has become extravagant, unearthly. I require imperiously to be overhauled and severely castigated every way. If I *could* so employ my rustication! I shall long for you often, tho' you never censure me—I hardly know another that has any right to do it. "Immaculate man!" you exclaim: not so, sir; but every crime has its proper court. The Quorum, for instance, cannot go beyond five pounds sterling.

I was dreadfully busy for the last five weeks of my stay in Edin^{h} writing day and night, when sleeplessness and so forth had rendered me a fitter inmate for a Bedlam than a study. I was labouring at an account, the weakest in nature, of the *Netherlands*, *Newfoundland*, etc.—when a new call was made upon me. And from whom? No other than our unforgotten Francis Dickson, crying bitterly for *one* line from Europe. I have not given it him yet; but I will soon. He had kind remembrances to you, of course.

Frank is evidently not happy in his place. He is not healthy; has too much work to manage; and the people, he says, are in the *fishing* state—not the *hunting* as other savages—because they have nothing to hunt. He mocks, however, and sneers and swaggers as usual. I feel for poor Frank: he is a

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kind of bastard genius, and I honour even a natural child of that family. I shall write to him very soon.

Quite a different individual—a friend of ours—was asking for me here lately—William Grahame, of Burnswark. I fear he has left the province; yet I have scouts on the outlook for him all over Lockerby to-day, and still entertain some hope of seeing him. Bid him write, if I fail. "He is the freest, best talker" they say here "excepting"—I shall not mention the exception *now*.

Nothden's Grammar is gone to Haddington. I saw the fair pupil in Edinburgh. She is certainly the most—fit to read German of any creature I have met with. Take no fear of those people, I tell you. They are good men—some are even excellent. Schiller, for example, you most certainly would like. He has all the innocence and purity of a child, with the high talents and strong volitions of a man: a rare union, of which I never but in one instance saw anything like a *living* example. The trash of Germany, their Kotzebues and his spawn, I know little of, very little, and yet enough. We shall eschew them altogether. My paper is done—and I have not spoken the five-hundredth part of my mind. Write to me whenever you want to get a second fraction; it will be a double pleasure to me here. My best regards to your mother and sister.

I am always,

your friend,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[*To D. Hope, Esq., Glasgow.*]

3 MORAY STREET, LEITH WALK,

23d March, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I received your kind letter in due time; and should have acknowledged that mark of your attention long ago, had I not been excused in my own eyes by the expectation you held out to me of an opportunity to acknowledge it more agreeably by word of mouth, in your visit to Edin^{h}, which I then thought was near at hand. "February" is come and gone, and you have not shown face. I continue, however, to expect you: and by way of fortifying your purpose to beat up my quarters when you arrive, I am going to foist this sheet into a packet of Mr. Irving's, which I have already loaded with letters to him and Mr. Grahame, thus making it a messenger to nearly all of the very few friends I reckon as mine within the bounds of your extensive city.

Some account of your projected marriage had reached me while in Annandale: but I received your authentic detail of the business with fresh interest—not only as it explained a rather curious transaction, but as it afforded me a proof of your confidence, which I am very proud of thinking I possess in such a matter. Various thoughts strike me on considering that business; and certainly the most agreeable of them is the clear persuasion that you have acted with perfect integrity and honour—nay, with even scrupulous attention to the interest of others, and an almost culpable neglect of your own, throughout the whole negotiation. As for the loss itself I am not sure that you have much cause for regret, when all is reckoned up. The young lady's conduct I can find an explanation if not an excuse for, and the evidence of testimony forces me to believe that her general demeanour displayed many graceful qualities. But she was a person of genius, if I mistake not: and much as I admire, not to say idolize, that characteristic in a mistress (or *sweetheart*, as we call it), I confess I should pause before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l, when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well, that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the *smallest* quantity! Judge how you would have relished this: and sing with a cheerful heart, *E'en let the bonny lass gang!*

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Before long I trust to see you more happily mated than you could have been in this instance. There is no happiness, properly speaking, I am told, without a good wife: so I counsel you to bestir yourself while it is in season. I prophesy that you will make an excellent husband to any lady worthy of you; and I doubt not in due time to have the happiness of seeing your hospitable fireside enlivened and adorned as I and all your friends could wish. You know the old story of the scissors: a *single* blade of them is good for nothing but scraping a trencher or so; together they clip everything before them, from cambric up to white iron. What a lesson to bachelors and spinsters!

I designed to give you a full picture of all my doings here; but not having room or time now, I must refer you to our friends Irving and Grahame, either of whom will give you ample satisfaction on every point.

They will tell you how I am partly in the prospect of entering as tutor into an English family against August; how I am writing sometimes, often meditating to write, and not unfrequently on the verge of being sent to pot entirely, by the *worst of stomachs*.

I had likewise some news in store for you, but not of importance enough that you should regret the want of them. In our native Annandale there is nothing but embarrassment. The farmers all are poverty-struck to a man; so are all that depend on them, of course. A striking proof of their necessity in Hodam parish is the fact that even Sharpe has at last consented to a reduction. Irving, as you know, was here preaching lately. Nothing since the days of Knox or the Erskines has excited so much speculation in the theological world as his appearance here. They think him the cleverest and strangest person they have ever fallen in with. The talk has been interrupted a little by a ridiculous prediction, imputed to Professor Leslie, that horrible convulsions were to occur in the atmosphere last Friday—none of which occurred—but it is not exhausted yet. He was touching on the Catechisms: I could fancy the *Closehead* folks, if he had read that sermon to them, all rising as one man to cast him forth of the Tabernacle, or at least withdrawing *en masse*, with the most wintry air imaginable, and leaving him to utter his "heresies" to empty benches and bare walls. At Edin^{h} they proceeded more moderately: some admired, several did not, most knew not what to think. I have not listened to a sermon displaying equal mind in my whole life.

But you see, my dear sir, that I must now "cease to darken counsel by words without wisdom." I have spent an hour very merrily in chatting with you, and shall go to sleep no worse for it. I expect to spend several hours with you still more agreeably, when you come Eastward: and failing this, I have a kind of half intention of visiting Glasgow about the beginning of May; when —woe to your oranges! Woe to the quiet of your house!—unless I relent and stay at home.—Excuse all this *palabra*, and believe me to be (my dear sir)

Most sincerely yours,

TH. CARLYLE.

[*To D. Hope, Esq.*]

3 MORAY STREET, 23d Dec., 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Warrund Carlile being here today, and having kindly undertaken to officiate as our Postman, I embrace the opportunity of his conveyance to scribble you a line or two, in the hope of bringing myself before your thoughts in a friendly attitude, and of perhaps inducing you to "go and do likewise." You wrote to me during the period of his sacred Majesty's visit to our city; but the letter did not reach me till after many days, and I could only reply to your agreeable request by empty wishes that you might feel no inconvenience from my inability to comply with it, and vain hopes that you would see the Defender of the Faith without obstruction on that score. I trust you did get lodgings and witness all the pageantry of the time quite comfortably, and at your ease.

Since the end of August I have been here in my old quarters, and following very nearly the old mode of life. Almost the only difference is the presence

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of my Brother, who has been here for nearly three months, busied in the study of Medicine and Natural Philosophy, sciences which the young man seems quite ambitious of mastering. He goes away early in the morning to mind them, and leaves me to my books and papers, to study or scribble, or doze and pick my nails, till two o'clock calls me to another scene of duties with my old friends the Bullars, who used to consume so much of my time when you were here. I am happy so far as Satan and the "worst of stomachs" will let me.

In Glasgow, at this season, I can easily conceive that such a thing as whining or discomfort is nowhere to be found. Is not this the time of jubilee and jollification—of haggis and geese—of dance and song, and port and cold rum punch? The means of being sad when you are healthy and all the world around you is piping to the tune of plum-pudding and roast-beef? I rejoice to find, by Mr. Carlile, that you are now in a condition to relish these good things, having quite recovered your soundness of body, and never lost your elasticity of spirits. It is the very first of blessings, and one which I hope you will long enjoy.

In Edin[h] all things are just about as they were. Two thousand dull heads set a-working in the university; twenty times as many hard hands in the various workshops of the place, manufacturing shawls and instruments and furnishings and all the apparatus of luxury; politicians wrangling; the "mob of gentlemen" talking insipidities and giving dinners, or gone forth to slaughter hares and woodcocks; all minding the solid prose of life, and seeking to invest it with what little decoration they can find in literature, ale, champagne, devotion, whiskey, love, etc., etc., quite in the usual way. For me, I keep as much apart from all their operations as I can; it is not above once a fortnight that I enter their old black harlot of a city, and then my stay in it is as brief as an angel's visit. I never think without shuddering of the life that is led there; the very atmosphere — compounded of coal-smoke and more gases and odours than ever chemist or perfumer dreamed of—were itself enough to make me loathe the whole concern. My paradise must lie many miles from any paved street—some green nook, it should be, in a far valley of the Highlands, by the clear and quiet waters, with smooth lawns around me, mountains in the distance, and the free sky overhead. Put a bright white cottage down in such a place, give me books and food and raiment and conveniences, with liberty to break the heads of all that come within a furlong of me (except some few select persons, to be hereafter specified) and then—should I be pleased? I know not—but if you hear of any such establishment, I beg you will give me notice.

Seriously, I am a very talkative individual, as you may see, fond to excess of nonsense, and apt to occupy the sheet of my correspondence with *bletherings* which lead to no useful result. You must come hither to Moray Street, if you want to hear me talk sense. I desire you to prove whether I am not a philosopher, by actual inspection. When you arrive, I hope to be in better health and spirits to entertain you than I was last time. Come and try.

There is no intelligence from Annandale but of a distressing kind. People are grown so poor that they have taken to robbing kirks: and the schoolmaster of Hoddam was nearly carried off by the Devil about two weeks ago; he (the Devil) being in the shape of a large mastiff.

Write to me whenever you have time. I am always,

Sincerely yours

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[*To D. Hope, Esq.*]

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

LONDON, 19th Dec., 1834.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am in your debt for two very interesting letters; welcome and interesting, tho' the last was on a most mournful subject. Thanks for your remembrance. In a world so full of change, it is something to know that a face which has known one's some five-and-twenty years (you have not forgotten the *gig* day) still smiles on us; still says, this Earth is not wholly a Gol-

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gotha, but a kind of Home, at least a friendly Inn.

Poor Irving's death I had anticipated like yourself; especially since I saw him last in autumn. Nevertheless, the news of it shocked me, as only a few such occurrences now can. Poor fellow! he was here the week before leaving this huge Confusion of a Place: it was most touching to see the feeling of old years feebly struggling thro' the distractions that had now closed thick over it; I once or twice even raised in him a faint laugh of the true old Annandale time—most melancholy to remember. This mad City (for it is mad as Bedlam, nine-tenths of it) killed him; he might have lived prosperous and strong in Scotland, but there was in him a quality which the influences here took fatal hold of; and now—Alas! alas!

As to writing some word or other about an event so impressive to me, you shall hear how it stands, and I let you hear without loss of time. A Bookseller here applied to me a week ago to do something of the sort you mention for his magazine. I consented, thinking the man meant to give a Portrait of the deceased, and that if I did not, some other friendly and qualified hand would; whereupon three days ago the man came down to me with the piece in type; but introduced into such an *Irish stew* of circumambient matter, that I decided forthwith in having the thing either printed separately, or suppressed. The Bookseller, much surprised at my squeamishness, could not so readily decide; not even to-day, when after your letter I again applied to him. He is in communication with Henry Drummond, has schemes and irons in the fire (a good, well-meaning man, too) and begs to be allowed *till Wednesday.*

On Wednesday, then (or more probably Monday), I expect to be able to dispatch you a printed copy of the thing (it is only two pages), and (decide as the man may) liberty to publish it anywhere you think fit. I say, decide as he may: for so you will find it, and understand it better than now. I had good mind of Adam Hope, Rector of Annan Academy, and also of old Mr. Johnstone, to both of whom Irving like myself owed much. I had even introduced the latter; but fancying myself writing under *such* magazine conditions, found it would not answer.

I often speak of both these men; declare again and again that Adam's history is legible to this day in the population of Annan: the venerable John Johnstone* is my model of an Apostolic Priest; more Priestlike in his humble simplicity than Archbishops to me; and more *honoured* too, for I have seen the Cuddylane Population (most brutal of the creatures of God) suspend their quarrelling and cursing till *he* had passed thro' them, and touch their hat reverently to him. So potent is goodness; the idea even in coarsest souls, that here is a good man! Had it been the Archbishop of Canterbury with all his gilt coach-pannels, they would have thrown dead cats at him. I have often told this, to the amazement of the shovel-hatted; and mean to write it somewhere. Will you remember me kindly to Mr. Johnstone the Younger. Say that I still recollect vividly and with gratitude how the first grounds of the Latin tongue began to dawn on me, under his care; for my poor schoolmaster had sunk me into shoreless confusion. I rejoice to hear and see occasionally by the papers that such a man is prosperous and respected.

You ask what I am doing? The short answer is: writing Books! The long, plain one would lead us far, too far. I may say in general that I am here to try conclusions with Destiny, and expect the toughest of tough disheartening battles; with which, nevertheless, by God's blessing I am minded to fight, while life is in me. Puffery, Quackery, Delusion, and Confusion of all conceivable sorts prevail to the very heart of literature; so that whosoever *declines* serving the Devil in that matter, it is like to go hard with him. "Thou shalt die!" threatens the Prince of the Power of the Air (for Puffery). "Be it so," the antagonist must answer.

But the prose truth of the matter is I am daily and nightly putting together

* Rev. John Johnstone, minister at Ecclefechan, Annandale, and father of Rev. J. Johnstone, for many years minister of a Presbyterian church, Jersey City.

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a kind of book on the *French Revolution*, which if I live, will be out by and by. We shall then see what is to be done next. There are a few good men here too; a few, or the place would take fire. One has much to learn; much there is to encourage, if much to obstruct: we must do the best we can.

My wife returns her kind regards; will be greatly pleased to make your acquaintance. Now that I know your Brother's address (Rev. W. J. Hope), I will certainly make him out: he is an old friend of mine; I remember him one winter in Edin^{h}, very kind to me. Pray tell him so next time you write.

Your letters were both put into the Post office—if the Parliament be dissolved before Wednesday?

I believe I can still get a frank: will try at least. And now, my dear sir, good night!

Ever affectionately,

T. CARLYLE.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

24th Dec., 1834.

MY DEAR SIR:

Here is the little piece of writing I told you of; which I have had some difficulty in getting a copy of for you at the set time.

It is to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, as you will see; there is to be some of other kind of thing on the same subject printed near it or beside it, from the pen of Henry Drummond. You are at perfect liberty to print *this* anywhere and every*where;* or (if you judge *such* to be the fitter way) to let it stand unprinted: "able editors" will decide, if you yourself do not. My name had better not be mentioned (tho' that is a small matter) in connexion with it: I mean the Editor had better not allude to me; for I suppose you *must* tell *him*. And so I leave the matter with you.

Your account of poor Edward's last hours differs very considerably from that current here among his followers. They report speeches of his, etc., etc. I assure every one concerned, that *my* authority is one of the most punctual veracious men living, and that I will believe *him*. It were perhaps well, however, if you took a little pains to verify all that while it is still time: there may possibly enough some printed Narrative appear, when the contraction is not so ready, and so falsehoods will get themselves perpetuated. It is a very mournful thing for me to find how *universally*, except among his own sect, the noble Edward is regarded here, even by tolerant, reasonable men, as little better than an empty quack! Such is the nature of popularity: to-day in the clouds; to-morrow down in the gutter, and even there not low enough.

The Parl^{t} not being dissolved, I am still in time for a frank. Woe to you Town-Councillors that *must* be Politicians! Whither do you think the world is tending? To the HOWE POT? That is the Annandale version of it.

If you see M^{r}. A. Glen (Farie, Glen & Co., I think they call themselves), pray tell him I received his letters, and was much obliged by them.

My wife joins me in wishing all good to be with you. Surely you will be in London some day, or I in Glasgow. Forget me not.

Ever yours faithfully,

T. CARLYLE.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

1 MORAY STREET, Friday.

MY DEAR SIR:

This is a book which I promised to send to Mr. Grahame, whom I understand to be at present embarked or embarking for America.

He desired me to forward it to you at Glasgow, who he said would immediately transmit it after him. He was anxious to have it with him on the voyage, but this I suppose is impossible.

You have an account against me *for tobacco* in your books, which I am very sorry I have never yet got paid. If you could inform me of any method to send it over, I would send it with thanks; for it was a favour in the hour of need by which I contracted it. Some time or other I shall certainly pay you.

I am just on my way to London in a monstrous hurry; so I cannot tell you anything at present. I am to be there

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some time; if you would send your Glasgow news to me to the care of the Orator (who will know my address), I would not fail to answer you in due time.

Meanwhile, with sincere good wishes and esteem, believe me always,

My dear sir,
Most faithfully yours,
TH: CARLYLE.

[*To D. Hope, Esq.*]

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
LONDON, 11th June, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR:

Let me present to you a new friend of mine, well recommended from beyond the waters, and of a pleasant quality in himself: Mr. Henry Barnard, from Connecticut, New England. When he visits Glasgow will you explain to him a little what he has to see; give him furtherance and welcome such as a stranger needs and merits?

I have never yet seen your worthy Brother, but mean surely to do it. I shall hear of you, perhaps see you, in Annandale, where we hope ere long to be.

With true good wishes
Ever faithfully,
T. CARLYLE.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, 17 Sept^{r}, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:

For some three weeks I have been in these parts; find Grahame and all your friends and my own pretty well; and now I am thinking to pick up my staff again, and journey farther—uncertain a little whitherward in the first instance.

Before returning to Chelsea, there is one problem in the way of travel which has always for some years past suggested itself as a thing that ought to be done: *a deliberate sight of the Island of Iona, Icolmskill,* or whatever they call it: one of the remarkablest spots to me in all her Majesty's dominions. Alas, I fear I have by no means strength and spirits sufficient for the enterprise just now. Nevertheless, I will give myself a chance; and so address a question or two to you, by way of making the conditions clear. You have Glasgow steamers, I believe, which call there; by a little trouble, which you will not grudge me, information enough may probably be had in your neighborhood.

First, then, please tell me when (on what days and hours) the steamers sail towards that Island; how long they naturally stop there, and what interval there is till they call on their return; *item* (if you can) whether one finds any public house or other place of refuge on the poor Islet,—a miserable boggy spot, I understand,—or if one has to live under the canopy till civilization and the Glasgow steamer revisit one? In short, I want to *see Iona;* care little about Fingal's Caves, the picturesque etc., etc.; and will restrict myself and you to that one point. Probably there is some paltry little ray of a guide-book about it? If you c^{d} lay hold of such a thing, and send it by post, that (in addition to your own word) w^{d} probably be the shortest method.—— And so enough for this day: I am in great haste and confusion for the moment; but Ever yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

SCOTSBRIG, 25th Sept., 1850.

Thanks, Dear Sir, for your prompt and copious intelligence about Iona: your letter came to hand just as I was setting out for Dumfries; for which reason I have been so long in replying and am so hasty now in doing it.

My decision at once was, that the thing would not do for this season: we will leave it standing for another, when happily I may be better provided with introductions & other furtherances and equipments. Thank your friend too for his kind commentary added to the Steamboat Bill. Grahame has just sent me a (very flimsy) little book upon Iona; which I will read out before calling on him to-night, as my scheme runs. The few days more permitted me in these parts I am now to spend with some friends in the Cumberland and Westmoreland region; whither I go the day after to-morrow. So adieu to

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poor old Scotland; adieu to you and all kind friends there, till, if Heaven be bountiful, we meet some other time!

Believe me
Yours always truly,
T. CARLYLE.

DAVID HOPE, Esq.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
LONDON, 3 Dec., 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:

Is your Brother William still in these parts, and at all engaged in the teaching department? If so, will you let me ask you for his address?

A very worthy poor Scotchman has just called upon me, much wanting instructions as to his method of attempting to get employment in that line, for which he is intrinsically well qualified, tho' quite new in the ways of this big babel; and I in my great ignorance of such matters, have bethought me of your brother's experienced sense and humanity as one of the likeliest courses for entering upon this affair.

We are puddling away in the midst of foggy frost, reek rain, and "No Popery"—getting up our "Chrystal Palace" very fast (if that could do anything for us), and little else that I see. My two months of roaming, in Wales and the Scottish Border, do not seem to have done much for me: I am the same complaining creature you have always known me; and shall likely continue such, I think. After all, as the Psalmist has it, "Why should a living man complain?"—Because he is a fool, I do surmise, and for no other reason!

Believe me always
Very truly yours
T. CARLYLE.

[*To David Hope, Esq.*]

CHELSEA, 4 Nov., 1854.

DEAR HOPE:

I have done nothing in the *reviewing* way for very many years back; and am so busy, at any rate, with an abstruse mass of *prose* matter that I cannot go into the *poetic* line at all—but must leave "Hannah and her chickens" to battle with the *Gled* on their own footing, as they best may! For your sake, or to oblige any friend of yours, I should have been very glad; but, on the whole, even to Mr. Cochrane it could not be of much real service, or perhaps of any at all—if not even of less than none. So we leave it there.

I have not been in Annandale, nor indeed have quitted home at all, since the sad errand I had at Christmas last. I am fond enough of my poor old country; but feel very like *a ghost* when I go to it now. My work is not quite done either; my only remedy for all things is, to stand well to that. If I only could—but, alas, tho' "the spirit is willing," etc., etc.

Poor Grahame is indeed getting very dim: pray be kind to him among you, for he is a right good soul, and never did other than kindness to any friend—or to any enemy, I might almost say, if he ever had one! I am glad to think of my old friend and benefactor, Mr. Johnstone, as returned to his native region, after so many wanderings. May all good that can be yet possible wait on him there. It is a long time now since he drilled me in the *syntaxes;* and, with beneficent mockery and otherwise, brought me to understand that I as yet understood nothing.

My sister, Mrs. Aitken, will perhaps have called upon you (or perhaps not) before you read this. She is in Glasgow, I believe, for a couple of days just about now; looking into her eldest Boy's position with her own eyes: if help to her, in any form, lay in your course, I am sure it would be ready enough on demand. My poor Brother John is in Edinburgh, for the present week; his principal employment lately has been the sorting up of sad mortuary details; and no doubt his outlook is sorrowfully changed—and I suppose, very uncertain as yet. I remain, in haste, but heartily as ever,

Yours faithfully,
T. CARLYLE.

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A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND ENGRAVED

By Frank French.

THE entrance to a deserted house confronted me. The beautiful lines of the carpentry which formed the pilasters and the entablature compelled my admiration. The wood-work had once been painted. Traces of white were visible in the least exposed portions. Nature had coated the parts which the elements had robbed of paint with a pellucid film of gray, over which the sunlight played felicitously, revealing its silvery tones. Crowding about it was a tangled growth of shrub and vine run wild. A syringa-bush stood demurely, holding her blossoms protectingly up against the shimmering gray of the weather-boards. Clinging to her skirts, however, and adding to the general look of lawlessness, was a cluster of neglected, untrained suckers of her own breed, showing, in spite of her pretentions, that she, too, had fallen from grace.

Whir-r-r-r-r-r! I dodged involuntarily as a humming-bird, with a droll compass of sound entirely out of proportion to his tiny size, darted over my head to the sweet blossoms, where he hung and flitted and poised, gleaming like a living coal of fire, the almost invisible flickering wings like heat-waves radiating from the burning breast. This little touch of living color upon the gray, with the blossoms and the verdure, set my fingers itching to get at my pallet and brushes.

It was the first day of my vacation. I had left the cars at Canterbury, familiar to me in childhood, as it joined Loudon, my native town. I felt too indolent for an elaborate sketch, and that fine door-way could not be hastily drawn, so I lay down upon the cool grass and gave myself up to the inevitable reaction which follows a sudden transition from city streets to country lanes. With the odors of the clover-scented door-yard came memories from youth, and the vision of a school-teacher who had taught one summer in the old white school-house at Loudon associated itself with the door-way. Her beauty was angelic, and her character as charming as her face. I was deeply in love with her. She was a young woman of twenty, and I a child of eight. As I sat upon the high bench, trying to touch my bare toes to the floor, and gazing longingly at her, I imagined myself a big man with great courage and daring, protecting her from all sorts of terrible dangers. She was gentle and frail and tender-hearted.

One day, for some misdeed, I was kept after school to be whipped, and by her!

She looked serious. She felt very badly to be obliged to punish me, "one of her best boys." She took a good deal of time in getting the particular sapling she wanted, and, as she talked, she laid it down and picked it up nervously. Suddenly, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears; then she kissed me and laughed, and said she knew I would never do so any more; then, taking me by the hand, we walked down the road together. My boy heart was clean gone, and, though I say it, the glamour of that youthful sentiment returned as I imagined her descending that steep stair, with light hand upon the old mahogany rail, and standing graciously in the door-way to complete the picture.

Some missile struck my hat and startled me. Looking up into the tree, I was saluted with a volley of chatter, as a chipmunk made a sudden rush at me down an overhanging branch. He had pelted me with a bit of bark, and when I moved followed up his aggressive tactics with a more noisy demonstration, which he continued now and then to repeat. Thus aroused, and remembering that great events were sometimes recorded upon the door-stones of New Hampshire houses, I began a search for some clew to the fate of my first love and the handsome young man I used to

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envy. Pulling away the leaves and moss I uncovered many initials rudely cut upon the stone, among them this inscription, more carefully done than the rest:

Yes, they were married; and here the record ended.

I looked into one or two of the rooms, but seeing nothing of interest and oppressed with the loneliness of the place I resumed the burden of my sketching traps, and sought the roadway. As I trudged along, filled with haunting impressions of that old, sun-dried, wind-shaken nest from which the birds had flown, I was joined at the cross-roads by a middle-aged man in *négligé* costume, who carried a basket of fresh wild strawberries. Greeting me politely he raised the covering of ferns which he had placed above the berries to keep them cool and fresh, and told me that he had gathered them all from a field by the roadside, assuring me that the flavor was much finer than that of the cultivated berry. He advised me to test their quality from the vines near at hand. I was welcome to take them from his basket, but he thought the act of plucking them and observing the comfortable, leisurely way in which they left the stem and rolled over in the hand added something to the pleasure.

Glad of so agreeable a companion, I told him who I was; that I used to live in that region, and that I was on my summer vacation, desirous of renewing old friendships, and in search of the picturesque. I then alluded to my discovery of the deserted house, and of the cherished memories of the family who owned it when I was a boy. In turn he told me that he was John Wentworth, formerly of New York. That before becoming a resident of New Hampshire he had looked up the history of several deserted farms—the Chase place among the number—with a view to finding out, in a general way, the causes which led to their abandonment. He thought the history of this case a typical one and valuable from that point of view, while to me it would have special interest. Seating ourselves beneath a balm-of-Gilead tree, he proceeded with the story, which ran somewhat as follows:

"Old Uncle Daniel Chase," according to tradition, was an excellent farmer. "Aunt Abbey," his wife, seconded his efforts so efficiently that they were able to bring up their five children in comfort, and give them good common-school and academic educations out of the proceeds of the farm alone.

Ellen, the only daughter, and Abner Blake, were married just before the war broke out. He was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers, and was killed at Antietam. Ellen is said to have died of a broken heart. The eldest of the Chase boys enlisted on his twenty-first birthday, and came home, after the war was over, too much broken down in health for the hard life of a New Hampshire farmer. He went West, and is said to have done well. The next two sons entered professional life and have gained fame and fortune. Charles, the youngest, went into mercantile life with great expectations, and finally came to grief.

Uncle Daniel mortgaged the farm to tide him over, and in the end lost heavily. Since his failure Charlie seems to prefer poverty in the city to hard work upon the farm. The old folks have been dead these two years, and there is no one left to till the ancestral acres. The old place, with its one hundred and fifty acres of mowing pasture and woodland, is now for sale for eight hundred dollars. "This," said he, "is but one among a thousand similar cases in New Hampshire alone."

I was much saddened by this recital, and asked if he did not think the outlook for the future of the State a gloomy one. He replied that he did not; that new conditions had arisen; that many former residents were coming back and purchasing the farms for summer homes; that thousands of summer visitors came yearly, attracted by the charms of the hills, the lakes, and the mountains, leaving behind them

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a very large sum of money, nearly equalling that realized from the entire agricultural product of the State. He gave me to understand that the people were learning that there was profit in the beauties of nature, that a tree could bring financial return through its play of light and shadow, its sheltering companionship—with a comfortable rustic seat beneath it—better than when split up into cord-wood; that the clouds at sunset—when seen from a broad, comfortable piazza—might have a golden lining in more senses than one; that the pretty country roads which wound their fascinating way along, exerting in their vanishing lines an active charm, an attracting force, wooing the steps of unsophisticated youth out into the mysterious world beyond, could—if kept in good repair—be made to entice as strongly in the opposite direction and draw the world to them.

Said he: "I have cultivated intimate relations with my neighbors, and criticise pretty freely; but, though we do not always agree, we get along well together; and no doubt we are of some help to each other. Give a New England woman a barrel of flour, and she can do more with it than any other living woman; but it must be admitted, she has something yet to learn about the use of the gridiron. With well-cooked chops, steaks, and roasts, and plenty of fresh vegetables, forced in hot-bed and cold-frame for early summer use, plenty of chickens, fresh eggs, milk, and cream, and less pie and cake, her table would be much more acceptable."

He then arose, and with apology for keeping me so long seated upon the "hard side of a granite ledge," invited me to accompany him home. He told me that he had bought an abandoned farm and would like to show me what he was doing with it. I gladly accepted his invitation, and proceeding, we rounded a bend in the road, when he pointed to his home, which lay before us, upon high ground, but with friendly hills rising protectingly about it, except to the west, where a beautiful vista stretched away to Mount Kearsarge. The house appeared to have been recently built, but in the severely plain style common to New England farm-houses. There were some touches about the windows, the front entrance, the long slope of the unequal gable, and the quiet level line which the lintel of the ample piazza formed across the structure which gave evidence of artistic design. The roof and walls were covered with hand-rived and shaved pine-shingles—its only extravagant feature—which, innocent of paint, had already assumed a silvery gray. The trim was white and the blinds green.

There was no sign of ostentatious display, but as it nestled there in the hollow of the sheltering hills, surrounded by old-fashioned flowers, an apple orchard lying comfortably against the southern slope of the hill at the back, two grand old sugar-maple trees standing in great dignity in front, with a grassy field sloping away like cushion of olive plush beyond, the sense of repose was so marked as to confirm at once the appropriateness of the name it bore—"Rest Hollow."

I found the interior equally charming. Its leading features were light, harmony of color, and utter absence of all mere ornament. The walls were kalsomined in quiet tints. The floors were light wood, waxed, with here and there a pretty rug. The furniture was mostly of bamboo—light, cleanly, artistic. There were low, simple cases containing books. Upon the table were magazines, reviews, and the Boston morning papers. Upon the quiet background of the walls were a few good pictures, gratefully relieved by the simplicity of their setting, and copiously illuminated by the unobstructed light which came through the broad windows; while in pleasant nooks were plain glass vases containing flowers, which lent a gay and sprightly air to the apartments. I expressed my delight to my host, who replied that he and Mrs. Wentworth had tried what they could do with simple means, and he was glad if I found it agreeable.

After a delicious dinner—as simple and unpretentious as the house—we started for the woods. Mr. Wentworth put a book in his pocket, while I took my sketching materials, and we wandered over grassy pastures and shadowy rambling wood-paths. He told me that

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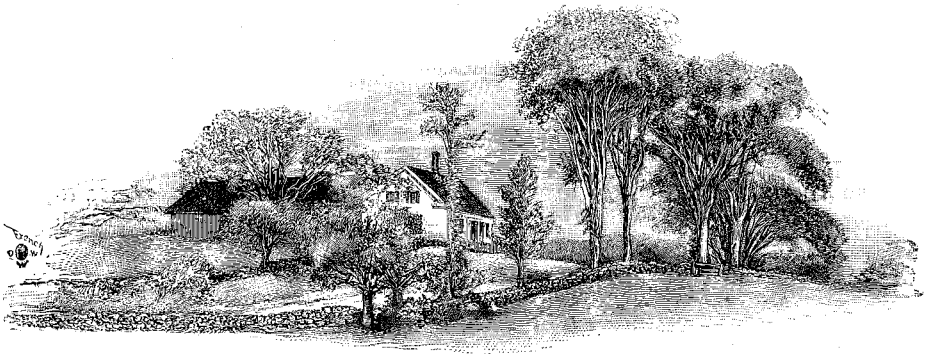
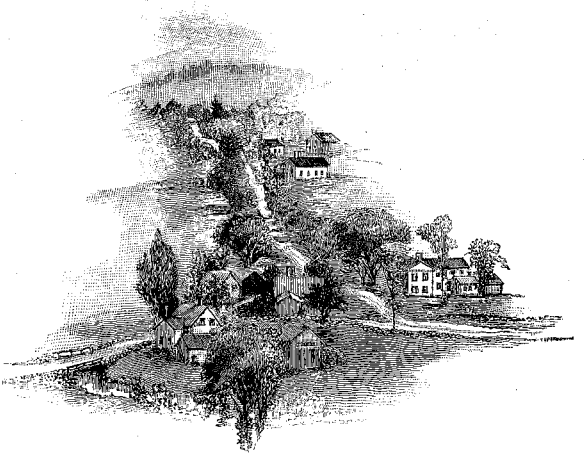
he did not care to go into general farming, it was more pleasant and profitable for him to devote his spare time to his



books and his pen. Forestry, he said, was his chief diversion in the country, as well as his plan for making a farm pay. As we proceeded, he seemed to know every tree, and could tell by certain private marks upon their bodies how much some of his favorites had expanded in the four years that he had been their master.

A splendid beech stood at an opening, stretching out twining arms as if to return a caress. "See," said he, "how this beech spreads out in this little clearing, rejoicing in the sunlight which is all about it; presently I will show you beeches in the thicker part of the wood sending their tall, branchless trunks thirty—forty—fifty feet upward. The sunlight being excluded, except from above, they climb up to meet it—one of the secrets, by the way, of success in timber-raising; the tall straight trees being the most valuable. The natural tendency, however, is to overcrowding, as young trees constantly spring up and the growth is rapid. Here and there I cut out enough timber to let the sunlight in freely, which destroys the insects injurious to forest growth."

He told me that he selected and marked for cutting during every summer a sufficient number of large and small trees to yield enough money to pay good interest on his investment, and also his tree-planting expenses, and at no cost to his forest, which was improving rapidly under the treatment. "The sugar-maple," said he, "requires plenty of room in order to reach perfection." He had thinned out around those which grew naturally upon the place, and had planted about two hundred more upon the southern slope of a pasture, placing them in groups of irregular shape, but always giving them at least thirty feet between, except that, here and there, for picturesque effect, he had planted a pair nearer together,



Kelly's Corners.

with, now and then, a hemlock or a birch for variety. Chestnut and butter-nut trees were also sparingly interspersed.

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Wandering on we came to "The Pines," a group of ancient monarchs of the forest "primeval," rearing tall, gray, moss-grown pillars, a hundred feet above, supporting deep green arches, pierced sparingly with openings to the sky. The stillness was complete to the verge of solemnity—unbroken by any hint of life or motion, save a faint breathing of the air in the feathery tops of the pines, and a certain consciousness of life and movement in the swelling root upon which I sat, and in the calm ranks of venerable protectors who stood guarding the solitude.

In this silent place, after resting briefly, Wentworth read, while I audaciously planted my easel, set my pallet, and essayed to paint. As I worked and occasionally glanced at my companion, reposing upon a soft bed of pine-needles, absorbed in his reading, I was convinced that he was realizing bigger dividends from his investment in an abandoned farm than California mining stocks ever paid; and that a true analysis would show that he was happier at that moment than if seated in the private room of a safe deposit vault, under an electric lamp, cutting off coupons.

Returning, we followed the brook to the pond. A splendid oak stood upon the bank, and underneath it a boat lay moored. Our path led over a hill, from which we looked down into the cool, mysterious depths, eloquent in suggestions of bass and pickerel.

After tea Wentworth left me to sit in the twilight upon the piazza, while he attended to some duties about the place. Presently an old man, whose tall, gaunt form bent beneath the weight of a bag of flour which he carried upon his back, stopped at the gate and set his burden down with a "Good-evenin'." Seeing none but a stranger he was about to go on, when I asked his opinion as to the prospect of fine weather for the morrow. He immediately sat down upon a bowlder.

The Pond.

"Wall, my friend, there ain't no place in all creation nor any other part o' Can-

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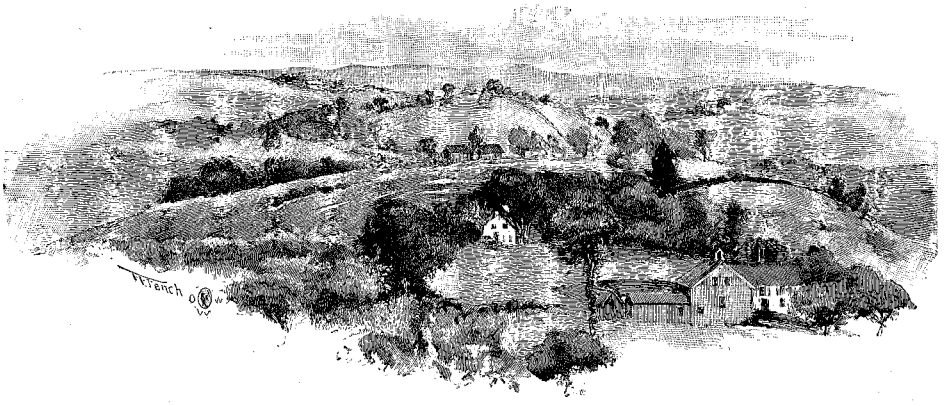
terbury where you can tell what the weather is a goin' to be any better than on John Wentworth's piazzy right where you're a-sitting. You look at old Kursarge, and if he's got his cap on, you can be sure 'twill rain. My eyes ain't very good, 'n' I can't see's well as I used to." Following his suggestion I was rejoiced to behold the old bald peak unobscured by clouds.



Canterbury Hills.

True to the evening's promise the morning was fair, and my host proposed a ride. Our turnout consisted of a broad-seated topped buggy and a rather undersized horse of the Morgan stock. While "Trusty" might not appear to advantage on McComb's Dam Road or the Riverside Drive, she was well named, for she would go without guiding and stand without tying; so we travelled as companions, humoring each other, resting under shady trees, drinking at wayside watering-troughs, picking wintergreen, or cropping the tender herbage by the way as suited the nature and inclination of each. The hubs of the buggy made a countrified and not unmusical chock, chock sound as we drove through aisles of quivering birches, bathed in cool shadows where the brooks gurgled softly under the wooden bridges, or out into the sunlight which shimmered down through overhanging leafage or burst upon us at the clearings, while the brown thrush kept us company flitting in and out along the way.

Occasionally, to relieve Trusty and stretch our legs, we would leave the buggy and walk up a steep incline; and, as we scrambled along over the rocky road, we tore off handfuls of sweet-fern, and, rubbing it in our palms, inhaled the fragrance; plucked spears of grass and chewed the juicy ends; and laughed at the saucy antics of the little goldfinch as he tore out masses of downy thistle-seed, cocked his head impudently, and then went bounding on in graceful curves before us. At the top of the hill we paused and looked back across the enchanting valley to the distant mountains, whose granite sides rose in subdued proportions against the sky, and down into the great basin of pure air beneath.

We passed the old church on the hill, and the school-house at the corners, with its pleasant memories. I recognized the old "turtle hole" in the corner of the pasture, and stopped to peer around, as I used when on the way to school, for the old turtle log. With one short thrust a dark chunk pushed itself into the water with a "chig." "Chig, chig, chig," followed from other dark chunks, which of a sudden enlivened that quiet little pool and set it twinkling from centre to circumference, till the fringe of flags at the edge nodded.

We climbed Catamount at Pittsfield and skirted near the summit the shores of Berry Pond; enjoyed the view from the old Quaker burying-ground, across the valley to the Sandwich Mountains and the omnipresent Kearsarge; and upon the hills at Gilmanton overlooked other valleys and hill-tops. We drove

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through long stretches of woods; climbed by winding roads over rounded gravelly hills; caught glimpses of blue mountains and lakes, still ascending, till the beautiful view from Liberty Hill in the town of Gilford lay before us,

"Where the great lake's sunny smiles
Dimpled 'round her hundred isles."

On the near side rose the Bellknap Hills; to the north and west the White and Franconia Mountains — range upon range — with Mount Washington standing guard over all. Winnipesaukee — "Smile of the Great Spirit" — none to whom your blue waters made a familiar picture in youth can behold you without emotion.

Leaving the highway we visited Zion's Hill, where once dwelt a sect called the Osgoodites. The spot is marked by crumbling foundations and a little burying-yard upon a knoll so rocky that one wonders how the graves could have been dug. The occupants of those stony beds did not favor soft luxury in life, and, though gaining enviable repute for honesty and good character, they did not believe either in doctors or ministers, as the following epitaphs attest:

"*Josiah Haines died May* 29, 1838, *aged* 60.

"He was a blessing to the saints,
To sinners rich and poor;
He was a kind and worthy man,
He's gone to be no more.
He kept the faith unto the end,
And left the world in peace.
He did not for a doctor send,
Nor for a hireling priest."

"*Mrs. Haines died Apr.* 26, '38, *aged* 39.

"Here beneath these marble stones
Sleeps the dust and rests the bones
Of one who lived a Christian life,
'Twas Hannah Haines, Josiah's wife.
She was a woman full of truth,
And feared God from early youth,
And priests and elders did her fight,
Because she brought her deeds to light."

Seated upon the wall of the little enclosure, Mr. Wentworth repeated a part of one of their hymns:

"It is enough to make one stare
To see professors curl their hair;
Oh! how they love to make it shine,
This little fox will spoil the vine.

"A ruffle made of finest lace,
On purpose to wear round the face,
Only to please the carnal mind,
This little fox will spoil the vine.

"If you do build your house too high,
'Twill clip your wings, you cannot fly;
You'll get exalted, you will find,
This little fox will spoil the vine."

In view of this virtuous teaching it would be interesting to know the cause of the ruin which lay around.

We retraced our way along the side-hill road, overgrown with grass and almost obliterated from disuse, to the main travelled road again, reaching Shaker Village in time for dinner, and received gentle entertainment from the placid sister who presides over the hospitalities of the Church Family. This sect believes with Paul that "he who marries doeth well, but he who marries not doeth better." And they neither marry nor are given in marriage, their communication being "yea, yea" and "nay, nay." Though one might not agree with their interpretation of Scripture, the most exacting epicure could find no fault with their raspberry shortcake.

Caught in a shower on our homeward way we sought shelter in a friendly barn, and on the invitation of the proprietor we repaired to the house and took tea with a merry, vigorous, intelligent family. Mr. Eastman is one of the stirring progressive farmers who can turn his hand to any new crop which promises a profit, and the conversation turned to the changes in agricultural

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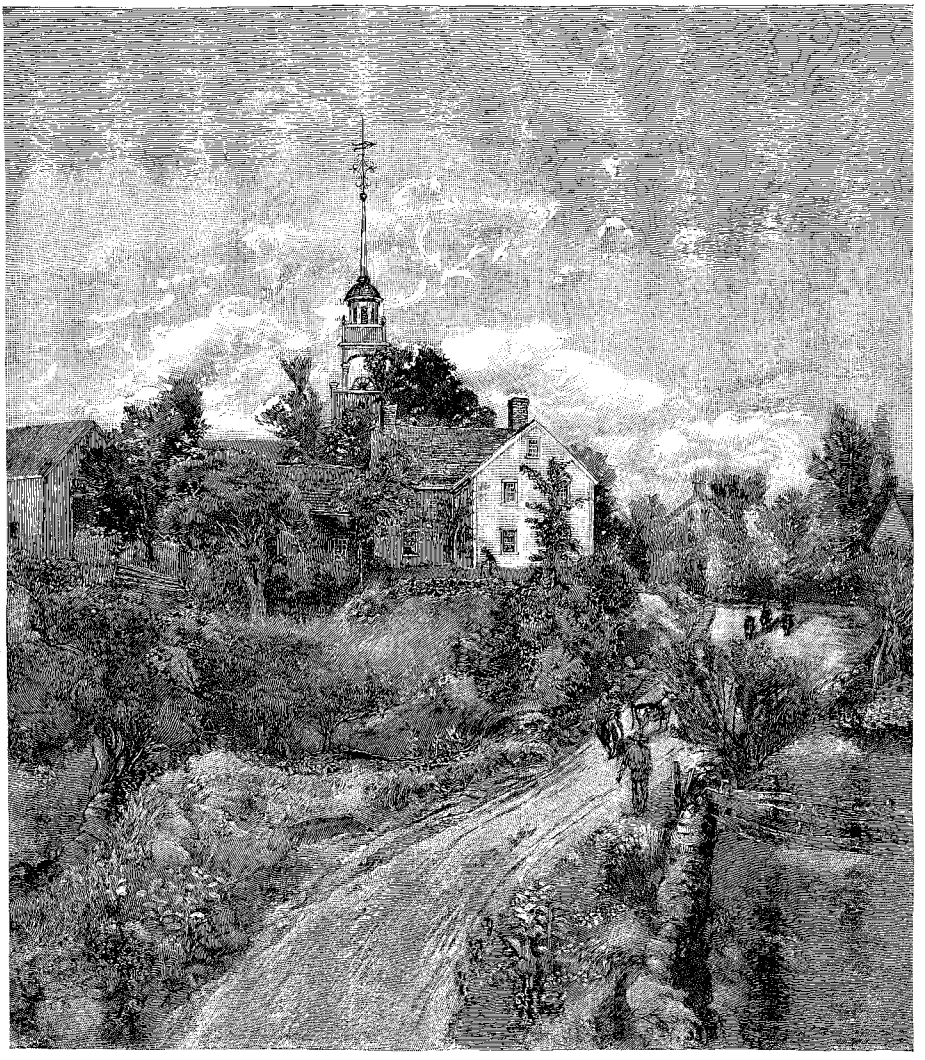

Canterbury Meeting House.

methods and pursuits in recent years. "You know we never thought of raising celery for the table when we were boys. And there's asparagus, we used to have a little in the corner of the garden to put in bouquets of flowers, but nobody ever thought of eating it. Now the city people come around here and they want all these little notions, which bring more profit if rightly taken care of than corn and fat cattle used to. Then we are raising a better grade of horses, and there is always a market for good road-horses. We can't make money as fast as you city people can, but I guess we live longer. Look at mother — you wouldn't think she was eighty-three, would ye, now?"

Grandma Eastman tossed her chin up and bubbled over with laughter at the complimentary reference to herself, and told us of the things *her* mother could cook after her hundredth year. She told how Cousin Joel came from the West to visit her mother after she was a century old, and, at the leave-taking, he said, sadly, "Waal, Aunt Hannah, I don't s'pose I shall ever see you again."

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"Why, Joel," says she, "ain't you feelin' as well as usual?"

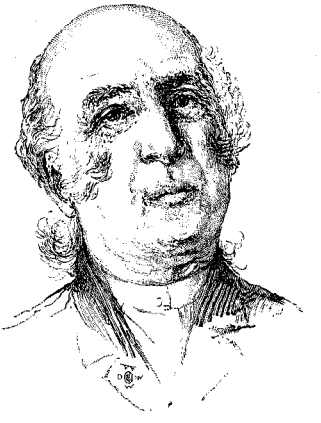
At sunset we took leave of the East-

Grandma Eastman.

mans. The rain had left pools in the road in front of the house, and they mirrored the rosy clouds which floated above; drops of water hung from the grape-leaves upon the trellis, and glistened upon the blades of grass about the door-yard. Just across in the garden a mass of old-fashioned hollyhocks rose eight feet high, flanked on either side by pink phlox and sweet-williams; beyond were the beehives, the string beans, the beets, the celery, and the orchard. The swallows swirled around the chimney-top; the martins gossiped upon the door-steps of their pretty little house away up on a pole. Pansies grew by the stoop. With hearty "good-by" we drove down that enchanted road whose water-filled wagon tracks led on like ornamental tracings of burnished gold. The distant murmur of the piping frogs produced a constant motion and vibration of sound. The deepening gloom of the forests and the fading color in the sky, the scent of the leaves of the trees and the wet mould about their roots, the odor of the ferns and the resinous breath of the pines appealed each to its proper sense.

We travelled on for an interval in silence. Each absorbed by his own thoughts. Presently my host, after an apology for speaking of his private affairs, referred to remarks which had been made by some of those whom we had met, tending to the impression that he was wealthy. He said he felt impelled to speak freely to me about it, as he was unwilling to leave a false impression upon my mind; that in order to be fully understood it would be necessary for him to relate something of his history, which ran as follows:

He received a liberal education and inherited from his father a well-established business and a home in a fashionable neighborhood in New York. His tastes did not run in the direction of business, but, with the hopefulness of youth, he thought that after a few years of close application he could retire rich, and devote himself to more congenial pursuits. For a time he made money, but social demands and business cares accumulated, robbing him of leisure, and the halcyon days to which he had looked forward seemed further away than ever. As competition became more and more fierce he lost heavily, until it got to be a difficult matter to keep up the mode of life to which he was accustomed, and his business was on the verge of disaster. His forty-seventh birthday found him enduring a



Jonathan Wakefield.

disappointment the like of which many a man has ended with a bullet.

There came a time when he could no longer conceal his trouble from his wife. She took a cheerful view of things and sat right down, as she said, "to look the thing square in the face." She advised him to sell out business, house, horses, carriages, furniture, everything, but a few choice pictures and his books before all was lost, go to some quiet

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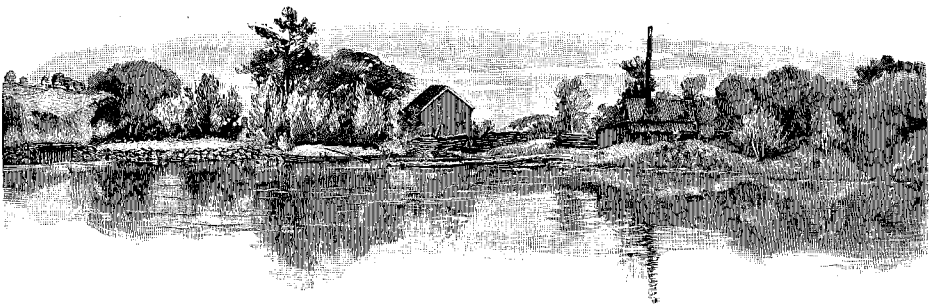

Morrill's Pond.

country place and rest, and plan for the future. Acting on this advice they had drifted to New Hampshire.

Said he: "Our farm cost no more than I have spent many a time during a single season at fashionable summer resorts."

I remarked that, while life in the country during the summer must be delightful to him, I could hardly understand how a city-bred man could content himself there in the winter. "Oh," said he, "we reverse the usual order of things and take our vacation in winter." We enjoy the autumn, which is glorious here. When cold weather comes we pack our choicest belongings in convenient cases prepared to receive them, have them taken into the house of a neighbor, lock our door, and go to New York for the winter. I must admit that when we come down the East River some bright November morning and see the masts along the water front, the busy shipping, the restless tugs, the crowds upon the ferry-boats, the great streams of humanity crossing the beautiful spider-web bridge above our heads, and feel the mighty throbbing of the restless heart of the city, it thrills us as nothing else can do. But we keep out of the whirl; go to a quiet boarding-house; attend the theatre, opera, art exhibitions, everything we want to see, in a quiet way. I look after my business interests a little and pursue certain special lines of study until the spring comes again, when we are glad to return with the apple-blossoms and the birds to this quiet little Eden. And it is all done so easily on the remnants of a fortune which in New York would have dwindled away to nothing in a few short years. To be perfectly frank about it, I have not over twenty thousand dollars in the world, and yet, without great wealth, I have learned a way to rescue from the toil and moil of life a few tranquil years. In view of this fact, I think you will agree with my country friends when they call me rich. However, there is in New York a certain circle of business men who formerly knew about my affairs, who think of me only as a ruined man. I have good reason to believe that some of those who commiserate me are straining every nerve to keep up appearances and out of bankruptcy.

"By the way," said he, bringing Trusty to a standstill, "right here grow a quantity of orange field-lilies —Mrs. Wentworth is very fond of them. I want to take some home to her."

The daylight had entirely faded into night, but so gradual had been the transformation that our eyes had accustomed themselves to making the most of the faint reflections which came

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from the stars. To me, however, the lilies were invisible; but Wentworth knew just where to find them, and gathered a large cluster without difficulty. Trusty was again allowed to proceed, and, as horses do when approaching home, she quickened her pace and went spinning forward at a lively gait, rushing madly up the steep pitches, tearing down the corresponding declivities, and whirling us around sharp curves, imparting a pleasant swaying motion to the buggy. The rapid hoof-beats were muffled by the damp gravel; and mingling with the soft, crushing sound of the wheels was heard the faint squeak of the whiffle-tree. Wentworth was greatly amused by the intelligent creature, but my mind was preoccupied with the revelation it had received of the life of the

"A Ruined Man."

man—a life so simple and unspoiled that the blandishments of wealth and society could be exchanged for the sweet entertainment furnished by the birds, the animals, and the flowers, with naught but self-congratulation; so blessed with leisure as to be free to enter the great storehouses of art and knowledge; so composed that hand and brain could work untrammelled. Then came to me, with unwonted force, that grand interrogation, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

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THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAMMA"—AND THE FIRST ONE.

THE chief tone of her world was given to it by the gentle little lady who was her mother—the most kind and simple English lady—of a type the most ingenuous and mild. What the Small Person felt most clearly was that "Mamma" was so entirely and sweetly this gentle and kindly *lady*. Of course it had not been necessary to formulate this, even in thought, but it was an existent fact which made life pleasant. One could not have borne existence—even as a Small Person—if one's "Mamma" had not been a lady. There were Mammas who were not quite so nice—who wore more ribbons in their caps and who could be seen at a greater distance, and who had not such soft voices, and such almost timidly kind smiles and words for everyone. The Small Person was always thankful after interviews with such Mammas that her own was the one who belonged to her, and to whom she belonged.

It was so interesting to hear of the days when she had been a little girl also.

"When I was a little girl and we lived at Patricroft——" was the slender link which formed a chain of many dear little stories of quite another world.

She had not been Romantic. The Small Person had a vague feeling that she herself might have been the subject of memoirs of a sweet and not awe-inspiring kind. "Mamma" could never have been denunciatory. She seemed a little like Amelia Sedley, but not so given to weeping and not so silly. There were two little water-color pictures, which hung in the drawing-room. They were supposed to represent, ideally, Amy Robsart and Jeanie Deans. They had sweet pink faces and brown ringlets, and large, gentle blue eyes. They were very much alike, and the Small Person was very fond of them because Mamma had one day said: "Poor Papa bought them before we were married because he thought they were like me. I used to wear my hair like the picture of Jeanie Deans."

To the Small Person this surrounded them with a halo. The vision of "Poor Papa" overcome by youthful ardor before he was married to Mamma, and tenderly buying these two little pictures because they were like her, and had ringlets like hers, was simply delightful to her. How could she help loving them?

Was Mamma clever? No, I think not. The Small Person never asked herself the question. That would have been most sacrilegious unlovingness. And why should one have thought of asking more of her than that she should be "Mamma." One would not ask one's

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self if an Angel were clever. And, also, one did not think of wondering how many years she had lived. She was just the age of a mamma. Only as long as she lived her mind was like that of an innocent, serious, young girl—with a sort of maidenly matronliness. Not being at all given to eloquence or continuous conversation of any sort, it was a wonderful thing that her mere existence near one meant so much—that it soothed headaches, and made sore throats bearable; that it smoothed stormy nursery seas, and removed the rankling sting of wrong and injustice. One could have confronted any trial, supported by the presence of this little, gentle, very ingenuous and unworldly Mamma.

She was a sweetly feminine thing and her literature had been feminine as herself. The Small Person found out about that. She had read "improving" works when she was a young lady. She had a great respect for Miss Martineau and Mrs. Ellis and her "Daughters of England." She had read poems in Keepsakes and knew all the beauties of Dr. Watts. Mrs. Barbauld she revered, and a certain book called "Anna Lee, the Maiden, Wife, and Mother," she admired most sweetly.

"But you ought not to read tales so much," she used to say, with a gently heroic sense of maternal duty, to the Small Person. "You ought to read something Improving."

"What is Improving, Mamma?" the Small Person would reply.

Gentle little lady Mamma! I am afraid she was vague—though the Small Person did not realize that it was vagueness she always observed in her blue eye when she asked this question. The answer was always the same:

"Oh!—history and things, love. History is always improving."

The Small Person used to wonder why History particularly. It was never suggested that grammar, geography, and arithmetic were stimulating to the mind—but history always. And she knew all "Pinnock's England" and "Pinnock's Rome" and somebody else's "Greece." Could there have been in Mamma herself a lurking fondness for the Story which was not "improving?" There were three or four mentioned at different periods which she seemed to remember interesting details of with remarkable clearness. "The Scottish Chiefs," "The Children of the Abbey," "Fatherless Fanny," "The Castle of Otranto," and "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Certain incidents in them being inadvertently described to the Small Person so inflamed her imagination that the most burning desire of her life was to be the happy possessor of these rich treasures. It was years before she came upon them, one by one, and then somehow their glory had departed. The mysterious secreted relative wandering about the cloister's ruins had lost her sorrowful eerie charm, the ghastly, apparently murdered victim, concealed by the heavy curtain, had no impressiveness, and it was not really a shock when he turned out to be only wax. Emily—the beautiful persecuted Emily in "Udolpho"—was actually tedious in her persistent habit of "giving vent to her feelings in the following lines." But when Mamma told bits of them with a certain timidity engendered by their romantic lack of the element of "improvement," what thrillingly suggestive things they were!

What a beautiful thing this pure and gentle heart was—quite as simple as the heart of a child, and filled with sweetest, lenient kindness to all things! What a beautiful thing for a little child to grow up in the mild sunshine of! What brilliant strength could have had such power—if it had not had its sweetness too! How did one learn from it that to be unkindly and selfish was not only base but somehow vulgar too—and that the people who were not born in the "back streets" naturally avoided these things as they avoided dropping their h's and speaking the dialect?

Nobody ever said "Noblesse oblige," nobody ever said anything about "Noblesse" at all, and yet one knew that in certain quiet, unpretentious houses the boys and girls must be "ladies and gentlemen," and to be so one must feel inadmissible some faults it was by no means difficult to fall into. There is, after all, a certain quaint dignity in the fixed qualities understood by some

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English minds in the words "lady" and "gentleman." The words themselves have been vulgarized, and cheapened, and covered with odd gildings and varnish, and have been made to mean so many objectionable things, that it has seemed better taste to let them drop out of fashion—but once their meaning in simple, gentle minds was something very upright and fine. They were used in this sense in the days of the Small Person—at least she believed them to mean nothing less.

In searching the past there is no memory of any lecture delivered by "Mamma" on the subject of good morals, good manners, and good taste. Anything from "Mamma" in the nature of a harangue would have seemed incongruous. Perhaps it was because through all the years *she* never was unkind or ungenerous, because she was good to everything—even to disreputable and objectionable stray cats and lost dogs brought in—with bursts of enthusiasm—for refuge; because she never uttered a vulgarly sharp or spiteful, envious word, or harbored an uncharitable thought—perhaps it was because of these things that one grew up knowing that her unspoken creed would be:

"Be kind, my dear. Try not to be thoughtless of other people. Be very respectful to people who are old, and be polite to servants and good to people who are poor. Never be rude or vulgar. Remember to be always a little lady."

It was all so simple and so quite within the bounds of what one could do. And, all summed up and weighed, the key-note of it was but one thing: "Be kind, my dear—be kind."

There was an innocent, all-embracing prayer, which the entire Nursery said unfailingly every night and morning, through all its childhood — some of them, perhaps, far beyond childhood, because of the tender homely memories it brought back. One of them, at least, in after years, when the world had grown to wider boundaries and faith was a less easy thing, found a strange, sad pleasure in saying it because its meaning was so full of trustingness, and so sweet.

Surely it was "Mamma" who was responsible for it—"Mamma" who had a faith so perfect and simple, and who, in asking for good, could have left out in her praying nothing, however poor and small.

As she grew to riper years the Small Person often pondered on it and found it touching, in its all-embracingness.

It began with the Lord's Prayer—the first words of this being said devoutly as, "Our Father, 'chart in Heaven," and the more *slowly* one said it all, the more devout one was supposed to be. The child who "gabbled" her prayers was "a wicked thing." It was very awful, when one was tired or preoccupied, to find out that one was "gabbling." Discovering this, one went back and began again, with exceeding deliberation.

But it was the little prayer which came after this which so took in all the world—leaving out none—in its blessing:

"God bless Papa and Mamma," it began, lovingly, "and Grandpapas and Grandmammas" — though when the Small Person first remembered it the Grandpapas were gone, and one could only say "and Grandmammas," because the Grandpapas had "gone to Heaven," and so needed no praying for, because in Heaven everybody was happy and God took care of them without being asked every night and morning by the wearers of the little white nightgowns, by the little white beds, in the Nursery. "God bless my Brothers and Sisters," it went on, lovingly, again, "and my Uncles and Aunts and Cousins." And then, that none might escape and be forgotten, "Pray God bless *all* my Relations and Friends," and, then, in an outburst of sympathy, "Pray God, bless Everybody." And modestly, at the end—and with the feeling that it was really a great deal to ask—"And make Me a Good Child —for Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen."

One felt, with all one's little heart, that this could be only done "For Jesus Christ's Sake" — because one *knew* how far one was removed from the little girl who died of scarlet fever in the Memoirs.

And then one finished with three dear

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little verses which seemed to provide for all in one's child-life—and which remembered one's friends again, and took one even to the gates of Paradise.

In Nursery parlance it was always spoken of as "Jesus tender."

"Did you say your 'Jesus tender?'" was sometimes sternly demanded by one little white Nightgown of another. "You were such a little bit of a time kneeling down, if you said it you *must* have gabbled."

It was this:

"Jesus—tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

That seemed to make everything so safe when the gas was turned down.

"Through the Darkness be Thou near me"—

the strange, black Dark, when anything might come out of corners, or from under the bed, or down the chimney, and if one heard a sound, one could only huddle one's head under the clothes and lie listening with beating heart. But if "Jesus tender" was there, and would keep one safe till morning light, one need not be really afraid of anything. And then came the little thankful part:

"Through this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care.
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."

And then the last, where the poor little sins were asked mercy for, and the friends were embraced again, and one was left happy—taken care of—dwelling in Paradise with the Tender one:

"Let my sins be all forgiven.
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

It was very sweet and very trusting—full of belief, and full of love and kind faith in and for all the world. And whatever of faith might fade in the glare of maturity, which made all things too real or too vague, to say simply every night and morning through a whole childhood, words as confiding and as kind must be a good beginning for an innocent life—for any life, however spent.

The First One—a development of that notable seventh year—was written one Sunday evening in Summer, when it was clear twilight and the church bells were ringing. She sat at the Sitting Room Table which for the time was merely a table made to rest things upon. She was fond of the act of scribbling, and frequently had filled pages in blank books with lines of angular letter m's joined together. The doing it gave her the feeling of writing with rapidity and ease as older people did. There was something in the free movement of the flying pen which she liked extremely. The long summer twilight of these Sunday evenings was always emotionally impressive to her. She did not know why, but that they seemed so quiet, and the house was so still, and one did not play with the Doll or run about. She had never been forbidden secular amusement, or talked to rigidly, but somehow there were certain things one felt it was not exactly proper to do on Sunday.

Sunday, in fact, was rather a nice day. After breakfast one was dressed with such care for church. The Small Person and her two sisters, exceedingly fresh as to frocks and hats, and exceedingly glossy as to curls, walked to church with Mamma and the governess and the two brothers, whose Eton collars presented their most unimpeachable spotlessness.

The sermon was frequently rather long, but one did one's best by it in the way of endeavoring to understand what it was about. The Small Person was dissatisfied with her character because she was conscious that her mind frequently wandered, and that she found herself imagining agreeable scenes of a fictitious nature. She also found that when she checked these sinful mundane fancyings and forced herself to strictly follow the Reverend James Jones, she was guilty of impatient criticism, entirely unbecoming a little girl. The literary ideal of a perfect little girl in those days—a spotless little girl, who,

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being snatched away in her youth by scarlet fever would create quite a commotion in Heaven by the rectitude of her conduct—was the painful young person who had memoirs written about her, relating the details of her sufferings and the Example she had been to every one about her—particularly to all other children who were not of the moral *élite* as it were. The Small Person had extremely high standards. There was nothing she would have been so thankful for as to find that she might attain being an Example—and suitable for memoirs—but she had an humble, sorrowing consciousness that such aspirations were in vain. This was evident on the face of it. The little girls in memoirs could not have been guilty of the vileness of "not listening to the sermon." They heard every word of it and preached it over again to their companions on the way home, by way of inspiring them to religious enthusiasm. They never thought of *anything* but the preacher while they were in church, and they never read anything but the Bible, and were in the kindly habit of repeating chapters of it aloud to people left alone with them. They always knew a text to say when anyone did anything wrong, and it always converted the erring one upon the spot. "Thou shalt not steal," they said, solemnly, when a boy was going to steal an apple, and he never thought of such a thing again. "Thou, God, seest me," they said when Tommy had taken a lump of sugar, and was revelling in the crime, and he immediately put it back into the bowl—probably very much the worse for wear—but he never *looked* at the sugar-bowl again so long as he lived.

The Small Person felt she could not accomplish these things—that there was a fatal earthly flaw in her nature. Perhaps it was because she was Romantic, and no memoir had ever been written about a little girl who was Romantic. Whether it preserved them against scarlet fever or against the memoir she did not ask. But sometimes she had a sad lurking fear that if a girl out of a memoir had heard her dramatic performances with the Doll she would have said to her:

"That is *not* a bark. It is only an Arm Chair. You are not playing on a lute made of silver. You are only tooting on a tin whistle which cost a penny. You are not a gentleman. You are a little girl. And you are saying what is not true. These are all lies—and liars go to Hell."

It made her feel inclined to burst into tears when she thought of it—so she thought of it as little as possible. This may have indicated a shifty irresponsibility of nature or a philosophic discretion. She could not *live* without the Doll. She felt it sad that she was not made to be an Example, but she tried to be as unobjectionable as was compatible with her inferiority and lack of fine qualities.

And, somehow, she liked Sunday. Having had another Mamma she might have disliked it greatly, but as it existed in her life, it had rather the air of a kind of peaceful festival. She herself was in those days too unconscious to realize that it combined with its spiritual calm certain mild earthly pleasures which made an excellent foundation for its charm. One did not go to school; there were no lessons to learn; the chaos of the Nursery was reduced to order; the whole house looked nice and quiet; one was so specially spotless in one's best frock; there was always such a nice pudding for dinner (never rice, or bread-pudding, but something with an aspect of novelty). For a little while after dinner one remained in the drawing-room, and sometimes Mamma—who belonged to the generation when "the figure" was not a matter treated lightly, would suggest that the Small Person and her two sisters should lie quite flat upon their backs, upon the hearth-rug, "for fifteen minutes by the clock."

"It is very good for your backs, my dears," she would say. "It makes them straight. It is very important that a young lady should hold herself well. When we were girls—your Aunt Emma and I—back-boards were used."

The Small Person quite delighted in this ceremony. It was so nice to stretch one's plump body on the soft rug—with the sense of its being rather a joke—and hear about the time when people

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used back-boards. It appeared that there had been schoolmistresses—genteel, extremely correct ladies who kept boarding-schools—who had been most rigorous in insisting on the use of the back-board by their pupils. There were anecdotes of girls who would "poke their chins forward," and so were constrained to wear a species of collar. There was one collar, indeed, celebrated for certain sharp-pointed things under the chin, which briskly reminded the young lady when she "poked." The knowledge that scholastic and maternal method had improved since those days, and that one would never be called upon to use back-boards or instruments suggestive of the Inquisition, was agreeable, and added charm to lying on the rug and turning one's eyes to the ormolu clock on the mantel every now and then, to see if the three five minutes were gone.

After that one went for a decorous saunter round the Square, where one always encountered the Best Friend and her sisters, and perhaps other little girls, all in best frocks and best hats, and inclined to agreeable conversation.

About four one returned to the drawing-room, and the event of the day took place. Everyone took a chair, and being given an orange, disposed of it at leisure and with great but joyful decorum, while Mamma or the Governess read aloud.

"Where did we leave off last Sunday," the reader would ask, turning over the leaves.

The Small Person always knew. She revelled in these Sunday afternoons. During the rapture of their passing she heard "Ministering Children," "The Channings," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "Letters from Palmyra," and "Letters from Rome," an enthralling book called "Naomi," which depicted dramatically the siege of Jerusalem, and divers other "Sunday books."

Yes, Sunday was a day quite set apart and was really very pleasant to think of. A far more brilliant woman than "Mamma" might have made it infinitely less an agreeable and bright memory. Hers was the brilliance of a sweet and tender heart which loved too kindly to give one dreary hour.

None of the younger ones went to church in the evening.

"I am afraid you might be sleepy," said Mamma, which was an instance of most discreet forethought.

So not going to church, the Small Person had her evening hours in the quiet house, and liked them greatly.

The form and merits of the First One have not remained a memory, but the emotion which created it is a memory very distinct indeed. As for the creation itself, it cannot have been of any consequence but that it *was* the First One.

I see the Sitting Room with its look of Sunday neatness, the Green Arm Chair wearing a decorous air of never having braved the stormy billows, the table with its cloth quite straight upon it, and the Small Person sitting by it with pen and ink and an old exercise-book before her, the window open behind her.

The pen and ink and book were to scribble with, because it amused her to scribble. But all was so quiet around her, and the sound of the church bells coming through the open windows was such a peaceful thing, that she sat leaning on the table, her cheek on her hand, listening to it. What is there that is so full of emotional suggestion in the sound of bells ringing in the summer twilight? The Small Person did not know at all. But she felt very still and happy, and as if she wanted to say or do something new, which would somehow be an expression of feeling, and goodness, and—and—she did not know at all what else.

She turned her face over her shoulder, to look at the sky, which showed over the tops of the houses in the Back Street. It was very beautiful that evening—very blue, and dappled with filmy white clouds. It had a Sunday evening look.

After looking at it, she turned slowly to the exercise-book again—not with any particular intention, but reminded by the pen in her hand of the pleasantness of scribbling. A delightful queer and tremendously bold idea came to her. It was so daring that she smiled a little.

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"I wonder if I could write—a piece of poetry," she said. "I believe—I'll try."

No one need ever know that she had attempted anything so audacious, and she could have the fun of trying. There was no one in the room but the Green Arm Chair, and it could not betray her—besides the fact that it would not if it could. It was such a nice old thing. It had a way at times of seeming to have forgotten the adventures of its wild and rather racketty past and of seeming to exist only to hold out its arms benignly to receive Grandmammas. As to Pirates on the High Seas, it seemed never to have even heard of one.

A piece of poetry was a thing with short lines, and at the end of them were words which sounded alike—which rhymed.

"Down on a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view."

"'Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to fleet by to-morrow and fade in these arms
Like fairy dreams gone to decay."

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
It gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

These were pieces of poetry, and they gave one something to build on. "Bed, Head, Led, Shed—Charms, Arms, Farms, Carms." No, Carms was not a word. Oh 'Calms.' And Calms was a real word. That seemed to open up vistas. It became quite exciting—like a sort of game. There were words spelled differently from each other, it seemed, which would rhyme. And the church-bells went on ringing with that soft sound which seemed to make one think things.

What should the piece of poetry be about? How pretty that ringing was! Oh, suppose one tried to write a piece of poetry about the bells. Bells, Shells, Tells, Sells—Ring, Sing, Fling, Wing.

And she wrote a "piece of poetry" about the church-bells, and of it there is no record whatever, but that it was the First One. How long it was before she wrote another I am not at all sure. She did not seem to rush madly on in her downward career.

Time could not possibly be calculated in those days. A month seemed to hold a Future. *Anything* might occur in the way of rapture during six weeks' holiday. If one heard that a thing would happen "Next Year," one could not feel actual interest in it. "Next century" would not have made it much less vague.

But I think she was nine or ten years old when, on another Sunday evening, she broke forth again. She had read a great deal of the "Secrétaire" by that time, and had found that in Magazines published for grown-up people there were many things to read. She had discovered that *Punch* was a source of delight, and a person of the name of Charles Dickens had attracted her attention. Perhaps the fact that she had made his acquaintance, and that she had discovered *Punch* had given a new flavor to her romanticisms. But to the last the adventures of the Doll were never clouded in their seriousness by any sense of humor. Her charm would have been lost if one could have treated her lightly, or made fun of her. *She* was Reality.

The Sunday evening when she wrote her next piece of poetry was a dark and stormy one. It was a winter evening. The rain was falling and the wind howling outside. Her sisters were in bed, every one else but one servant at church, and she was sitting in the drawing-room.

She had pen and ink before her again, without any particular reason, except that she wanted something to do, and again it was the sounds outside which gave her her impetus. There were no church-bells. They had stopped ringing long before, and the wintry storm had begun after every one must have been safely in church. It was the sound of the wind which moved her this time. It sounded all the more weird, as it rushed wailing round the houses, because she was

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quite alone. Sometimes it seemed to exhaust itself in sounds like mournful cries heard very far off. That particular sound had always affected her very much. When she had been a little child lying awake in the Nursery bedroom she had been heart-broken by a fancy of a baby lost in the darkness of the night and storm, and wandering alone, crying, crying for some one to find it.

This Sunday night it made her melancholy. Even the cheerful sounds of the bright fire of blazing coal were not enough to overpower the feeling. And she felt so alone that she began to wish "Mamma" and the Governess would come home from church, and wondered how they would get through the rain. It seemed lonely when the wind sounded like that.

And suddenly, as a means of distracting herself, she began to write another "piece of poetry."

It began by being a very harrowing thing. The immortal whole was never seen by her after that night, but the flavor of the first verse was so fine that it would not be easy to forget it. The "Secrétaire" had given her an acquaintance with more than one darkling poem, recording and immortalizing the sentiments of lofty-minded persons who were the victims of accursed fate and who in the depths of their woe were capable of devoting many verses to describing their exalted scorn of things in general—particularly suns which would unfeelingly persist in shining, stars that continued heartlessly to remain bright, and skies whose inconsiderate blueness could not be too scathingly condemned. And the very loftiness of their mental altitude was the cause of their being isolated from the "hollow world." They were always "alone." Alone. That was a good idea. The piece of poetry should be called "Alone." And the wind should be heard in it. How it wailed at that particular moment. And this was the soul-stirring result:

ALONE.

Alone—alone! The wind shrieks "Alone!"
And mocks my lonely sorrow,
"Alone—alone!" the trees seem to moan,
"For thee there's no bright to morrow."

There were no trees—but that was immaterial. And there was no sorrow—but that also was of no consequence whatever. There was, however, a touch of unconscious realism in the suggestion of the to-morrow not wearing a cheerful aspect. The next day was Monday and it would be necessary to go to school again, which was a prospect never holding forth inducements of a glittering nature. She was *not* warmly attached to school.

But the first verse really impressed her. Up to that time I remember she had never been impressed by anything she had done. The First One had not impressed her at all. She had only found it very absorbing to write it. But the tone of this struck her. It was the *tone*. It seemed so elevated—so grown-up—so like something out of the "Secrétaire." It suggested Lord Byron. It seemed to begin a little like some of those things he had written about ladies—intimating that if he was not very careful indeed they would fall hopelessly in love with him, which might lead to most disastrous results, but that, being the noble creature he was, he *would* be careful, and "spare" them—which the Small Person always thought extremely nice of him, and so beautiful when expressed in poetry. But she had not come to the lady in her poetry. In fact, she had not thought of her at all, which was quite remiss, as she had imagined the sufferer whom the wind shrieked at to be a gentleman. Perhaps such had been the feelings of Quentenravenswoodmaltravers when the eldest Miss Grantham's papa had disapproved of him. Gentlemen in that situation, in the "Secrétaire," always felt that trees and things were taunting them. But it was cheering to reflect that *he* had had a "bright to-morrow" on the occasion when he drove home from church with the eldest Miss Grantham's head on his shoulder.

Oh, it really was quite a beautiful piece of poetry—at least the *beginning* of it was. And she sat and gazed at it respectfully.

I have wondered since then if one has not reason to congratulate her on the thing which happened next, and on

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the result of it. Perhaps *Punch* and the witticisms in the grown-up magazines, and perhaps the tone of thought of the gentleman of the name of Dickens were her salvation. If it had been possible for her to write a second verse as harrowing as the first and to complete her piece of poetry with the same sentiments carried to the bitter end, this being repeated through her ripening years and giving tone to them, it seems not impossible that the effect upon her character might have been a little lowering, or at least not of the most bracing nature.

But this was what happened. Though a wildly romantic, she was a healthy and cheerful-minded Small Person, and intense as was her reverence for this first verse she found she could not *possibly* write another. She tried and tried in vain. She frowned gloomily, and listened to the wind howling. She thought of the "Corsair," and the ladies Lord Byron had "spared." She strove to depict to herself the agonies of Quentenravenswoodmaltravers before Miss Grantham's papa relented. But it was no use. She became more and more cheerful, and at last found herself giving it up with something like a giggle, because it suddenly struck her as rather funny that she was sitting there trying so hard to "think of something sorrowful."

And it occurred to her that she would try to make it into something amusing.

It is quite possible that unconscious cerebration connected with some humorous poems in *Punch* or the grown-up magazines guided her. She wrote the rest of it—and there were a number of verses—quite rapidly, and with great enjoyment. She laughed a great deal as she was doing it. It was quite a primitive and aged idea she used but it seemed intensely amusing to her. The gentleman who had begun by being mocked and shrieked at by the winds and trees developed into an unmarried gentleman whose bachelorhood exposed him to many domestic vicissitudes and unpleasantnesses. He seemed a very hapless gentleman, indeed, and his situation was such that one did not wonder that the winds in the first verse "seemed to moan" at him, even though they intended it for another gentleman.

She finished the last verse in a burst of ecstatic low giggling. When it was all done she did not think of respecting it or admiring it at all; it did not impress her, it simply made her laugh.

I wonder if it can have really been at all actually funny. At that age one laughs so easily. I know nothing about the verses but that there was an interesting incident connected with them, and that they made someone else laugh.

Just as she finished them "Mamma" came home from church, and hearing the front door-bell ring she took her papers off the table. It would not have done to let "the boys" know she had been trying to write poetry. They would have made her life a burden to her.

But "Mamma" was different. Mamma always liked to be told about things, and perhaps the verses would make her laugh, too. It was always nice to make her laugh.

So she took the exercise-book under her arm, and went upstairs with it, still flushed and elated by the excitement of composition.

Mamma was standing before the dressing-table taking off her nice little black bonnet. She never wore anything but black after "Poor Papa" died, though he died young.

She turned, smiling, as the Small Person approached with the exercise-book under her arm.

"Well, my dear?" she said. "What have you got there?"

"I've got a piece of poetry," said the Small Person. "I want to read it to you and see if you don't think it's funny."

She forgot to say anything about having written it herself. She was so full of it and so eager to try it on Mamma that it seemed unnecessary to say it was her own. Just warm from the writing of it, she took it for granted that it was all understood.

She looked so elated and laughing that Mamma laughed too.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Let me read it to you," said the

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Small Person. And she began. "It's called 'Alone,'" she said.

She began with the melancholy verse and did her best by it. Mamma looked a little mystified at first, but when the second verse began she smiled; at the third she laughed her pretty laugh; at the fourth she exclaimed "How funny!" at the fifth and sixth she laughed more and more, and by the time all the others were finished she was laughing quite uncontrollably. The Small Person was flushed with delight and was laughing too.

"Do you think it's funny?" she asked.

"Funny!" exclaimed Mamma. "Oh, it is *very* funny! Where did you find it? Did you copy it out of one of the periodicals?"

Then the Small Person realized that Mamma did not know who had done it and she felt rather shy.

"Where *did* you get it?" repeated Mamma.

The Small Person suddenly realized that there was an unexpected awkwardness in the situation. It was as if she had to confess she had been secreting something.

She became quite red, and answered almost apologetically, looking rather sheepishly at Mamma,

"I—didn't get it from anywhere." She hesitated. "I thought you knew. I—I wrote it myself."

Mamma's face changed. She almost dropped her bonnet on the floor, she was so astonished.

"You!" she exclaimed, looking almost as if she was a little frightened at such an astounding development. "You wrote it, my dear? Are you in earnest? Why, it seems impossible."

"But I did, Mamma," said the Small Person, beaming with delight at success so unexpected and intoxicating. "I really did. My own self. I was sitting in the drawing-room by myself. And I wanted to do something because it was so lonely—and the wind made such a noise. And I began to write—and I made it mournful at first. And then I couldn't go on with it, so I thought I'd make it funny. See, here it is in the exercise-book—with all the mistakes in it. You know you always keep making mistakes when you write poetry."

Dear Mamma had never written poetry. It was revealed afterward that "Poor Papa" had done something of the sort before he was married. But never Mamma. And the rest of the children—Aunt Emma's children and Aunt Caroline's and Uncle Charles's—had never shown any tendencies of the kind. And the Square children never did it. I think she was a little alarmed. She may privately have been struck with a doubt as to its being quite healthy. I am afraid she thought it was enormously clever—and, in those days, one not infrequently heard darkling stories of children who were so clever that "it flew to the brain," with fatal results. And yet, whatever her startled thoughts were, she was undisguisedly filled with delight and almost incredulous admiration. She glanced at the exercise-book and looked up from it quite blushing herself with surprise and pleasure.

"Well, my dear" she said, "you *have* taken me by surprise, I must confess. I never thought of such a thing. It—why it is so *clever!*"

And she put her arms about the overwhelmed and ecstasized Small Person and kissed her. And for some reason her eyes looked quite oddly bright, and the Small Person, delighted though she was, felt a queer little lump for a moment in her throat.

This being, I suppose, because they were both feminine things, and could not even be very much delighted without being tempted to some quaint emotion.

CHAPTER XII.

"EDITH SOMERVILLE"—AND RAW TURNIPS.

I FIND it rather interesting to recall that, having had the amusement of writing the poem and the rapturous excitement of finding it was a success with Mamma, the Small Person did not concern herself further about it. It is more than probable that it had a small career of its own among her friends and relatives; but of that she seems to have heard nothing but that it was read to a mature gentleman who pronounced it

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"clever." She did not inquire into the details and was given none of them. This was discreet enough on the part of the older people. She was not a self-conscious, timid child, to whom constant praise was a necessity. She was an extremely healthy and joyous Small Person, and took life with ease and good cheer. She would have been disappointed if Mamma had thought her "piece of poetry" silly and had not laughed at all. As she had laughed so much and had been so pleased she had had all the triumph her nature craved, and more might have been bad for her. To have been led to attach any importance to the little effusion or to regard it with respect would certainly have been harmful. It is quite possible that this was the decision of Mamma, who probably liked her entire unconsciousness.

It was possibly, however, a piece of good fortune for her that her first effort had not been a source of discouragement to her. If it had been, it is likely that she would have done nothing more, and so would not have spent her early years in unconscious training, which later enabled her to make an honest livelihood.

As it was, though she wrote no more poetry, she began to scribble on slates and in old account-books thrilling scenes from the dramas acted with the Doll. It was very exciting to write them down, and they looked very beautiful when written—particularly if the slate-pencil was sharp—but the difficulty was to get a whole scene on to a slate. They had a habit of not fitting, and then it was awkward. And it happened so frequently that just at the most exciting point one's pencil would reach the very last line that could be crowded in and strike against the frame in the middle of a scene—even in the middle of a sentence. And it destroyed the sentiment and the thrill so to break off in such a manner as this:

"Sir Marmaduke turned proudly away. The haughty blood of the Maxweltons sprang to his cheek. Ethelberta's heart beat wildly. She held out her snowy arms. 'Oh, Marmaduke!' she cried. 'Oh, Marmaduke, I *cannot* bear it,' and she burst——"

You cannot get in any more when you come to the wooden frame itself, and it was trying to everybody—Sir Marmaduke Maxwelton included—not to know that Ethelberta simply burst into tears.

And it spoiled it to sponge it all out and continue on a clean slate. One wanted to read it all together and get the whole effect at once. It was better in old butcher's books, because there was more room, though of course the cook never had "done with them" until there were only a few pages left, and even these were only given up because they were greasy. Sometimes one had to scribble between entries, and then it might happen that when Ethelberta, "appalled by the sight of a strong man weeping, bent over her lover, laying her white hand upon his broad shoulder, and said, 'Marmaduke, what has grieved you so? Speak, dearest, speak!' Sir Marmaduke turned his anguished eyes upon her, and cried in heart-wrung tones: 'Ethelberta—my darling—oh, that it should be so Onions 1*d*. Shoulder of Mutton 10*s*."

And old copy-books were almost as bad, though one sometimes did get a few more blank leaves. But with her knowledge of the impassioned nature of the descendant of the Maxweltons and his way with Ethelberta when he was expressing his emotions freely, the Small Person could *not* feel that "Contentment is better than riches," "Honesty is the best policy," "A rolling stone gathers no moss," were sentiments likely to "burst forth from his o'ercharged bosom as he gazed into her violet eyes and sighed in tender tones"—which not infrequently happened to him. Yes, it was extremely difficult to procure paper. When one's maturity realizes how very much there is of it in the world, and how much might be left blank with advantage, and how much one is obliged by social rules to cover when one would so far prefer to leave it untouched, it seems rather sad that an eager Small Person could not have had enough when she so needed it for serious purposes.

But she collected all she could and covered it with vivid creations. It was necessary that she should take precautions about secreting it safely, however.

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"The boys," having in some unexplained way discovered her tendencies, were immensely exhilarated by the idea and indulged in the most brilliant witticisms at her expense.

"I say!" they would proclaim, "she's writing a three-volumed novel. The heroine has golden hair that trails on the ground. Her name's Lady Adolphusina."

They were not ill-natured, but a girl who was "romantic" must expect to be made fun of. They used to pretend to have found pieces of her manuscript and to quote extracts from them when there were people to hear.

It was great fun for the boys, but the frogs—I should say the Small Person—did not enjoy it. She was privately a sensitive and intensely proud Small Person, and she hated it, if the truth were told. She was childishly frank but desperately tenacious of certain reserves, of which the story-writing was one. She liked it so much, but she was secretly afraid it *was* a ridiculous thing for a little girl to do. Of course a child could not really write stories, and perhaps it was rather silly and conceited to pretend, even for amusement, that she was doing it. But she never let anyone see what she wrote. She would have perished rather. And it really hurt nobody, however silly it was.

She used to grow hot all over when the boys made fun of her. She grew hot even if no one heard them, and if they began before strangers she felt the scarlet rush not only to the roots of her hair but all among them and to the nape of her neck. She used to feel herself fly into a blazing rage, but the realization she began her first conscious experience with at two years old—the complete realization of the uselessness of attacking a Fixed Fact—used to make her keep still. The boys were a Fixed Fact. You cannot stop boys unless you Murder them; and though you may feel—for one wild, rushing moment—that they deserve it, you can't Murder your own brothers. If you call names and stamp your feet they will tease you more; if you burst out crying they will laugh and say that is always the way with girls, so upon the whole it seems better to try not to *look* in a rage and keep your fury inside the little bodice of your frock. She was too young to have reached the Higher Carelessness of Theosophy and avoid feeling the rage. She was a mild creature when left alone to the Doll and the Story, but she was capable of furies many sizes too large for her. Irritable she never was, murderous she had felt on more than one occasion when she was not suspected of it. She was a great deal too proud to "let people see." So she always hid her scraps of paper, and secreted herself when she was covering them.

Mamma knew and never catechised her about them in the least, which was very perfect in her. She doubtless knew that in a rudimentary form they contained the charms which enriched the pages of the *Family Herald* and the *Young Ladies' Halfpenny Journal*, but she was too kind to interfere with them, as they did not seem to interfere with "Pinnock's England" or inspire the child with self-conscious airs and graces.

My memory of them is that they were extremely like the inspirations of the *Young Ladies' Halfpenny*. The heroines had the catalogued list of charms which was indispensable in the *Journal* type of literature. One went over them carefully and left nothing out. One did not say in an indefinite, slip-shod manner that Cecile was a blonde. One entered into detail and described what she "had" in the way of graces. "She had a mass of silken, golden locks which fell far below her tiny waist in a shower of luxuriant ringlets. She had a straight, delicate nose, large pellucid violet eyes, slender, arched eyebrows, lashes which swept her softly rounded, rose-tinted cheek, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a brow of ivory on which azure veins meandered, pink ears like ocean shells, a throat like alabaster, shoulders like marble, a waist which one might span, soft, fair arms, snowy, tapering, dimpled hands, and the tiniest feet in the world. She wore a filmy white robe, confined at her slender waist by a girdle of pearl and gold, and her luxuriant golden tresses were wreathed with snowdrops."

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Heroines were not things to be passed over as mere trivialities or every-day affairs. Neither were heroes. Sir Marmaduke Maxwelton covered nearly two whole slates before he was done with, and then entire justice was not done to the "patrician air which marked all of Maxwelton blood."

But how entrancing it was to do it. The Small Person particularly revelled in the hair, and eyes, and noses. Noses had always struck her as being more or less unsatisfactory, as a rule, but with a pencil in one's hand one can "chisel" them, and "daintily model" them; they can be given a "delicately patrician outline," a "proud aquiline curve," "a coquettish tilt," and be made Greek or Roman with a touch, and as to hair, to be able to bestow "torrents" of it, or "masses," or "coils," or "coronals," or "clouds," is an actual relief to the feelings. Out of a butcher's or greengrocer's book there is a limit to the size of eyes, but within their classic pages absolutely none.

Edith Somerville's hair, I remember distinctly, was golden-brown. The weight of the "long, thick, heavy curls which fell almost to her knee" was never stated, but my impression—the cold, callous impression produced by a retentive memory drawing from the shades of the past the picture its volume made on the Small Person's mind—my impression would be that no mortal frame could have borne it about. Edith Somerville would have been dragged to earth by it. Her eyes were "large, soft, violet eyes," and were shaded by "fringes" almost as long and heavy as her hair. But neither of these advantages restrained her from active adventure and emotions sufficiently varied and deep to have reduced her to Hair Restorer as a stern necessity.

She was not created in a copy-book or recorded on a slate. She was Told.

She began in school on one of the "Embroidery" Afternoons. On two or three afternoons each week the feminine portion of the school was allowed to do fancy-work—to embroider, to crochet, to do tatting, or make slippers or cushions, with pink lap-dogs, or blue tulips, or Moses in the Bulrushes on them in wool-work and beads. They were delightful afternoons, and the reins of discipline were relaxed.

Sometimes some one read aloud, and when this was not being done low-voiced talk was permitted.

It was not an uncommon thing for children to say to each other:

"Do you know any tales to tell?"

The Small Person, on being asked this question, had told something more than once. But being asked on this special afternoon by the little girl sitting next to her, she did not reply encouragingly.

"I can't think of anything to tell," she said.

"Oh, try," said her small neighbor, whose name was Kate. "Just try; you'll remember something."

"I don't think I can," said the Small Person. "The things I know best seem to have gone out of my head."

"Well, tell an old one, then," argued Kate. "Just anything will do. You know such a lot."

The Small Person was making wonderful open-work embroidery, composed of a pattern in holes which had to be stitched round with great care. She hesitated a moment, then took a fresh needleful of cotton from the twisted coil which was kept thrown round her neck, so that it was easy to pull a thread out of.

"I don't want to tell an old one," she said; "but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll make one up out of my head."

"Make one out of your own head!" said Kate, with excitement. "*Can* you?"

"Yes, I can," answered the Small Person, with some slight awkwardness. "Don't you tell anyone—but I sometimes make them up for myself—just for fun, you know—and write them on slates, but you can't get them all in on a slate."

"You *write* them!" Kate exclaimed in a breathless whisper, staring at her with doubting but respectful eyes.

"Yes," the Small Person whispered back. "It's very easy."

"Why——" gasped Kate. "Why—you're an Auth'ress—like Charles Dickens."

"No, I'm not," said the Small Per-

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son, a little crossly, because somehow she felt rather ridiculous and pretentious. "I'm not. Of course that's different. I just make them up. It isn't a bit hard."

"Do you make them up out of things you've read?" asked Kate.

"No, that wouldn't be any fun. I just think them."

Kate gazed at her, doubtful respect mingling itself with keen curiosity. She edged closer to her.

"Make one up now," she said, "and tell it to me. Nobody will hear if you speak low."

And so began the first chapter of "Edith Somerville." It may have been the Small Person's liberality in the matter of the golden-brown hair, her lavishness as to features and complexion, and the depth and size of the violet eyes which fascinated her hearer. Suffice it to say she was bound as by a spell. She edged closer and closer and hung upon the words of the story-teller breathlessly. She had an animated little face and it became more animated with every incident. Her crochet-work was neglected and she made mistakes in it. If there was a moment's interruption, for any reason whatever, the instant the cause was removed she snuggled excitedly against the Small Person, saying:

"Oh, go on, go on! Tell some more, tell some more!"

The Small Person became excited herself. She was not limited by a slate-frame and she had the stimulus of an enraptured audience. She "told" "Edith Somerville" all the afternoon, and when she left the school-room Kate followed her while she related it on the way home, and even stood and told some more at the front gate. It was not finished when they parted. It was not a story to be finished in an afternoon. It was to be continued on the next opportunity. It was continued at all sorts of times and in all sorts of places. Kate allowed no opportunity or the ghost of one to slip by.

"Just tell a little 'Edith Somerville' while we're waiting," she would say, whether it was in the few minutes before Miss Hatleigh came in, or in a few minutes when she was called from the room by some unforeseen incident, or on the way down-stairs, or in the cloak-room, or waiting for the door-bell to be answered when the Small Person went home to her dinner or tea. It was not only the Embroidery Afternoons that we utilized, any afternoon or morning, or any hour would do.

For a short time the narrative was an entire secret. The Small Person was as afraid of being heard as she was when she entertained herself with the Doll. When anyone approached she dropped her voice very low or stopped speaking. "What makes you so funny?" Kate used to say. "I wouldn't care a bit. It's a beautiful tale." And somehow one of the other little girls found out that the beautiful tale was being told, and Kate was made a go-between in the matter of appeal.

"Lizzie wants to know if she may listen?" the Small Person was asked, and after a little hesitation she gave consent and Lizzie listened, and a little later one or two others attached themselves to the party. There were occasions when three or four little girls revelled in the woes and raptures of Edith Somerville.

The relation lasted for weeks. It began with the heroine's infancy and included her boarding-school days and the adventures of all her companions of both sexes. There was a youthful female villain whose vices were stamped upon her complexion. She had raven hair and an olive skin, and she began her career of iniquity at twelve years old, when she told lies about the nice blonde girls at the boarding-school, and through heartless duplicity and fiendish machinations was the cause of Edith Somerville's being put to bed—for nothing. She was always found out in the most humiliating way and covered with ignominy and confusion, besides being put to bed herself and given pages and pages of extra lessons to learn. But this did not discourage her; she always began again. An ordinary boarding-school would have dismissed her and sent her home in charge of a policeman, but this school could not have gone on without her. Edith Somerville would have had no opportunity to shine at all, and her life would have become

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a flat, stale, and unprofitable affair. Nothing could damp the ardor of the little female villain with the large black eyes. When they had left school, and Cecil Castleton, who had purple eyes and soft black hair, loomed up at Somerville Hall, with a tall, slender, graceful figure and a slender, silken mustache, then the female villain began to look about her seriously to invent new plots in which she could be unmasked, to the joy of all the blond people concerned. Cecil Castleton's complexion was not olive and his hair was not raven—it was only black, and soft and wavy, and his eyes were purple, which quite saved him from being a villain. You *could* not be a villain if you had purple eyes. The female villain was naturally deeply enamoured of him, and wished to separate him from Edith Somerville. But of course it was no use. She would do things it would take days to tell about, and the narration of which would cause the school-room audience to gasp and turn quite pale, but Cecil Castleton always found her out after Edith Somerville and himself had suffered agonies. And it almost seemed as if he could scarcely have helped it. One might have imagined that she was extremely careful to commit no crime which could not be exposed. She was always dropping things where people would find them when she had been listening, and she sat up at nights to keep a diary about the lies she told and those she intended to tell, and even wrote letters to her aunt that she might gloat in black and white over the miseries and estrangements she was planning. Sometimes she even put these letters into the wrong envelopes, particularly when she intended to accept an invitation to take tea with Edith Somerville's bosom friend. This feebleness of mind may, like her character, have been the result of her complexion, but it gave thrill and excitement to the story.

And how the audience was enthralled! It would be a pleasing triumph for a story-teller of mature years to see such eyes, such lips, to hear such exclamations of delight or horror as this inchoate Small Person was inspired by.

Naturally, stories told in school and at odd times meet with interruptions.

"Young ladies, you are talking!" Miss Hatleigh would say sometimes, or one would reach the front gate, or some one would intrude, and then everything stopped. When it began again it began with a formula.

"——And so—Edith came floating lightly down the broad old oak stairway while Cecil Castleton stood waiting below."

It always began "And so." That seemed to join it on to what had gone before. Accordingly, if the Small Person paused for a moment, Kate, whose property she had become, and who exploited her, as it were, and always sat next to her, would make a little excited movement of impatience in her seat, and poke her in the side with her elbow.

"And so——" she would suggest. "And so—and so—— Oh, do go on!"

And the others would lean forward also, and repeat: "And so?—And so?" until she began again.

The history of Edith Somerville being completed she began another romance of equal power.

It was also of equal length, extending over weeks of relation, and at its completion she began another, and another, and another. There is no knowing how many she told, but however her audience varied Kate always sat next to her. There were never more than two or three other listeners. The Tale Listeners were a little exclusive and liked to keep together.

It was through a brilliant inspiration of Kate's that a banquet became part of the performance. The Small Person was extremely fond of green apples—very green and sour ones, such as can be purchased at the apple-stands only sufficiently early in the year to be considered unfit for human food. A ripe and rosy apple offered no inducements, but a perfectly green one, each crisp bite of which was full of sharp juice, was a thing to revel in.

Knowing this taste, Kate had the adroit wit to arrive one afternoon with her small pocket bulging.

"I've got something!" she whispered.

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"What is it?"

"Something to eat while you're telling 'Edith Somerville.' Green apples."

They were such a rapturous success and seemed so inspiring in their effect that they founded a custom. The Listeners got into the habit of bringing them by turns. Green gooseberries were also tried and soon Kate had another inspiration.

"If I can get a little jug downstairs," she whispered one afternoon, "I am going to fill it with water and bring it up hidden in my frock. And we can hide it under the form and take drinks out of it when no one is looking."

This may not appear to be a wildly riotous proceeding, but as jugs of water were not admitted into the school-room and if one wanted a drink one went decorously downstairs first, the idea of a private jug and concealed libations was a daring and intoxicating thing.

Only Kate would have thought of this. She was a little girl with a tremendous flow of spirits and an enterprising mind. She was sometimes spoken of by the authorities, rather disapprovingly, as "a Romp."

The Romp managed the feat of bringing up the jug of water. It was quite thrilling to see her come in as if she had nothing whatever concealed behind the folds of her skirt. She walked carefully and showed signs of repressing giggles as she approached the Listeners.

"Have you got it?" whispered the Small Person.

"Yes—under my frock. I'll put it under the form."

It was put under the form and, as soon as it was considered discreet, drinks were taken—sips out of the side of the jug, combined with green apples. Nobody was particularly thirsty, and if they had been there was plenty of water downstairs, but that was not contraband, it was not mingled with acid apples and "Edith Somerville."

There was a suggestion of delightful riot and dissipation in it. It was a sort of school-room Bacchanalian orgie, and it added to the adventures of Edith Somerville just the touch of license needed. The Small Person's enjoyment was a luxurious thing. To fill one's mouth with green apple and wash it down furtively from the jug under the form was bordering on perilous adventure. She was very fond of bordering on adventure. When apples were no longer green somebody brought raw turnips. Perhaps it was Kate again. She was a child with resources. Some of the girls seemed to like them. The Small Person did not, but she liked the sense of luxury and peril they represented. She was so pleased with the flavor of the situation that she bore up against the flavor of the raw turnips. She never told her fellow-banqueters that she did not enjoy them, that she found them tough and queer, and that it needed a great deal of water to wash them down. She took large bites and obstinately refused to admit to herself that they were on the whole rather nasty. To admit this would have been to have lost an atmosphere—an illusion. And she was very fond of her illusions. She loved them. She went on telling the stories and the listeners hung on her words and nourished themselves with deadly indigestibles. And nobody died—either of "Edith Somerville" or the raw turnips.

(To be continued.)

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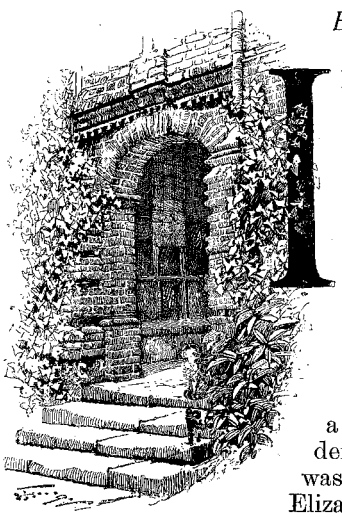
THE RESTORATION HOUSE.

By Stephen T. Aveling.



The Porch.

IN the year one thousand six hundred and sixty, on May 28th, there were great rejoicings in the City of Rochester, in the County of Kent: Charles Stuart the Second had arrived in Rochester from the Continent on his way to London, and the monarchy was about to be restored. Rochester had been the centre of a portion of Cromwell's army, which under Colonel Gibbon had been quartered upon the city. Gibbon had been loaded with honors and lands by Cromwell, and doubtless expected to be dispossessed of them on the revival of the monarchy.

Rochester being a loyal town, the house of many a good royalist had been confiscated by Gibbon under Cromwell's orders. The house of Francis Clerke was one of these—a house built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when England was "one great stonemasons yard." Its ground plan was a letter E, in honor of the Queen, the two outer projections forming wings, and the centre projection the porch.

It is built of red brick, and has an oak roof covered with red tiles. Most of the window-frames, mullions, etc., are of oak, but some are of moulded brick. The porch, and the wall on each side of the porch, appear to have been cased with a brighter red brick, some fifty years after the erection of the building. Some elaborate string-courses, mouldings, pilasters, and decoration in brick-work were then added.

Clerke was Recorder for Rochester, and afterward Member of Parliament. His father had also been member, and was knighted by King Charles the First.

Francis Clerke's house being one of the largest in the city, Colonel Gibbon took it and dwelt in it, Clerke afterward redeeming it by paying to Cromwell's commissioners £200. The documents relating to this payment are still preserved in the Record Office. Cromwell wanted the money rather than the house.

The loyal city of Rochester had suffered under Cromwell, and welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm the King's return. His journey was from Dover through Canterbury; at the former place the Mayor and Aldermen presented him "a large bible with gold clasps."

"On Monday, the 28th of May," says the chronicler, "he came unto Rochester about 5 of the clock in the afternoon, and went immediately to Collonel Gibbon, his house, where, after he had a little refreshed himself, he went to Chatham, to see the 'Royal Sovereign' (a large ship which lay there),* and returned that night to Collonel Gibbon, his house, where he lay, and was by the Collonel presented with a most dutyful and loyal address from him and his Regiment, which was then Quartered in Rochester."

The royal and episcopal lands which had been granted to Colonel Gibbon during the usurpation, and which by the return of his sovereign he was on the point of losing, were wisely confirmed by the King, and Gibbon was made loyal by the generosity of the King. The town was fully decorated with banners and ribbons "and silver bodkins." "The citizens had hung up, over the midst of the streets, many beautiful garlands, curiously made up with costly scarves and

* The King, during his abode at sea, gave new names to the whole navy ("consisting of twenty-six goodly vessels").

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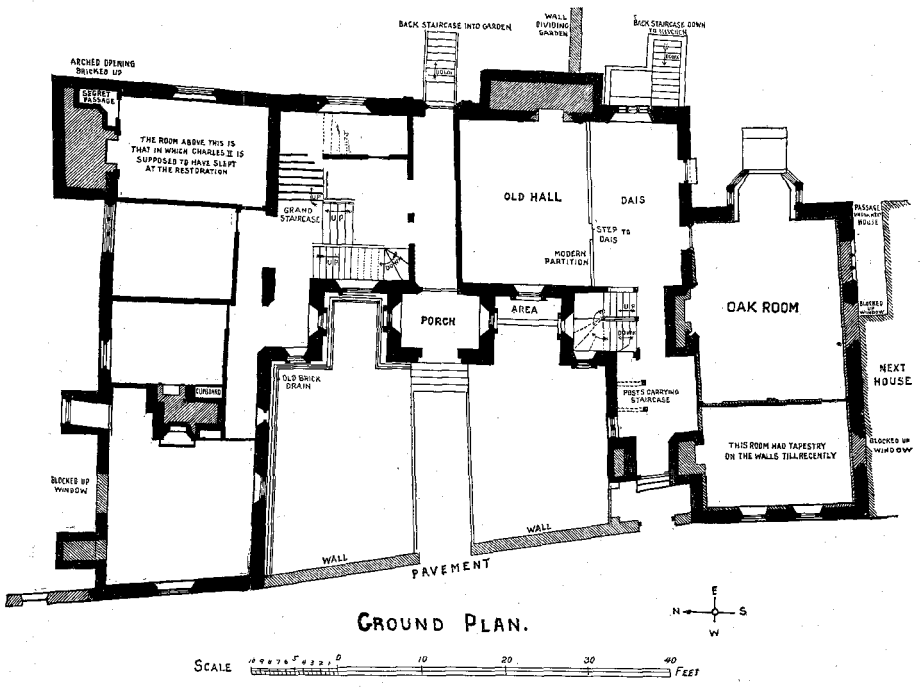
ribbons, decked with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts; and some with gold chains, in like sort as at Canterbury; each striving to outdo the other in all expressions of joy." *

The walls were adorned with hangings and carpets of tapestry and other costly stuff. There were maids "clad all alike in white garments," with scarves about them; who, having prepared many flaskets covered with fine linen and adorned with rich scarves and ribbons, which flaskets were full of flowers and sweet herbs, strewed the way. There were multitudes of country people making loud shouts, and in many places "sets of loud music;" also the old music of tabor and pipe. The street was thronged and every window crowded with people, and there was scrambling for money by the small boys and girls. Snatches of royalist songs, which had been prohibited for many years, now came from the lips of loyal men who had groaned under a despotism as severe as that of any tyrant king. Hair and beards were beginning to grow on the Cromwellian heads and faces, and a long curling wig covered the cropped poll of many a Puritan returned to loyalty. From the picturesque windows of the overhanging houses, flowers were thrown down in the King's path as he rode. The Cathedral bells rang out a merry peal, and from a turret of the keep of the great Norman castle, one hundred and twenty feet high, a royal flag spread itself to the breeze. This tower, externally, is scarcely altered since that great day, and it was even then five and a half centuries old.

The king rode a magnificent horse and was sheltered from the sun by a handsome canopy supported by four banner poles borne by four loyal adherents. "On his right rode his royal Brothers." "There were divers gallant troops of horse, consisting of the nobility, knights, and gentlemen of note, clad in very rich apparel, also several foot regiments of the Kentish men." Then came the King's equerries and footmen, and divers of the King's servants who came with him from beyond the sea;



* England's Joy; or, a Relation of the most Remarkable Passages, from his Majesty's arrival at Dover to his Entrance at Whitehall. London. Printed by Thomas Creak, 1660.

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DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

Restoration House, Rochester, England.

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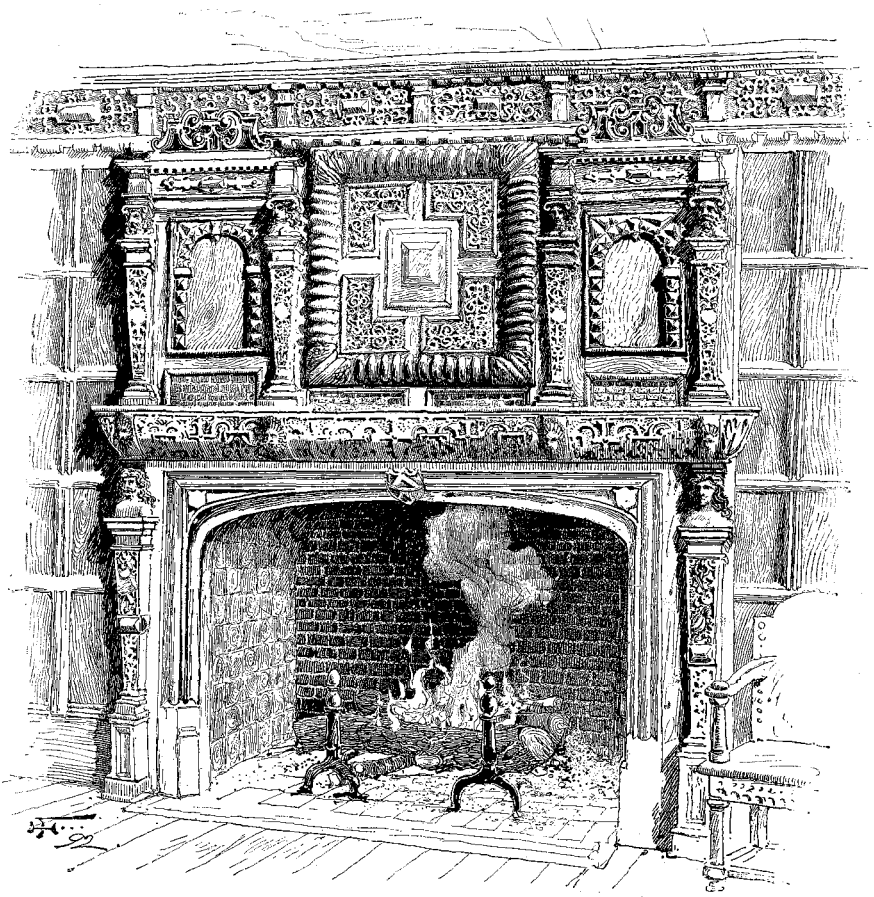
the gorgeous retinue contrasting greatly with the puritanical garments which the city had been accustomed to see during the previous twelve years.

The good old John Marloe, Mayor of Rochester, and the aldermen met and welcomed the King, and presented a loyal address, and the people as one man welcomed "the King's return to his own." There was royal feasting and merry-making that night in the dining-hall of Francis Clerke's house—henceforth to be called the Restoration House in honor of the King's visit. The hall exists now as it was then, with the same panelled walls, upper mantelpiece, and window.

The dais, where the high table stood for those entitled "to sit above the salt," is still there, and the staircase leading from the upper end of the hall; also the lower chimney-piece of stone, lately discovered behind a wood boarding which had covered it for many years, and the hearth where the wood logs used to burn. Beyond the wall, at the upper end of the dais, is the withdrawing-room, almost in the same state as when King Charles saw it. The oak mantel, or chimney-piece, with its carved illustration of *peace* on one side and *war* on the other, and its carved heads (probably portraits of the first owner), has fortunately been well preserved, notwithstanding the numbers of boys and girls who have been in the room—the house having once been used as a school. This room on the plan is marked "Oak Room." Over this drawing-room is a similar room with a Tudor bay-window



Chimney and Mantelpiece in the Withdrawing Room.

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The Back of Restoration House, showing the Bay Window.

of excellent proportions, and there are remains of some beautiful carving which once adorned its walls. Adjoining this on the north side, and over the dining-hall, is a room some thirty-five feet long; beyond this the grand staircase, "wide enough to drive a horse and carriage down;" and again beyond this, the chamber where the King slept.

Before the feasting was over and the guests had gone to rest, John Marloe, the Mayor, and Aldermen and Council, visited the King and begged his Majesty to accept a silver basin and ewer. The choice of present was a curious one, but a late chronicler suggests that the corporation was anxious that the King "should leave the city with clean hands."

The quaint record in the Corporation books is as follows: "John Marloe Mayor 1659—60. At a special meeting for the Mayor Aldermen and Com. Counsell of the said Cittie, the 25th day of May 1660. It is ordered and agreed . . . whereas John Marloe Esq. . . p^{d} and disbursed for a faire piece of plate (being a bason and ewer gilt) to be presented in the name of the Mayor and C. &c. to the King's Ma^{tie} on his higness passing through the same Cittie the sum of one hundred pounds and whereas several Gen^{n} and other psons in about the Cittie have subscribed to contribute. . . the Corporation to pay so much of the said £100 as shall not be repaid."

Francis Clerke, who had suffered through his loyalty, was honored with knighthood by Charles the Second. He represented the City of Rochester during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary, until his decease, in 1691. His father was member dur-

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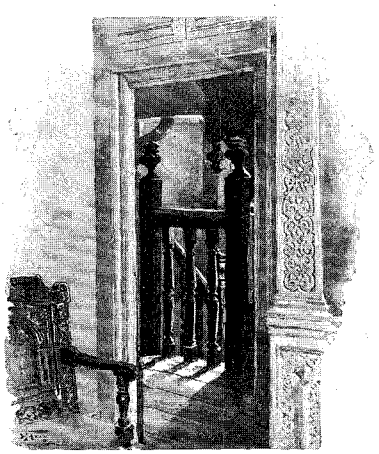
ing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and was knighted by the latter. The bedroom of the king was panelled and decorated in black and gold, but a fire (luckily confined to this room) destroyed some of the panelling. The cornice, with its original decoration, still remains. A large window with the original frame and glass was lately discovered, and there is a handsome carved chimney-piece of wood, from which at least twenty coats of paint have been removed. In place of the destroyed panels the walls are now covered with seven cartoons illustrating Tennyson's "Enid."

After living in the house many years, I discovered by chance that there was a secret passage from this room, through one of the panels, to the room above and the roof, and through the room below into the garden. This passage, which had been unknown to those dwelling in the house in later years, was not unknown to the jackdaws, as they had found access through or under the roof. Year after year they had made their nests, piling up stick upon stick, until the whole passage was blocked.

Fortunately this "bird-made inflammable pile" did not take fire when the



Glimpse of the Staircase through an Open Door.

room was partly burnt, or the result would have been serious. The passage was discovered by an architect who made a plan of the house, when several feet of space could not be accounted for—the inside and outside of the building not agreeing. It was so cleverly arranged and concealed that, but for this measured plan, it might even now have been undiscovered.

Tradition assigned to the house two underground passages—one to the river and one to the Cathedral. I had no faith in these traditions until one day an old man, who was working in the garden, assured me that when a boy, "sixty years ago," he had seen one passage opened. He pointed out a slab in the cellar, which, he said, covered the entrance to the passage which led to the river. I had the slab removed, and found a square bricked space about four feet square and twelve feet deep. I descended by a ladder and found that a passage led from this space. The passage passed through and under the foundation of the house diagonally, with the building on the north side. Its width was about two feet and its height five feet eight inches, and I could just walk into it without inconvenience. Unfortunately, at some time a well had been sunk through this passage, and my ramble was checked by the convex brickwork of the well. It has been suggested that the well might originally have been a trap, and that the walls had been extended upward at a later period, when the original use of the passage had passed away.

In the wall of the ground floor is an opening with window cut at the exact angle of the passage. This was evidently intended to watch signals at the passage end. The walls on this side of the house, as in front, are covered with ivy, of which the stems are in some places ten inches in diameter, and the roots have been found touching the water in the well, thirty-five feet below the level of the garden.

Charles Dickens, in "Great Expectations," describes Restoration House (Chap. XXIX.) as *Satis House*, and as inhabited by Miss Havisham. "I had heard of Miss Havisham up-town—everybody, for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up-town—as an immensely rich and grim lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

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. . . I had stopped to look at the house as I passed, and its seared red-brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy, clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, made up *a rich, attractive mystery.*"

Great precautions had been taken by some previous occupant of the house for protection against robbers; bars, bolts, chains, and locks almost defied admission. The many blocked windows were probably due to that iniquitous tax which existed until about fifty years ago—the window tax. Each window over seven paid a tax of seven shillings and sixpence. Windows above a certain size paid as two or even three. I found thirty windows closed against the light of day—lath and plaster outside and inside, with the original oak frame and the glass complete between them. The glass in some cases had become opaque by the decomposition of the surface, but the frames were, and are still, as hard as bone. There are fifty-two windows in the front of the house alone, the tax therefore would have been very heavy.

There was a period (some one hundred years ago) when people liked low ceilings and stuffy rooms. To accomplish this, false ceilings were in some places added. On removing these I found another ceiling some eighteen inches above them. Between most of the floors and ceilings the space is filled with silver sand. The smallest hole pierced in a ceiling entails a continuous fine stream of sand as through an egg-glass. Whether the sand was placed there to deaden sound, or to prevent the passage of rats and mice, is uncertain. As sound is readily conveyed from the extreme parts of the house, and there is an absence of rats and mice, it is assumed that the latter suggestion is correct.

Besides windows and ceilings I found two entire staircases built up, the balustrades being enclosed between the lath and plaster on each side of the wall. I have converted a "dark and dismal house" into a light, airy, and bright dwelling, without sacrificing one atom of the original work, and the house now very nearly represents what it was in olden days.

The Staircase.

The growth of the ivy is so rapid that it is necessary to cut a very large quantity away every year, sometimes nearly half a ton.

Every stranger looking at the house exclaims, "That house must have a history and a ghost." Many a story has been told of the ghost which has, from time to time, been seen (or is said to have been seen) within its walls, and many a servant has, from fear, refused service in this so-called haunted house.

I came into possession of this old mansion in December, 1875, and on April 27, 1876, slept in it for the first

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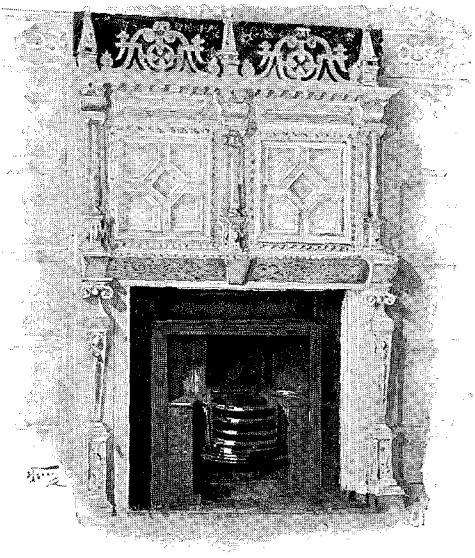
time. At ten o'clock on that night my family retired to rest; having some letters to write I sat up later. At a quarter to twelve I was startled by a loud noise—a sort of rumbling sound which appeared to proceed from the hall. I left my writing and went to the hall, and found that the noise proceeded from the staircase, but I could see nothing unusual.

The staircase has massive oak posts and balustrades. The walls are covered with tapestry in pleasing colors and composed of rural and pastoral subjects, given to the then owner of the house by the "Merrie Monarch" after his visit * (for two hundred and thirty-two years this beautiful specimen of the needlework or handicraft of the seventeenth century has been preserved, and it is still in a perfect state); and on the landings of the staircase are some old carved-oak chests, and high-backed Elizabethan chairs, which picture to one a suitable habitation for a ghost. Fortunately, or unfortunately, however, I had no belief in ghosts, and commenced an investigation of this extraordinary noise. Could it be rats, or mice, or owls? No, the noise was ten times louder than could possibly proceed from these creatures; besides, I knew there were no rats in the house. The noise was repeated, but much louder (two drum-sticks upon a large drum would not have made more noise), and I was able to localize it; still could see nothing. I thought someone had fallen on the stairs, and I shouted, "Who is there?" A reply came, "Hush!"—first softly and then very loud—too loud almost for a human voice. As no person was visible I was puzzled and went upstairs by another staircase, and ascertained that none of my family had left their bedrooms, and that certainly no trick was being played me.



Chimney-piece in a Bedroom.

The same rumbling, rolling sound was repeated, and as I stood on the top of the great staircase I felt a little uncomfortable, but not frightened. The noise seemed to proceed from a large carved-oak coffer or chest (as old as the house), which stood on a landing about halfway up the stairs.

I approached the chest, from which appeared to come the word "Hush!" Could it be the wind whistling through a crack? No! It was far too loud for any such explanation.

I opened the lid of the chest and found it empty. Again the noise, now from *under* the chest. I was just strong enough to move the chest. I turned it over, and slid it down the stairs on to the next landing. Again the noise and again the "hush," which now appeared to come from the floor where the coffer had stood. I then felt I would rather have had someone with me to assist in my investigation, and to join me in making the acquaintance of the ghost; but although my sensations were probably the most uncomfortable I ever experienced, I was determined if possible to unearth the mystery.

The light was imperfect and I went to another part of the house for a candle, in order to examine the floor. In my absence the noise was repeated louder than ever, and not unlike distant thun-

* Tapestry was the usual gift of a monarch. These pieces are said to have been made at Mortlake, in Surrey, where the royal tapestry was made in the seventeenth century. (The favorite present of Queen Victoria is an India shawl.)

A servant once took a piece of this tapestry from the wall, and I found it being beaten on the lawn as though it were an old carpet. Even the moths have more reverence for royal tapestry and have not injured it. It is thought that something has been worked into it which insects object to.

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der. On my return I was saluted with "hush!" which I felt convinced came from a voice immediately under the floor.

By the light of the candle I examined the dark-oak boards, and discovered what appeared to be a trap-door about two feet six inches square; the floor at some time had been varnished and the cracks or joints of the trap had been filled and sealed with the varnish. I now hoped I had found the habitation of my troublesome and noisy guest. I procured a chisel and cut the varnished joint, and found that there was a trap-door, as I supposed.

By the aid of a long screw-driver I was able to move the door, but at that moment a repetition of the noise immediately under me, made me hesitate (for a moment) to try and raise it.

With feelings better imagined than described, I raised the lid and looked into a dark chasm; all was still. At that moment a tall old clock (now called a "grandfather" clock) with a wooden case painted green (which I have since scraped and have found to be beautifully inlaid with birds and flowers in various colored woods), and with a large striking-bell, suddenly with a loud "whirr" struck the hour of twelve, and in the distance I heard the Cathedral bell tolling the hour of midnight. A long African spear was in the corner near me, and I struck this into the opening; I then tied a string to the candlestick to lower it into the opening; but I was for the first time nervous or, I may say, frightened at what I saw.

It was not the celebrated traditional ghost of the house—a nun with a babe in her arms and a rope dangling from her neck, or the flock of sheep which had been heard being driven up the staircase; but to leave the ghostly subject for a moment, it might be mentioned that it was anticipated that Charles Dickens, in the next chapter of "Edwin Drood" would have introduced Restoration House. Alas! the next chapter was not written.

Mr. Robert Langton, in "the Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," says: "His last visit to Rochester was on Monday, June 6, 1870, when he walked over from Gad's Hill, accompanied by his dogs. On this occasion he was seen by several persons leaning on the fence in front of Restoration House, and apparently examining the old mansion with great care. It was remarked at the time that there would be some notice of this building in the tale then current, and nothing was more likely, for on the following day, Tuesday, or possibly Wednesday, we find he had, in the last chapter of the story ever to be written, reintroduced "The Vines," * a fine open space immediately in front of Restoration House."

Returning to our ghost story, I must go back to the morning of the day when the extraordinary noises were heard in the old house. On that morning I went through the house examining the pipes and taps of water and gas-supply; one old main water-tap I turned *on*, but neglected to turn it *off* again. About a quarter of a mile from the house is a brewery (alluded to by Dickens), and the owner of this house was formerly the owner of the brewery also, and for many years the house was supplied with water from it.

Under the staircase was a large tank, and this was filled each night when the pumping in the brewery took place. The tank and brewery supply had ceased to be used, but the tank remained full of water, and the pipes communicating with it full of air. At a quarter to twelve on the night in question the brewery pump was set to work, and my turning on the connecting tap having put the brewery and house again in communication, the moment the pump began to work the air in the pipes was driven from the brewery end into the tank, and being forced into the water, bubbled up to the surface, causing a most extraordinary rumbling, rolling sort of noise. Every now and then the water and air escaped to the surface, making a sound which resembled "hush."

There were no carpets on the stairs and the house was not completely

* "The Vines" was formerly a vineyard, and it will be noted that in the tale Dickens calls it the Monks' Vineyard.

It was really the vineyard of the Monks of Rochester. The account of Brother John Dane, the Cellarer of Rochester Priory, rendered 7 Ric. II. (1384), supplies curious items of payment in connection with this vineyard of the Monks.

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furnished—this assisted the noise and the reverberation. What did I see, when I looked in the chasm, which alarmed me? A man's face — which must have been a reflection of my own, the candle brilliantly lighting it up and producing a "Pepper's ghost."

Had I not investigated this mysterious noise, I should have been annoyed every midnight with the gambols of this aërated water from the brewery. There was some little disappointment in finding the ghost was a real ghost, and not a visionary sort of thing. Doubtless many a ghost-story — I might say all ghost-stories—would have a similar explanation and end if they were similarly investigated.

I have little more to add.

In June, 1667, the celebrated Samuel Pepys visited Rochester, and in his diary he describes his impression of Restoration House. "I strolled into the fields, a fine walk, and there saw Sir Francis Clerke's house, which is a pretty sight, and into the cherry garden, and there met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper and his wife, a pretty young woman, and I did kiss her."

A well-known writer of the present day, in describing his visit to Rochester, says: "Here is Restoration House. Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys. You enter in, and staircases and passages and wainscoted chambers carry you centuries away. There are human beings who fancy (of course it is a vain fancy) that, might they but fly away to such a house, they would be at rest from a weary world, whose burden is beyond heart or strength, and where things in general tend to be gritty."

WORTH WHILE.

By Edward S. Martin.

I PRAY thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow Truth and thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As suits thy will: where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

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IN RENTED ROOMS.

By George I. Putnam.

THE third floor back was crying.

Not boisterously, like your person of apoplectic grief. Just quietly, with now and then an audible sob that had frightened her at first; some one might hear her. But now she had been crying some time and had forgotten that danger; for she was very miserable.

The young man who lived overhead came up the stairs with the light, quick tread he had acquired behind the counter, and heard her. At first he was not sure—crying girls were not much in his line—and he stopped to listen. That settled it. There came a sob that scattered doubt.

"H'm," said he to himself, and he crept on to his room yet more quietly. He felt sure she would feel worse yet to know she had been overheard.

He knew this girl on the third floor back—that is, he knew her by sight. They got table-board in the same house, and he had seen her at meals. But their seats were far apart, and the landlady was too worried with her cares to see that all the lodgers were properly introduced one to the other. And without an introduction two lodgers might not converse together. This was the first element in the etiquette of the place.

But he had seen her, and was impressed. Her appearance commanded respect, and he was all that was respectful and respectable. That she was alone was proven by the fact of her being there. People with funds or friends did not from choice inhabit this house with its front-door legend: "Rooms and Table Board." And she was crying.

He heard, and was sorry for her. He was in a book-store, and gave himself credit for finer sensibilities than those of the ordinary retail clerk. Really, he was not a bad little fellow. And the house-partitions were thin—and the sound of her sobs made his heart swell with sympathy. He wanted to do something for her, but his idea was vague; so he sat down to think. Thinking was an accomplishment upon which he prided himself.

If you haven't lived in rented rooms you can form no idea how tremendous a thing it is to take the initiative in an affair of this kind. All conventional precedent was against his doing anything; his heart alone was for it. And he was not an originator; so what to do and how to do it were weighty problems with him.

He would probably have done nothing had not her sobs become more violent. They suggested hysterics, and that made him jump. There was a lady in front of his store once, went into hysterics when a dray ran over her little dog. A policeman threw water in her face, and she recovered. It made a profound impression on the little clerk, and now when he jumped up he did not sit down again. He marched with quite a firm step down the stairs, and delivered a decided knock on the door of the third floor back.

A moment intervened, during which he remembered that even people in the house who had been properly introduced never called at each others' rooms. He would have run away then but he *didn't dare to*; that seemed worse than waiting. So he waited, and heard the sound of dabbling in water. Presently the bolt was pulled back and the key turned in the lock, and the door opened. And she stood holding to it, red-eyed, with a damp little ball of handkerchief crumpled in one hand.

Then it suddenly occurred to the little clerk that he had nothing to say. So he turned pink, and stammered appealingly. At first, she was aware of nothing but grave offence against conventional precedent; but presently, from her superior height, she discovered the offender behind this bugbear-

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ish obstacle; and immediately she found a new interest in him.

"Well?" said she, at length.

"I heard—I—I felt sor—don't you know—I wanted to do something, you know."

Such an embarrassed little fellow as he was!

She perceived that his motive was good, and after a shade of hesitation opened the door wide.

"Will you sit down?" said she.

He would have done anything she suggested, and he was glad she said what she did. It would have been so easy to say something cutting, severe.

He stepped in and took a chair. She left the door wide ajar, and sat on the other. Of chairs there were but two.

The little clerk made another gallant effort to say something, and glanced comprehensively about the room as though seeking a clue. An open letter in heavy writing lay on the table, but he did not connect that in any way with her grief. Quite casually she put her hand over it, folded it, and slipped it under a book.

"This is kind of you," said she then, for she saw he had nothing ready for delivery. "I appreciate it. You heard me crying and felt sorry for me. That was good of you, for we are strangers, you know, as things go. Well, I'm not crying now, or any more. It's over, and I thank you for stopping it. I had enough and wanted to stop."

"Yes," said he, "I thought of that—hysterics, you know. And I thought if I could do anything, you know——"

"Yes, I know," said she, smiling at him pleasantly. "You were good. You've done me good already. I can't tell you about it—you would hardly care to know—but I felt as though there wasn't any goodness in all the world—as though faith and constancy were empty terms—lonesome, in consequence—blue, I guess you'd call it," she concluded, laughing nervously. "So you see you ministered unto me at the darkest moment."

She had risen, and the clerk rose too. He felt there was nothing more to do or say. He got as far as the door, and there hung, lingeringly, to the knob.

"Only, don't do it again," said he, with a desperate attempt at lightness of manner. "Blues, you know—they're n. g. Don't have anything to do with them."

"I shan't promise," said she. "Only, if I do—why, then——"

"Just call on me, please. I'll fix 'em," he called back from the end of the hall. "Good-evening," he nodded, from half way up the stair. "Meet again," and he was in his own room, with his head whirling.

After that they met often, and not altogether by chance. The little clerk made a point of seeing her. And if she cried again, he did not know it. Still, it was evident she was not always happy. She let her thoughts go away from herself—far, far away, it seemed. And she had considerable correspondence, mostly in envelopes of a uniform business-like shape and size. He noticed that her hours of abstraction usually followed close upon a letter. So he made sport of it, and assumed a directing air.

"Look here," he would say, "here's too many letters. They don't make you feel good. I'll have to cut down your postage allowance."

Then she would come back to earth by an effort, and make some sort of answer. And one time she turned to him very seriously, and said:

"Tell me what you would do if you had a very good friend, and you should find yourself disappointed in him—or should fear that you might?"

"Don't know, you know," said he. "But I think I'd stay by him and believe in him just as long as I could. Give him every chance in the world, for a 'very good friend' is mighty uncommon, you know."

She looked into his eyes so long and steadfastly that he began to feel uneasy, and to wonder what he had said that was out of place. Then she took his hand and gave it a hearty shake. This did not seem unconventional, for she was quite a little bit larger than he; and they had come to count strongly upon each other.

"You are right," said she, warmly. "One must have faith in a friend, or there can be no friend. He shall have every chance in the world."

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He left her soon after that, and went up to his room. There he thought it over. The deference to his judgment he found as delightful as it was extraordinary. It increased his self-respect, and almost gave him added stature. To set forth a line of conduct for someone, he told himself, furnished a delightful sensation. He liked it—and he liked her. He wondered if she would always, in any event, so defer to him?

Sometimes it seemed to him that this was a question that should be settled at once, in so far as a question of the future could be settled. These occasions would spring from almost nothing—a nod and smile in passing, her easy carriage in walking, a greeting that showed she was really glad to see him—that she placed a value on his friendship. Then he would go to his room and sit at the open window. Out across the city somewhere he would see, springing through the intervening blocks, a palatial residence — his and hers. He would smile at this, first happily, then doubtfully; but he would scowl away the doubts, get out his bank-book, look at the familiar balance, and say, quite defiantly: "Well, why not? Some day it will come."

He would slap the book back in the drawer, and stride up and down the apartment—four good strides each way—pause, hands in pockets, to study the pattern of the carpet; decidedly, it was not good—something finer in that palace. Stride on again, coining money at each stride, and at each stride coming leagues nearer the palace—and her. Expand his chest—Ah-h-h—and throw out his arms on each side. Sometimes when he did this his knuckles hit the wall; then he would start, shake his head, look at the bruised flesh, and sit down.

Then would come a disconsolate sense of wearied longing to no purpose. Everything, even his stature, seemed to militate against him. Of course, he knew that some of the world's great men had been small men; and then——

Off again, striding up and down, full of strong purpose. Wouldn't wait for the palace before deciding that question. Make that balance only a little bigger—a good solid backing for support, when it should come to that. And then. Well, then——

Really, he had most magnificent ideas and aspirations. He knew books of a certain class pretty well, and these books fostered his manner of thinking. Prevailingly, he was optimistic—hoping the best for himself, thinking the best of everybody else—a good little chap who had no business whatever to be alone.

And right beneath, in the third floor back, she sat re-reading a letter she had just answered. And she could hardly keep from singing as she read it—till, in view of the termination of her great trouble, she reverted to that day when she cried and the clerk came to her relief. And—dear little fellow—he had been good to her—and had bolstered up her faith, and, knowing nothing of it, had aided in working out her great happiness that was now to come. She said she would tell him of it, and she smiled to think he would be really pleased to know what he had done. He had acted so disinterestedly that—well, Jack would be happy to know about that phase of the affair, too—and she would tell him later, when she was really Jack's wife.

That evening after tea, then, they were in the parlor, quite alone. Somehow they were often alone together now; when they appeared, the other lodgers delicately withdrew. It would have been embarrassing for her if she had thought of it; but she had no thoughts save for Jack. And as for the clerk—why, he saw it and called them blessed. And there it was.

It was twilight, but not dark enough for the gas. They could see each other plainly, and the conventionalities were undisturbed.

Off somewhere, out of sight, a hand-organ was playing, and the tune came mingled with the happy cries of children dancing to the measure. He thought he had never heard anything quite so pleasant.

"I am going away very soon," said she, suddenly; and her voice had a conscious effort in it.

"Going away," he repeated, and he looked up at her, startled. He had not anticipated such a catastrophe. But

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she did not appear cast down by the prospect. "Going away! Why?"

"Oh—somebody wants me to. I—can't you guess?—I'm going to be married."

He sat down quickly, as though he had received a physical blow. It came so suddenly, after the organ's music, and the children's cries. But they were hushed now and he noticed it.

For some moments he was very still; and then he looked up at her and smiled whitely.

"I'm very glad for you—very," said he.

She had been looking at him, at first startled, and then swiftly comprehending. And now, after a hesitating bit, she came behind his chair.

"You're a good boy," said she, with gentle tenderness. Then she kissed him once and left him.

THE CITIES THAT WERE FORGOTTEN.

By Charles F. Lummis.

THE most remarkable hiatus in American history—and perhaps in all history—is that which sunders the past and present of the Quivíra. Individuals have now and then lost identity; but never elsewhere was there a town so consummately confounded. Altogether gratuitously, but so fully that a century will scarce identify it to the slow world, it has become the Iron Mask of cities. Such gilded myths never hung so long before on one unshifting spot; and the Golden Fleece itself fathered less heroism and hardship, less disappointment and thirsty death. Probably a hundred Americans know of the Dorado of South America, to every one who ever heard of the Quivíra; but a strange ashen ruin in our own land has become the home of a myth as startling and as potent in history, as that which sprung from the yearly plunge of a gold-dusted Cacique into Lake Puatavitá. The fable of the Quivíra it was which led to the first great interior exploration of what is now United States—eighty years before the Saxon had penetrated to a hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, and nearly three centuries before he got so far inland as were the Spanish chasers of the Quivíra—and it played an important part in the opening and colonization of the vast region between Kansas City and California. Three hundred and fifty years ago it inspired an astounding march which has never since been paralleled in North America; and to this day it has not ceased to count its yearly victims. And besides playing golden will-o'-the-wisp through all that the world has been and seen since good Queen Bess dropped pinafores, it stands alone as the largest blunder of history—and also as the stage of the Ultimate Folly.

The myth of the Quivíra, for centuries a vagabond, sat down at last in one of the astounding ruins of the Manzano Plains, one hundred and fifty miles south of Santa Fé, and eighty southeast of Albuquerque. If those who fritter abroad, still ignorant of their own land, with the plea "America is so new, and has no ruins," might see the cities of the accursed lakes, they would grow modest as to the castles of the Rhine. And if our histories, which seem to fancy that America began with Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, might imbibe somewhat of that eternal pursuit, that sleepless seeking, of which the Quivíra is one monument, it would be the better for justice and for intelligence.

The birth and development of this most romantic (and historically most important) of North American myths, is so curious, and in one way so complicated, that one scarce knows from which end to approach it—whether from the terminus of cause, or from that of effect. There are some reasons, however, which

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make it seem best to trace the first half of this strange double story chronologically.

The Quivíra myth was born in New Mexico in 1540, of poor and none too honest parents. Its father was an Indian captive; its mother that drab, Opportunity; its nurse, who went bankrupt in the suckling, the most remarkable explorer that ever trod North American soil. And it all came to pass by one of the most brilliant executive minds of the sixteenth century, that great first Viceroy of New Spain, Antonio de Mendoza.

Generally speaking, the New World had already been conquered by and for Spain. There was still an infinity to be done; but the broad foundations of Spanish America had been laid—and in a cement which time will never crumble. Mexico was no longer an empire to be fought for, but a province to be developed; and the reaction after conquest means always danger. Already the young Spanish blades there

> "For want of fighting had grown rusty,
> And ate into themselves for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack."

Just as the rust grew menacing, came Fray Marcos's discovery of New Mexico—and Mendoza saw his opportunity. To the ambitious and already renowned soldier Fráncisco Vasquez de Coronado, he gave an expedition of these restive cavaliers, and strict orders to take them hunting and never bring them back.

The first half of this command Coronado carried out with a vengeance. He led his fistful of an army through the exploration of thousands of desert miles within our own area that not one per cent. of present Americans ever dreamed of. His expeditions discovered the greatest chasm on earth — the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—and most of the other marvels of the Southwest, three centuries before a Saxon ever saw any of them. In the latter weeks of 1540 he had his quarters at the pueblo of Tiguex —now the pretty town of Bernalillo— on the Rio Grande, in central New Mexico. Thence he made a reconnoissance to the pueblo of Pecos; and there the myth was born.

It is a striking truth that in the whole opening of the two Americas fable was a far more important agent than fact; and this was as marked in the area which is now ours as in the southern continent. The first of our present States to be entered by Caucasians, and the earliest town in our nation to be founded, were entered and founded under the lead of fairy-tales. As it was with Florida, so with the Southwest. Had it not been for the mythical broidering given the real "Seven Cities of Cibola," Mendoza would never have sent Coronado into New Mexico; and but for sequel-myths, the greatest pathfinder would never have made his unparalleled march.

Disappointed, of course, in the fabled gold of the Seven Cities — which were merely Pueblo towns like Zuñi, their surviving child—Coronado was revolving the best way to carry out the second part of his orders, to colonize and stay. It chanced that the Pecos then had a captive Plains Indian—very probably a Pawnee — whom they had bought from the Apaches. This slave was notable among his long-haired Pueblo masters for the fashion in which his head was shaven—only the scalplock being left, after the custom of his people—and will go down history under the nickname the Spaniards gave him. of "the Turk." Whether he was sole progenitor of his disastrous offspring cannot be positively known; but the presumption is strong that he had to father a creature of his captors. He had nothing to gain by the invention, but they a great deal—namely, to rid themselves of their unwelcome guests.

At all events it came to pass that "the Turk," apprised of the failure of the Spaniards to find that yellow stone they were seeking, informed Coronado that he wot where there was much. Before he came to captivity and New Mexico, he knew a tribe of the plains which had great store of this substance. The tribe was called Quivíra, and he could lead to its range. No sooner said than attempted to be done. Coronado took his "army" and his guide, and went again rainbow-chasing. The Turk led them east into the trackless plains, intending—as he afterward confessed—to lose them and

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let them perish in those appalling wastes. But, like many a later confidence-man, he had attempted the wrong greenhorn. At about the centre of our present Indian Territory, Coronado, finding that he was being duped and that the guide was leading them in a circle, sent back to Tiguex the bulk of his little force, and taking the lead himself, carried his thirty men through frightful hardships to very near where Kansas City now stands. And here he found the Quivíras—but I hardly need say, no gold. There was in the whole tribe one solitary fragment of any metal—a bit of native copper worn on the necklace of a war captain. The Quivíra was a Teton nomad—a cousin of the Sioux—drifting with the buffalo, which was his politics and his profession; planting a little corn when the bison stood still, leaving it when he wandered—a mere aboriginal Gypsy, without house or wealth or art. It is all plain enough. Every eye-witness who then or thereafter saw the Quivíras, describes them precisely as utter barbarians, clothed only in skins, eating raw meat, and having no bread, no metal, no towns, no arts whatever, "*una gente muy bestial, sin policia ninguna en las casas, ni en otra cosa,*" * and that was the reward of the most amazing expedition ever made on our soil!

Having thus broken the golden bubble of the Quivíra, and with it his own stout heart, Coronado beheaded his treacherous guide, and, with his little following, retraced his fearful way to Tiguex, where we must leave him. But his having reduced it to an absurdity was not the end of the chimera. It was too vigorous a youngster to perish of mere annihilation. Truth crushed to earth never rises again with half the agile alacrity of error; and it was not half a century after Coronado had fully shown up the Quivíra swindle before it began to find other victims. Even the hard-headed colonizer of New Mexico, the founder of the second and third Caucasian towns in all our country, Juan de Oñate, was not proof against the bright mirage, and chased it assiduously, but in vain. And after him came many another—Alonzo Vaca, in 1634; and Governor Luis de Rozas, in 1638; and Diego de Guadalajara, about 1654; and Juan Dominguez de Mendoza, in 1684, and many before and many after—and many a one of them laid their bones to whiten along the thirsty trail of that elusive vision. It has been for three hundred years the siren of the Southwest. I know of but one thing so remarkable as that so many Spaniards—so many college men as well as soldiers of them—should have given ear to that golden lie; and that is, that a hundred times as many Americans trust it as implicitly to-day.

So much for the original myth of the Quivíra—a wilful and treacherous falsehood, in the first place; and in the second, distinctly invented only for, and applicable only to, a nomad tribe in north-eastern Kansas; and thirdly, nailed and pilloried as a lie in that same year of its birth, 1540. To trace the modern perversion of what now becomes the Gran † Quivíra, we will begin the other end-to.

South of Albuquerque, the chief commercial town of the Territory, the narrow valley of the Rio Grande is rimmed on the east by an arid plateau, twenty miles wide; and this in turn is walled by a long Cordillera of ten thousand-foot peaks—the Sandia, the Bosque, the Manzano, the Oscuro. Climbing that rugged barrier, or threading one of its passes, the traveller thence descends through park-like pineries to the edge of the infinite eastward plains. In the centre of his bare, brown vista gleams a chain of ghastly white salines, the accursed lakes of Tigua folk-lore. These once were fresh—the story runs—the home of fish and water-fowl, the drinking-places of the bison and the antelope. But in one of them dwelt an unfaithful wife, and for her sins the lakes were accursed to be salt forever. Beyond them the dead plain melts upon the indeterminate horizon. Between them and the Cordilleras, dark, low ridges fade from pine-clad slope to barren prairie. Far southeast and south are the spectral peaks of the Sierra de la Gallina, the Sierra Capitana, the Sierra del Carrizo, the Sierra Blanca, and to the farther

* Relacion del Suceso, p. 326. See also Coronado's Carta á su Magestad, 1541, p. 246 et seq.; Juan Jaramillo's Relacion Hecha, p. 315; Castañeda's Cibola, p. 194; Torquemada, Gomara, Herrera, and every other Spanish source bearing on this point.

† Great.

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A Quivíra Myth-maker.

north the dim blue shadows of the range of Santa Fé. It is a strange, weird outlook—a visual leap into space. There is nothing else quite so like it as the eastward view from the top of Pike's Peak.

Along the smooth, timbered lower slope of the Manzano is a north and south line of ancient Pueblo ruins. The mounds of long-abandoned Shúmnac and its sister towns bleach beside their squalid successors, the Mexican plazas of Chililí, Tajíque, and Manzano. A little farther south, and pointing a right-angled triangle, are the bones of the three chief cities of the Saline—Abó, Cuaraí, and Tabirá. It must be understood that I use the word "cities" here with a restriction, and not in the sense of the Romantic School. These were cities like Montezuma's "capital," though smaller. There was no hint of a metropolis—no palaces, no temples, no splendor. Like those of enfabled Mexico, these towns were mere piles of earth and stone—Pueblo communities exactly such as are seen to-day in Taos, Acoma, Zuñi. None of them, here or in Mexico, were entitled by size or magnificence to be called cities, and the term is applied to

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them simply because architecturally, socially, and politically they were of an organization complete beyond what is expressed by our word "town." Each was a self-governing, independent commonwealth, compact and fortified; a republic within walls; and as such they seem more fitly entitled "cities," with due insistence upon the special limitations of the word here.

Twenty miles south of the New Mexican hamlet of Manzano and the riddle of its ancient apple-trees, is the noble ruin of the pueblo of Abó. Its site is a wee bead of a valley, strung upon a deep and ragged arroyo, between an eastern rocky ridge and the long acclivity to the mountains. The pueblo itself was a large hollow square, over two hundred feet on a side, of unbroken, three-story stone houses, terraced toward, and opening upon, the safe inner court. Outside, and parallel with, the north end of this quadrangle, was a separate block of three-story buildings. So far the ruins present nothing novel to the student of Pueblo antiquities. They are merely the usual tousled mounds of fallen building-stone and inblown sand. But a few rods north of the pueblo tower, the giant walls of a noble edifice—such walls as would have been long ago immortalized in American literature, were they in Rhenish Bavaria instead of a land which might be fancied to have a patriotic interest to Americans. Amid the talus of tumbled stone these two vast parallel walls, forty-two feet apart, one hundred and fifteen feet long, and twelve feet thick at the base, soar sixty feet aloft in rugged majesty. Their ancient masonry of darkly-rufous sandstone, in adobe mortar, is almost perfect in alignment still. A spade slides smoothly down their plane surfaces. The two end walls of the structure are gone to utter wrack; and the one-time floor is lost under a dozen feet or more of their jumbled ruin. The long-potent Romantic School would have it, of course, that this was a temple of the Sun, and built of "dressed stone," as usual. It is as well to note, in passing, that there is no dressed stone in any ancient ruin of New Mexico or Arizona—though there are numberless handsome walls which the theorizer will (not altogether inexcusably) insist were wrought. But while the pre-historic aborigine here had no tools wherewith to dress any rock but tufa, the natural cleavage and the fractile lines of the sandstones were extremely kind to him, and he could pick from his quarry ready-made slabs which had every appearance of having been roughly worked.

The wee oasis of Abó is not now a solitude, though the tribe that builded its dark piles long ago faded from off the face of the earth. A half-dozen Mexican families dwell under the gigantic cottonwoods that sap the puny rill; and here is the home of the *paisano* genius—immortalized in territorial proverb—who

"*fué por Socorro, y no supo porqué.*"

He made the long and trying journey in safety; but on arriving at Socorro knew not why, and had to return to Abó to ask his *comadre*. "For what went I?" This information gained, he trudged back his fifty miles and fulfilled his mission, and trudged home again. His house and all are built of ready stone from the huge dark walls that frown down upon the degenerate present.

The second corner of the forgotten triangle is fifteen miles east of Abó, within rifle-shot of the Mexican townlet of Punta de Agua. Here, in another bowl-like little vale, with outlook between its rim-ridges to the weary sea of prairie, crumble the reliquiæ of the ancient pueblo of Cuaraí.* Like Abó, the ruined city itself is a huddle of interminate mounds of masonry, and less imposing than many longer-abandoned pueblos. But, like Abó, too, it is companioned by a huge and mysterious edifice—an edifice in ruins, it is true, but so tall, so solemn, so dominant of that strange, lonely landscape, so out of place in that land of adobe box-huts, as to be simply overpowering. On the Rhine it would be a superlative; in the wilderness of the Manzano it is a miracle. Its great, shadowy walls are neither so lofty nor so thick as those of Abó; but neither are they so breached. The great rectangle is practically complete, with three walls largely perfect, and part of the fourth. The masonry is quite as fine

* Spelled also in the older MSS., Cuarác.

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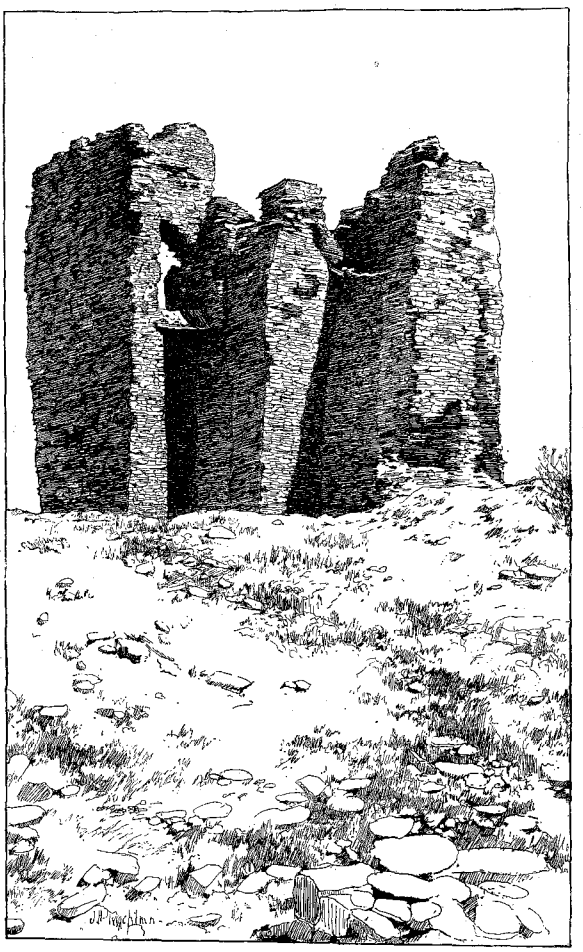
as at Abó, and the architecture as imposing. A big modern chapel, a few rods to the east, is built of plumbered stone, but the ancient temple seems scarce to feel the robbery. Its roof long ago disappeared, but the massive walls stand firm as the mother ledges, and still hold the careful mortises for long-forgotten rafters. At the foot of the hillock is a tiny rivulet, sentinelled by a tall and lonely pine; and upon the hill-side, a few hundred yards south, is a large, strange circular enclosure fenced about with upright slabs of rock.

The third and southeast corner of the triangle is thirty miles from Cuaraí, and about the same distance from Abó; much farther from the mountains than they, but hardly more in the plains—since it is an outlying huddle of round ridges. The country here is much higher than on the western side of the Cordillera—the pueblo which we now approach is 6,047 feet above the sea-level. Access to it is difficult and dreary. The nearest water is thirty miles away; and the explorer must carry not only provisions, but water for himself and animals. Toiling down the edge of the ghastly plains, thence into long, smooth trough-valleys, along the eastern acclivity of the dark wooded Mesa de los Jumanos, ankle deep in the sands of Médano, the traveller feels at every step, with every breath, a crowding influence he knows not what. Mid-ocean is not more lonesome than the plains; nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep—and even that trifle gives a shock, in this hoof-obliterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last, it crushes. It is sure as the grave—and worse. It is intangible but resistless; stronger than hope, reason, will—stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness.

But on a sudden, the tension is relieved. A mile to the south, where a whaleback ridge noses the uncanny valley, stands out a strange ashen bulk that brings us back to earth. Wan and weird as it is, it bespeaks the one-time presence of man, for Nature has no such squarenesses.



Abó—the Western Wall.

I do not believe that the whole world can show elsewhere, nor that a Doré could dream into canvas, a ghostliness

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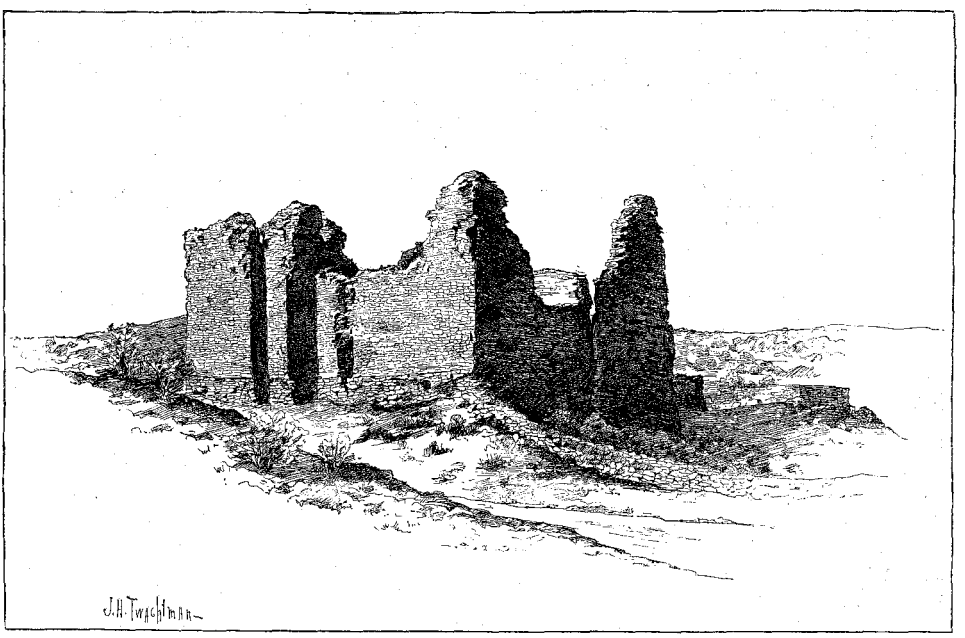

Cuaraí from the Southwest.

so *à propos*. Stand upon the higher ridges to the east, and it is all spread before you, a wraith in pallid stone—the absolute ghost of a city. Its ashen hues which seem to hover above the dead grass, foiled by the sombre blotches of the junipers; its indeterminate gray hints, outspoken at last in the huge, vague shape that looms in its centre; its strange, dim outlines rimmed with a flat, round world of silence—but why try to tell that which has no telling? Who shall wreak expression of that spectral city?

Come nearer, and the spell dwindles; but it is never broken. Even as we pass our hands over that forgotten masonry of pale limestones, or clamber over fallen walls with tangible stubbing of material toes, the unearthliness of the haggard scene does not wholly cease to assert itself. Only, we now know that it is not a ghost-city, which the next breeze may waft away. It is a ruined pueblo again—but such a pueblo! Not in size nor in architecture—there are several others as large, and some as imposing, but in color and in setting it is alone. Small wonder for the folly of its later devotees—it seems the rightful home of superstition, and here the wildest myth need not be ill at ease.

This was the pueblo of Tabirá, infinitely better known, in this day of grace and putative light, as the "Gran Quivíra." It was one of the larger pueblos of New Mexico, and in its day had perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants; not more. It was a village of unusual shape, prescribed by the topography of the ridge; a long, narrow array of three and four-story terraced houses in vaguely parallel blocks, facing each other across narrow alleys. Six circular estufas, partly subterranean, yawn at random amid the ruins. The walls of the houses have toppled to high rubbish mounds—hardly one stands to tell its former stature. Only a few rooms of first and second stories, long innocent of roofs, gape from out the moraine of time.

But at the centre of the southerly blocks is still the gray, quadrangular wall—now sadly battered—of a very large building, with traces of an enclosure at its east end. And in the western terminus of the village, just on the brow of the slope that falls away to the strange valley and looks across to the

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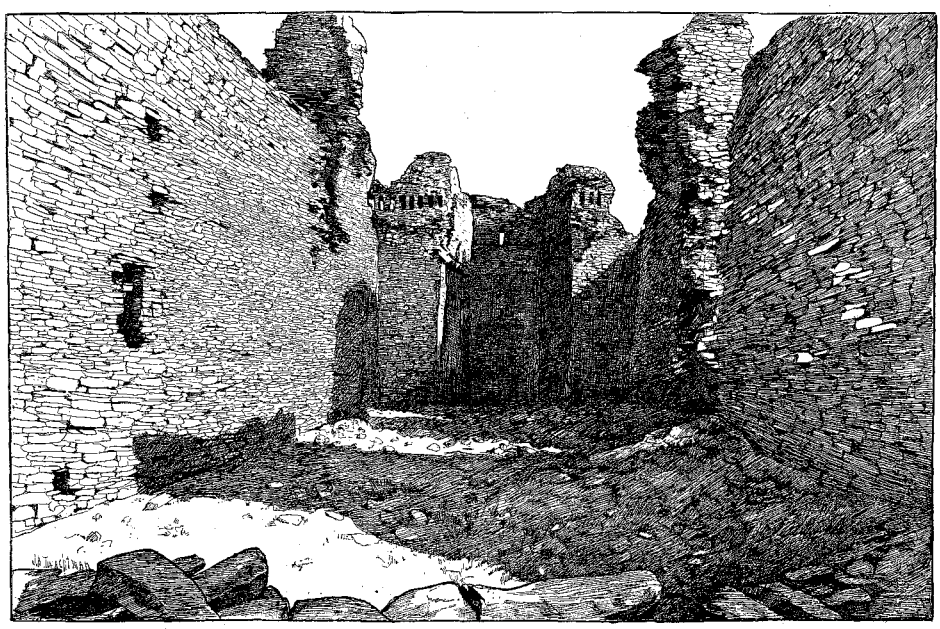
sombre Mesa de los Jumanos, is another and a gigantic ruin, whose like is not in all our North America. Its walls, thirty feet high and six feet thick, roofless and ragged at the top, two hundred and two feet front and one hundred and thirty-one feet in greatest depth, are of the same spectral bluish-gray limestone, broken into irregular but flat-faced prisms and firmly laid in adobe mortar. The northern part of this bewildering ruin is one huge cruciform room, thirty-eight feet wide and one hundred and thirty-one feet long, with an eastward gateway fifteen feet wide and eleven high, under a mighty timber which upholds fifteen feet of massive masonry. South of this enormous room is a honeycomb of chambers of ordinary size, divided by long halls, and with sides still standing to a height of twenty feet. Of these rooms there are a score. It is plain that they had no upper stories, as their arabesques softened but not lost in the weathering of centuries. Some of the rafters must have weighed a ton and a half to two tons; and the trees which gave them were at least fifteen miles away.

Here is the asylum of the modern Quivíra-myth; the Mecca of the Southwestern fortune-hunter; the field of the Last Folly. That it should have been chosen from among all the fifteen hundred pueblo ruins in New Mexico for credulity to butt its head against, is not strange physically. Its bleak, unearthly site, the necromancy of the plains, its ghostly aspect, and its distance from all water, were enough to stop and hold the later treasure-seekers, who had heard vaguely that "Coronado hunted the Quivíra," but utterly failed to hear that he found it—found it in northeastern Kansas, and found it worthless. These new victims found this



Interior of the Ruin of Cuaraí.

had the dwellings of the pueblo. There is also a rear entrance from the south to the great room, through a spacious antechamber. In one of the apartments of the honeycomb is still a perfect fireplace; and here and there over the vacant doorways are carved-wood lintels, unprecedented ruin of Tabirá a century ago; and to them we owe the misnomer of Gran Quivíra. Since their day its rest has been yearly broken. At first were those who pried in the débris-choked lower rooms of the pueblo, and gophered under the mighty walls of the

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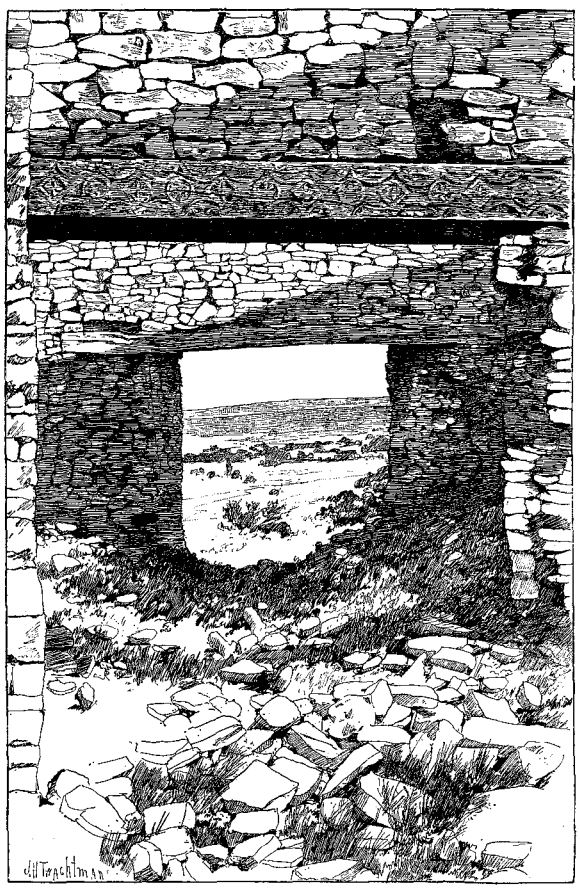
temple. But they were only poor *paisanos* who could neither read nor ask of history. Within the last decade members of the superior race drilled down through a hundred feet of the eternal bedrock in quest of *buried* treasure, and the ruins of Tabirá are so peppered with their shafts that it is unsafe to move about by night.

For the myth of the Quivíra has come to Tabirá to stay. Neither fact nor reason will ever fully dislodge it, and it will always count its dupes. It has even grown, in that arid home, to start-



Tabirá—Rear Entrance with Carved Lintel.

ling proportions. The Quivíra of Coronado is forgotten, and in its stead is the grand Quivíra. It is no resurrection of the old myth, but the invention of a new. To keep in it the vital spark its nurses have to stand history upon its head, and turn the compass inside-out; to give the lie to the sober record of eye-witnesses, and the ear to professional myth-makers. Scarce a month goes by in which the territorial newspapers do not print some new fable or allusion to the old; and even as I write, an expedition is fitting out in Albuquerque to seek "the buried treasure." The folk-lore of the Mexican population has suddenly become exuberant with new Quivíra tales. Every now and then an awe-struck shepherd staggers in under a new version. He has leaned against a great bowlder, which forthwith slid in its carved grooves and disclosed a subterranean passage, whose farther darkness was aflame with jewels and yellow ingots. Or a huge white snake has risen from the ground at midnight to show him the *locus* of the treasure; or a spectral goat led him; or he has heard, just at high noon, the roar of a great subterranean river. *Et id fabularum genus omne.* The superior prospector, besides swallowing all this, has improved upon it by adding a "dying confession" and cipher manuscripts, and mystic maps that "have come down from the old days." There has even been in the Territory, for nearly a generation, a standing reward of $10,000 to him who should discover the lost water of Gran Quivíra.

This second edition of the Quivíra myth is not at first sight so remarkable. It seems merely the wonted accretion of fable around the mysterious. It is only when we turn to history that we can conceive the full folly of this perversion — the bewildering blunder of the Cities that were Forgotten. For they once were *so* well known! There is no mystery about them—as well should a Hottentot explorer make a mystery of Bunker Hill. They are as stable in history as Plymouth Rock. And above

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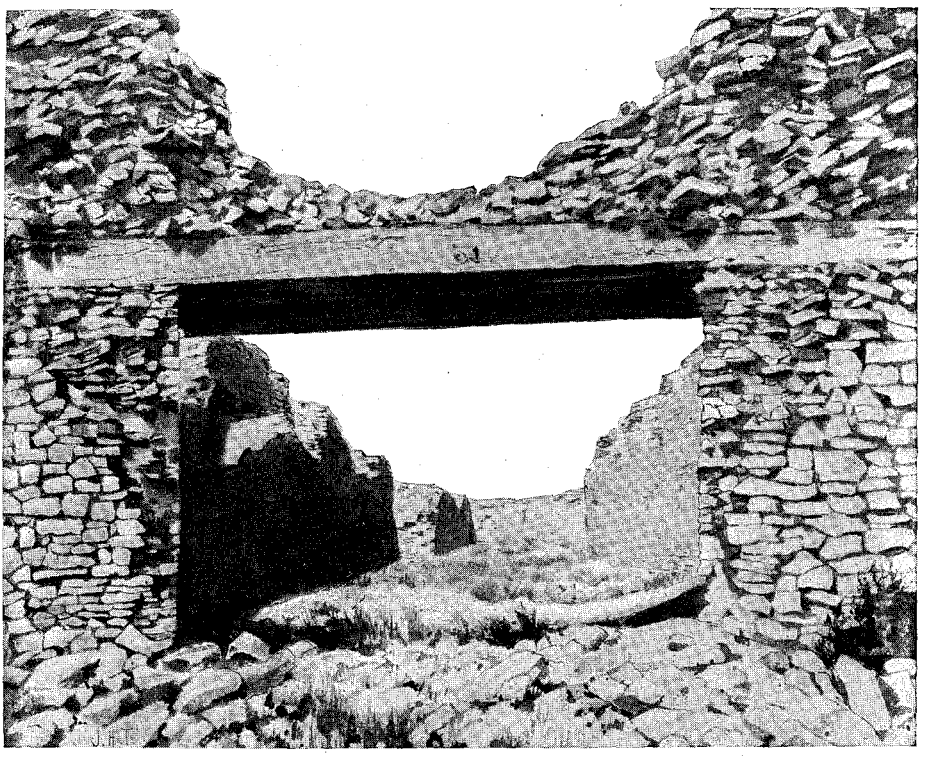

Tabirá—Main Entrance to the Great Hall.

all, they have no remotest kinship with the Quivíra. That was eight hundred miles northeast of them. That was an errant village of tepees—these fortified towns of immemorial stone. That was always Quivíra; these were always Abó, Cuaraí, and Tabirá. About the only point of resemblance was that neither had ever a particle of gold or of any other treasure whatever. No one ever confounded the two until long after the world was old enough to know better. The ruins are pueblo ruins, as a matter of course; and as a matter of history, they are ruins of the Tompíros Pueblos, a branch of the now extinct Píro stock. The first Caucasian to penetrate the country of the Accursed Lakes was Francisco Sanchez de Chamuscado, who discovered these then living towns in 1581, and set them in history. A year later came Espejo, who also saw and described these pueblos—which Chamuscado noted as the best towns he had yet found. In 1598 Juan de Oñate, the first governor of New Mexico, paid his official visit to these cities of the Salines, and received the formal submission of their people to the Crown of Spain. The usual humane and comprehensive Spanish policy reached as well the pueblos of the plains as those of the Rio Grande. Statecraft exhaustively studied their material, the Church their spiritual needs. On the 9th of September, 1598—twenty-two years before the Mayflower—a priest was assigned to these three cities, and their numerous neighbor-pueblos. This was Fray Francisco de San Miguel, one of the chaplains of Oñate's little army. His station was at Pecos (a pueblo deserted in 1840), whence he had to administer his enormous parish to the south. That the size of his circuit did not hinder his missionary success, nor that of those who came after, is written not only in the conversion of those wild tribes to Christianity, but also in undecaying stone. For the huge and mysterious ruins at Abó, Cuaraí, and Tabirá were merely Christian churches, built by the pueblos under the patient guidance of the Franciscan fathers, and with the aid

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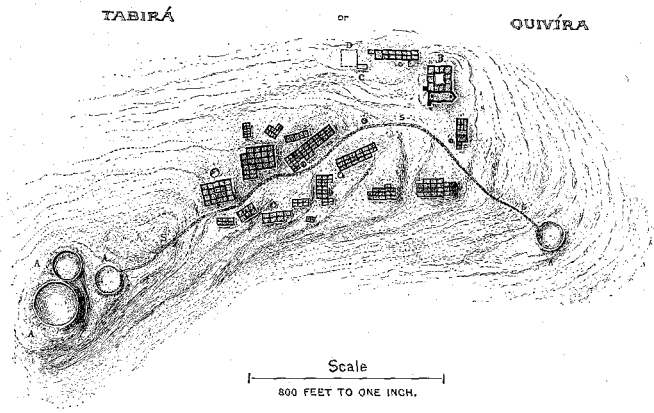
of Spanish tools. The mission of Tabirá was founded by the fraile Francisco de Acevedo, in or about 1628;* and the smaller church was built soon after. In time its needs outgrew it; and some time after the death of Fray Acevedo, in



Ground Plan of Tabirá.

A, A, A, A, tanks; B, large church and convent; C, old church; D, cemetery; S, S, S, ancient acequia.

1644, the enormous newer church and "convent" were erected. It seemed to have been designed to make Tabirá a central mission; and accommodations were provided for the residence of a considerable number of priests. But these huge edifices were never fully finished. The churches of Abó and Cuaraí were erected under the same régime and at about the same time; all three aboriginal cities were as much a part of Spanish missionary work and Spanish history as was Santa Fé itself. The civil legislation for their benefit, the slow, sure uplifting of those savage flocks by their gentle Franciscan teachers, is not unrecorded—from Fray de San Miguel down through the resident missionaries, Fray Francisco Letrado, Fray Acevedo, Fray Juan de Zalas, beloved Fray Geronimo de la Llana, and all that heroic list. There were no fairy-tales about the Manzano pueblos then—nor long thereafter. So late as the latter half of the last century an official map of New Mexico marked the ruined pueblo of Tabirá in its proper place—the place since usurped, in popular superstition, by the Gran Quivíra.

That these cities so suddenly disappeared from the world's knowledge, we have to thank not only the world's carelessness, but also that red history-maker, the Apache. This scourge of the plains was always particularly attentive to the exposed cities of the Salines—which had more pregnable locations than the usual pueblo fort-town—and at last overthrew them. The exact date is not sure, but it was positively between 1670 and 1675. It was a period of his goriest activity. In 1672 he made the massacre of Há-ui-cu, one of the Zuñi towns, two hundred miles west. In 1675 he wiped out the New Mexican pueblo of Senecú (on the Rio Grande, where San Antonio now stands) killing Fray Alonzo Gil de Avila and many of his flock. And between these two grim entries he wrote his crimson autograph across the six chief towns of the Manzano plains—the Tigua pueblos of Chililí, Tajíque, and Cuaraí, and the Píro pueblos of Jumancas, Abó, and Tabirá†. The scant survivors of the latter towns fled to El Paso, and their score or so of descendants, who live today at Senecú, in Chihuahua, are all that is left of the once potent Píro stock. Those who escaped death at Cuaraí, being Tiguas, fled to their brethren at Shee-e-huíb-bac, now Isleta—whose fathers all had come, according to their traditions, from other Apache-erased pueblos of the Manzano plain. Even the Jumanos—those strange neighbor

* Vetancurt: Menologio, p. 260, etc.

† Vide Fray Juan Alvarez, MS. Carta; Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante, Carta al Padre Morfi, and other undisputed sources.

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"Rayados," who were unique in the Southwest by their fashion of tattooing or slashing their faces—were swept off by that same merciless besom. With 1675 the last germ of aboriginal life had vanished from that once populous era. For a century the plain was utter desert and in the undisputed clutch of the Apache; and only the huge vertebræ of those dead cities bleached in glaring sun and savage snows. At last the Mexican post pioneer crept in; and now a few hundreds of his children are scattered along that vast solitude. The fence of an enormous American cattle-rancho stretches almost to Tabirá. But it was too late for the fallen cities. Already they were forgotten; and the unread new neighbors, instead of rehabilitating that heroic past, served but to distort it to an ignoble if romantic caricature. That zeal which made Christian conquest, without arms, of this savage wilderness, has fared as ill with the myths as have its monuments with the facts, of latter days. The one has been "borrowed" to frame a Captain Kidd fable; the other to build goat-corrals.

Of the three great churches, that of Cuaraí is largest, having a floor-area of 5,020 square feet. That of Tabirá comes next, with 4,978 square feet; and then, Abó with 4,830. These figures are for the auditoriums alone, and do not include the extensive "convents" attached to each, of which that at Tabirá is most extensive, covering 13,377 square feet. The walls of Abó are much the noblest and most massive, and those of Tabirá the crudest, though no less solid. The pueblos of Abó and Cuaraí had each a tiny but sufficient rill; but Tabirá is absolutely dry. There is neither spring nor stream in thirty miles. But this is hardly a rare thing among pueblo ruins; and it is well known that aborigines were wont to "kill" their water when forced to abandon a town, lest it give comfort to the enemy. We know, not only by record, but by eyesight, of several cases where, with infinite labor, the Pueblos actually obliterated a spring to keep it from their savage neighbors. But this though a probable, is not an essential, factor in the problem. On the brow of the acclivity east of Tabirá—and connected with it by a still traceable ditch—are three large reservoirs of earth, rudely rimmed with stone, to catch and hold the rain and snow. This was the waterworks of Tabirá, and an adequate system. The Píros had no animals, unless a few sheep and horses already derived from the Spaniards; and their crops of corn, beans, and squashes grew then as now, by the annual precipitation and without need of irrigating. The reservoirs were ample for their duty—to supply water for domestic use. It is entirely possible that there was also a near spring which was plugged at the downfall of Tabirá; and the least crazy of the prospectors who still throw away their means and sometimes their lives there, are those that seek the water which would make available a great range of such pasturage as is now almost unknown in New Mexico.

Such, in brief, are the cities of the Salines—the Cities that Were. Prominent and clear figures in the earliest history of our land, definite and mythless as Hoboken, they suddenly dropped into popular oblivion. Their identity seemed as lost as though they had never been; and when their resurrection came it was not to be remembered but recreated—not rediscovered but invented. For a century their weary bones have been made to masquerade in a romantic mummery which would be laughable, had it not been the closing tragedy of so many lives. It is only within a decade that the light of record and common-sense has been turned upon them, and that Bandelier's conclusive researches have laid forever the myth of the Gran Quivíra and brought back to the memory of history the cities that were so long forgotten.

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A GLIMPSE OF AN ARTIST.

By Viola Roseboro'.

I WAS trying to find the stage-door of the Grand Opera House. At the time of which I write—I don't know how it is now—this entrance was unmarked by any sign that might enable the uninitiated to distinguish it from various other grimy doors, leading perhaps to shop-cellars and store-rooms, on the same dingy side street.

After walking up and down the block and trying some of these, only to find them locked, I turned back to a corner where I had seen an actor standing—by the fear of being late to rehearsal forced to the disagreeable expedient of asking information of him.

It took little subtlety of perception to discover his profession in his demoralized, handsome, shaven face, and still less was needed to inform me that the necessity of speaking to him was an unpleasant one. He stared at me as I approached him with the impersonal, coldly brutal insolence that, as it happens, is the typical phase of this sort of rudeness in the one profession where the sexes meet on an equality.

After taking his time about it, with his cigar still in his mouth, and without moving, he briefly directed me.

The next time I saw him he was playing the part of *Jacques* in the "Two Orphans," and I, transfixed with amazement and delight, was watching him from the wings.

I never saw a more perfect histrionic performance, nor one that, considering the possibilities of the part, showed more genius. A perfect picture of dark, brutal masculine beauty, wearing a costume that in its squalor and its æsthetic splendor was itself a work of genius, he swaggered gayly and murderously through the play, as lustily, deadly dangerous as some light-footed, jungle beast of prey; and yet the thing was not so simple as that merely would come to; there was a delicately suggested something of low Paris, of the Faubourg St. Antoine about him, that was the finest bloom of the player's power. I began to clap my hands before I knew it, and, villain though he was, the house caught the sound and followed the hint; for the magnificent vitality and beauty of his bearing, at some trifling point where the moral issues were not too pressing, even that Grand Opera House audience gave him a round of applause. "Nobody else ever got a hand in that part," said a voice by my shoulder, and turning, I saw one of the underlings of the company, a thin, plain, middle-aged man, who helped the property man and took the parts too small to be given to anyone else. He was watching the stage now with a brightening of his gooseberry eyes, while the gusto of appreciation wrinkled still more his worn, old, painted face.

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"Tell you," he continued, encouraged by my heartfelt exclamations, "tell *you*, he's an actor; he bankrupts the bakery in this piece, I don't care who's starred on the bills."

I have misreported this speech; the underling called the actor's name, and it is hard for me to substitute another for it. Here was an artist who, chiefly through his own extraordinary worthlessness as a man, missed his recognition, missed—oh, so much worse!—his opportunities, but who was a great artist, and of whom now, when he lies in some Potter's Field, I wish to make a little record. I make it from my point of view; he is to me the material for my own art, and it is part of my small plan to suggest what an incomprehensibly low barbarian he was. I do not think he would mind that much, receiving the tribute I give his acting—in fact, I do not think he would really care at all; for the tribute he would care immensely, and so it strikes me as a mean thing to him that propriety and taste forbid the use of his own name, his stage name that is (which was undoubtedly not his real one). Perhaps propriety and taste would take a different turn if all the world were a stage and all the men and women merely players in a more prosaic sense than Shakespeare's; but as I speak to an audience who count the player's gift for less, and various other things for more, I will refrain from the seeming brutality of giving a name you might possibly find among your old play-bills. And now I am taxed to invent another as good; I am sure I shall not succeed, for the one I suppress was admirably chosen in its combination of a suggestion of good blood, direct manliness, and a faint flavor of romance, but let Henry Dolignan answer my purposes. I asked the utility man, then, something about Henry Dolignan, how he came to be where he was—that is, in a professional position, not imposing nor highly remunerative, though, indeed, with more of honor and money he might have been worse fitted with a part.

"Aw—he drinks like a fish, and he's all-fired bad-tempered, too, when he's drunk," was the answer, as, Dolignan having made his exit, we turned away from the stage. "Nobody but the Missus 'll have him 'round at all. She's the best-natured woman in the business, and then, of course, she'll never this side of Judgment Day get another actor like that to travel with her. The whole profesh knows that Dolignan can act over the heads of most all the stars going."

The man—he was called Cal about the stage, and as he took several small parts in the piece, accredited on the bills to different nobly named imaginary actors, I have not the least idea which cognomen he claimed for himself—Cal, then, now darted on to the stage for the close of the act. As the curtain came down and I was going to my dressing-room, he came up beside me again and, continuing the conversation as if it had never been interrupted, said, "He got a hundred dollars a week at Wallack's once, and I bet they never had anybody there at any price with more of the right stuff in him. Tell you, he's an actor," repeated Cal, with emphasis, as he pulled off his white wig preparatory to a change of personality in the next act, and then, holding it under one arm, helped the property man with the glasses and decanters to be used in its festivities. Cal's enthusiasm for the acting of a man who rarely noticed his existence (Dolignan was haughty in his attitude toward the stage's small fry), and who succeeded—even though missing recognition and rewards—where he himself toiled and failed, was unique in its degree; the other members of the company were more blinded by the absence of the world's livery of greatness, and yet everyone with whom I discussed the performance of *Jacques* said substantially the same thing. Dolignan was too hopelessly out of the race for even his confrères in the most poignantly jealous profession in the world to care to belittle him, and jealousy once out of the way, there is no other class of artists so vividly, burningly appreciative of achievement in their art as actors. Always their talk about Dolignan included that bit of history, "He got a hundred dollars a week at Wallack's once." His passion for drink and his quarrelsome-

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ness (the one seemed to be chiefly the result of the other) were the only stumbling blocks mentioned as barring his path, but it very soon appeared that these were by no means all that lay between him and respectability.

One night, for instance, during my first weeks with the company, I found him, before the curtain rose pacing the stage, dressed for the performance, a gay handkerchief knotted around his head, and a short pipe in his mouth, and with a beautiful dark-eyed baby boy on his arm, borne as if the pair were a royal challenge to painters and sculptors. After meeting the star and showing the child to her, he turned to the wings and jovially called the name Annie several times. Just as a note of awesome irritation was beginning to sound through the mellow tones a little, scared-looking, plain, shabby woman appeared, and he introduced her to the star, resuming completely his charming bluff kindliness of manner, as his wife. I saw one passing actor look at another with a specially freighted glance, and when the two were beyond ear-shot of the domestic group, one said to the other, "Well, Dolignan's got cheek, playing it on the Missus that way."

"The woman's all right, she's fooled, you can see that with half an eye," said the other.

"Wonder if the last one before is still in Chicago?"

"It's a touchy game to play in New York State."

"Aw," was the amazing answer. "Can't you see he always gets 'em the same little, starved-out, shaky kind that wouldn't buck against a mouse. He never has any trouble—to speak of."

"The Missus," as the company delighted to call her, always showed Dolignan a certain amiable affectation of deference; it was not all affectation, which was a pretty and uncommonly gracious trait, and balm to the man's embittered soul. Now she talked baby-lore with the pair, drawing upon her own maternal experiences, until the orchestra was "rung in," and she hurried to her dressing-room.

As she entered the wings her husband met her and gave her a glance of amused meaning; she threw up her pretty eyes and hands with a light gesture of response and a little grimace that said—what it would take me pages to tell, but among other things that she knew quite enough of Dolignan's matrimonial vagaries, and that it was not the smallest use for anybody to take the least notice of them, and that the smoothest, easiest way was to ignore them. In the meanwhile, till the curtain rose, Dolignan continued proudly to promenade the place with his youngster, speaking cheerily to its mother when he came near the dark corner she clung to, and for the time altogether enjoying and believing in his performance of the part of a big, simple, devoted family man.

It was a sight to see; he did it almost as well as the Parisian criminal, though with this difference, that the more loosely knit texture of an impromptu performance permitted glimpses of an egotistic satisfaction such as did not mar the *Jacques*. He discussed his baby, his teeth, his diet, and his weight with most of the women about; it was noticeable that the men just now avoided him, generally with a touch of something like embarrassment; the inferior flexibility of the masculine nature even in actors stood in the way of their co-operation in such facile mumming as they, neglecting fine distinctions, felt this to be.

My views as to the baby were not asked; I was a new-comer, I did not come in contact with Dolignan in the play, and since the day when he had pointed out to me the stage-door we had never spoken. Our acquaintance was destined to be continued by my acceptance of another service from him. We were, in technical phrase, playing the New York circuit, that is, we played at different theatres in the city and out of it, but did not go far enough in any direction to deprive us of the coveted privilege of living in town. One night, after I had been with the company a month, we went to Flushing, Long Island. During the evening I discovered that I had left my latch-key at home. At first the accident seemed trifling enough, but when it appeared that a number of the men of the company had arranged to spend the night in Flushing, and had engaged all the available rooms at the inn, I really

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found myself in a dilemma. I had but little money with me, and in any case a solitary young woman without baggage could hardly expect a welcome at any desirable New York hotel at one o'clock in the morning. The women of the company I knew very slightly, and for a time no one seemed particularly interested as to where I should spend the night, no one, that is, but one young Englishman, also a new member of the company, new to the stage as well, and a gentleman; but as he was not one of those who had engaged rooms in Flushing he could not help me, except by the offer to spend his strength, and if necessary, the night, ringing the bell of my apartment-house, and banging upon its inhospitable door. I thought it probable that the drivers of the morning milk-wagons would finally draw pleasure from the spectacle of his energy.

But after the curtain had risen on the last act he came to me with a queer little smile on his face, and said: "There seems to be a way for you to escape entertaining me on your door-step, after all; I don't know just what you'll think about it, but that brute Dolignan has a room engaged here which he wishes to put at your service. "He spoke to me about it, because he says—with a ceremonious air of regret—that he has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, and because he's on the stage now, but he's coming to you himself as soon as the curtain falls. Why, Miss Addington, I don't know Dolignan, you know—but really I think he's cast himself for a gentleman, as he understands it, in this affair. I'm afraid going back to town will be rather uncomfortable. Dolignan's coming to me looks—someway it makes me think he's on his good behavior, he was so dignified about it. He knows, you know, that I laughed at those yarns of his about having been in the army. He's terribly afraid that I'll try to guy him with army shop-talk." And Newman laughed his boyish English laugh.

Dolignan was an Englishman, too, or said he was—probably the whole subject of his origin was a dark one to himself as well as to others. He had, you see, for years told that he was once an officer in the English army. Newman had really been in the army, had just left it, poor boy, and his contempt, indignant contempt, for Dolignan's pretensions had been echoed about to the general amusement of the company. Dolignan talked at one time about fighting Newman, who was two-thirds his size, but when the boy declared with simple gusto that he'd be proud to take a licking for the honor of the service, and sweetly and cheerfully announced his honest intention to make his chastisement as expensive a luxury to the bigger man as he could, no more about combat was heard.

It was most characteristic of Dolignan that even after this he bore his detractor no real malice. That he, big, vital, tempestuous animal that he was, would not fight simply because he was a coward is too easy an explanation to compass the truth, which here, as usual, is difficult, subtle, and complex. The fact was, that to Dolignan the whole thing was too unimportant, too slight to be worth a blow—received. It had nothing to do with acting, or had to do with it only so far as the literal fact of one of his past improvisations was questioned. What had literal facts to do with improvisations, anyway? And besides that was all past, let it go.

Mr. Dolignan was as far as most geniuses of his kind from a taste for analysis, and probably never a word of this interpretation of his state of mind entered his head, but I am satisfied of the accuracy of my interpretation. When he came to me between his last scenes, and with a little prefatory word about its being time we assumed an acquaintance, though we had it not, insisted on my taking the room he had engaged, his manner was so reassuring that I accepted his sacrifice after a merely perfunctory protest. "But what will you do?" I asked next. He smiled. "What difference in the world does it make, Miss Addington, what an old campaigner like myself does? All I'd ask would be a chair, and a light, and a book, and I'd like nothing better than reading the night out. I dare say, though, that the landlord will insist on giving me a shakedown somewhere."

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Now, I doubt if Mr. Dolignan had averaged in his life an hour's reading a week, and I am sure that for years, whenever he saw himself fated to a night out of bed, drink and gambling were the refuges that presented themselves to his thought; but he delivered this little speech with an excellent manner, and evidently with the fullest confidence in that odd superstition (promulgated chiefly by people who hate the cold, unsensuous face of type) that to read is in itself virtuous. The manner was, in truth, very like young Newman's, that is, of the best quiet English kind. Plainly Dolignan was enjoying a rehearsal of a new part; not that his consciousness took note of his model as such; his unconscious mind was the governing power with him.

The members of the company who were returning to the city hurried off as soon as possible to catch their train, and Mr. Dolignan escorted me to a little old-fashioned tavern, old-fashioned enough to be able to put forth the standard Long Island boast that Washington had slept in it. The distance was short, and once there Dolignan immediately put me in the sleepy landlord's charge, and lifted his hat with a grave good-night. The success of his imitation of Newman was greatest when perhaps he was giving it least attention. After turning away he came back, and, begging my pardon, asked with genuine diffidence if I would consider it an intrusion or too much of a bore —if it would suit my convenience to allow him to order breakfast for us both before I came down in the morning, and if he might have his with me. "There's a train leaves at ten something, so you will not need to be in a hurry," he added, after thanking me for my answer.

The next morning I was shown into the little sitting-room of the place, and there Mr. Dolignan and I were served with breakfast more in the fashion of an English country inn than of an American hotel, and I never till this moment thought of it that this was probably due to the efforts of my cavalier. I know, at any rate, that he took a personal pleasure in the fact that I found things pleasant. I was in good spirits, as with a sense of adventure, and I was amused and touched with the absurdity, the topsy-turviness of my *rôle* of *protégée* here, and with the scrupulous conscientiousness of my unique chaperon.

He was as proud as a child of his beautiful behavior. He served me with the benevolent pleasure of a host, and he tempered his cordiality by a florid, ceremonious respect that constantly repeated the assertion, made in his first burst of confidence; "I tell you, Miss Addington," he said, "I know a lady when I see one, and I know how to treat her. It's a pleasure and an honor to me to be able to show you that," said Mr. Dolignan, with emotion; and as for myself, I could have wept to see anything so infantine left to go about the world in the guise of a great mustached blackguard.

On the point of his moral, or immoral, character he himself soon began to discourse, taking a saddened tone effectively touched with quiet, desperate humor.

"It's no news to you, Miss Addington," he said, toying attentively with a spoon, "when I say I'm a good-for-nothing, reckless outcast; an outcast with no hope before me, and"—raising his dark, melancholy, smiling eyes—"deserving none; but I've not quite forgotten——"

I ventured to interrupt him. "I'm very glad, Mr. Dolignan, to take this chance to tell you one thing I know you to be; you are one of the finest actors I ever saw, or ever expect to see." The man stared at me with widening eyes, then his mouth—his mouth that generally looked so coarsened and depraved — quivered and twitched piteously; he mastered himself and said at last, brokenly, "God bless you for that, God bless you for it." Then he rose and stared long and silently, his hands in his pockets, into the glowing grate-fire, while the servant wheeled away the table. When he turned and spoke it was with the sincerity and dignity and the impersonal pride of the artist, and with the bitter humiliation of the man who had cut himself off from the artist's high hopes.

"Before God, it's the truth," he said,

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his beautiful voice vibrating like a 'cello note; "I am an actor, and one of the best—or *no,* meant to be one of the best God ever made. You know that, don't you? They all know, these little sixpenny stars, and all know that I can act, but they wouldn't say it the way you did just now. I've been that old drunken Dolignan too long, and I've not played parts the papers took any notice of since I was a young chap at Wallack's—they gave me a hundred dollars a week there—but all sorts of fakirs get that and more now; I've been on my beam ends too long for people to talk about my being one of the finest actors they ever saw. I'll not forget that you said it. I can tell you one thing, too; that is, that you know acting when you see it, you know it without waiting for help from the papers or the bill-boards. Maybe that's funny, but it's the sacred truth. I know I can act; I know I've got it in me as not many alive have, and when some of these little stock company cane-suckers in their fine clothes come and offer me a drink, and tell me they believe I've got some talent, and that I might get on, get up a bit if I'd keep straight, they don't know—that's the hell's sting of it, girl—*they don't know* why I'm mad and curse 'em, and go off and get drunk on my own whiskey. I know where I'm short. I'm a good enough actor to know what mighty few of 'em do know, and that's when I've seen my master. I've been about a bit in my time; I know we ain't got the touch on it right through they have in Paris, for instance; we don't get that training; but I'll tell you one thing, that is, that if I'd had the chance, if I could have *kept* my chance, if I'd not been the devil's own fool, I could have done it for myself till I could have dared to measure with any of 'em. I have the advantage that God Himself made me for this business.

"No, no; that's all behind me. There's no reform for me. My dear young lady, I'll tell you a piece of news: I don't care a tinker's malediction about the errors of my ways, except about the drink; it's that that knocks me out in the profession, and it's that I've got no hold or hope against. You might as well try to discipline yourself to keep your hand in the fire. They tell stories about asses doing that, too, but I ain't made that way. Yes, it's time you started; you will let me walk to the station with you, won't you? Thank you. Now let me say something: I don't put myself out about many people in this cockpit of a world, they are not apt to be in a worse fix than I am; but if you would ever give me the chance to do something for you, I'd be almighty glad, and the more trouble it was the gladder I'd be. That's a good deal more than I'd say to people I owe more—according to their way of thinking. But you've struck the spot where my gratitude lies. I don't know how such as you get on in this business, you've got a nice enough little vein of talent, you might do very well in time, but I don't see—however that's none of my business. Sometimes the old rounders, stars, and managers will listen to what I've got to say about acting and people more than they would to someone they'd treat better. I'll watch my chance to put in a word that may be some use to you, and as my acquaintance would reflect small honor on you, I'll take care not to claim yours—do it as if I didn't care a curse about it. Oh, I know the cattle, and how to make 'em believe what they hear; it's just as easy when it ain't so as when it is, if you know how, I'm sorry to say, for your sake—you're one of those that would fare better if things were otherwise."

The last was hurriedly but carelessly added, as an after-thought. Mr. Dolignan felt a great kindness for me just then, but for excellent reasons his own acting was a vastly more interesting topic than mine. I greatly enjoyed his talk of himself (reprehensible as some of it certainly was). Its tragic enthusiasm stirred my blood with sympathy and sorrow, for I believed he was right in his estimate of his power, and underlying it all was more mind than I had looked for; though, indeed, acting like his does not come about without a good share of mind behind it, however useless and out of sight in most of the

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affairs of life that mind may be. Dolignan's was a truly typical actor's organ; you could never tell when it would appear, nor for how long it would lie dormant, leaving him to meet the world in the meantime as a varied and ornate fool.

The other actors had left on an earlier train, and the last courtesy I owed him that day was his quiet choice of one later than my own. At the moment I failed to recognize that it was a courtesy, but during my journey my mind turned to the intolerable ennui I knew he must be suffering in that deserted village (for to him any place without show-folks must be counted empty), and I saw that he had made his first payment for my compliment by thus relieving me of his detrimental society.

It turned out, as at the time I feared it would, an expensive sacrifice for more than himself; that night, when I got to the theatre I found everything in a commotion because Dolignan had not yet come, and presently we learned that he was too drunk to appear—that is, very drunk indeed. There was a recasting and doubling of parts—the catastrophe was one for which there was always a degree of preparation—and the performance went on. Dolignan was said, by someone who met him coming from the Long Island Ferry, to have begun his potations this time "uncommon early."

His bravado about not caring for the errors of his ways except as they interfered with his career did not look so picturesque when I heard the next day—from the property man, who stopped me on the street—that he had that morning given "that pore little woman they call Mrs. Dolignan a black eye, pore thing." The property man was an Englishman himself, and similar tales had been told in the past as to his methods of maintaining family government—tales which he, in this woman's country of ours, winced under, and now he was most anxious to impress me with his indignation at Dolignan's brutality.

That night Dolignan was at his post, very sulky, barely bowing in answer to my greeting, and playing his wild part with a more desperate and sinister gayety than ever. The *Jacques* of the night before had seemed, despite all the dramatist's efforts, as fundamentally harmless as a big calf.

As the company was to start West shortly, and as I was not going with them, I imagined that my opportunities for profiting by the personal acquaintance of this particular child of genius were at an end, but I was mistaken. I was walking one morning of this week in Madison Square Park, on the Broadway side, when a loud oath and frightened shout in the street caused me to turn in time to see an exciting little scene that was over in five seconds. A gentleman, well known by sight to many of the passers-by as a great American tragedian, was caught before a tremendous, fast-rolling express wagon, other vehicles barring his way on every side, and not a tenth of a second to lose. Before thought could grasp the situation a big man had sprung from a passing car, and throwing himself powerfully against the horses as he caught them by the bits, he, at great risk to himself, so aided the frantic driver that the great tragedian, a slight, rather frail person, was left to get out of the way in safety, and not a dozen persons about realized that a national catastrophe had then and there been averted. The tragedian realized it, however, and when both he and his rescuer had skipped—necessity imperiously dictated that this should be their movement—out of the thickest of the fray, turned to speak to him.

I had recognized the big man as Dolignan, and now I saw, from the way the two met, that they were acquaintances. I had stopped a moment when an accident was imminent, and as I again pursued my way my path crossed that of the two men just as they entered the park. I bowed to Dolignan, but he stared at me, blankly, as I at the instant thought, but it was really with the abstraction of a person coming to a resolution. I was past him when I heard his voice calling my name, and I turned, to enter upon one of the queerest conferences that even I ever took part in.

To Dolignan, probably to the great tragedian, there was nothing remarkable

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in asking me, an actress, to stand on the sidewalk and talk to them. Women of business affairs are likely to find strong reasons, now and again, for conducting important interviews where they can, and actresses of various grades are continually expected to accept the street as the natural field for discussing their engagements. I was now to accept it as the natural field for discussing Mr. Dolignan's.

"Wait a minute," said that worthy, speaking softly, but with a strong excitement throbbing through his words; "you can do me the greatest favor in the world, perhaps. We three drew a little to one side of the broad walk. My first feeling, after the simple automatic impulse to do what was asked of me, was that amiable instinct and my general interest in everything were really carrying me too far. It was evidently not about my business that I was being stopped by Hal Dolignan. But there was a supplication, an agitation in his face that straightway shamed my small tentative scruples of ladyhood, and appealed to my simple humanity.

"Miss Addington, I don't know you enough to ask anything of you, but I've just told Mr. —— that you've been playing in the company with me this season—you'll say that I've been up to the mark, won't you?"

The tragedian spoke before I could. "Dolignan, we can't go into this thing here. I'll look into it, and certainly I'm likely now to try to do what you want. Come see me——"

"Look into it now," said Dolignan, "that's what I ask. I know how it will be before I can see you again. You'll think of something else to do for me. You'll buy me an annuity; before Heaven I believe that's what you'll do. You're a good fellow, Mac, but I don't want the annuity. You're a good fellow, but—I never was much of a liar—I saved your life just now to get the parts. I don't care what the salary is, but, Mac, have a little mercy, give me the parts, let me have half a show once before I die."

Words cannot paint the exquisite power of this brief plea, the half-mocking, half-tender bravado of the first sentences, never hiding the piteous eagerness below it, and at last passing away in that direct prayer, spoken with a simplicity utterly child-like. The stroke by which he defined his own motives in the rescue was masterly; it was as plain as a mathematical demonstration that it turned what was a nasty half-suspicion in the other man's mind into a certainty that was full of its own tragic and humorous appeal.

Dolignan said no more; he showed himself the artist he was in that. There was a moment's silence; his eyes looked like an imploring dog's.

"You haven't lost your talent—I can see that for myself," said the tragedian, with a grim humor that was not unkindly.

"I really seem to have no place in this interview," I said at last. "I scarcely know Mr. Dolignan, but I can tell you—I suppose that is what is wanted—that he has lost but one night since I've been in the company with him, and then he sent word that he was ill in time for a substitute to be gotten; at other times he has always out-acted anybody in the company, as you can probably guess," and I bade them good-day and hurried away, hastily examining my conscience to see how much it was strained; pleased, idiot-like, to find I had kept within the letter of the law, and rejoicing that I had escaped without disclosing the fact that I had played with the "Orphans" only six weeks. Evidently Dolignan's was a very demoralizing influence.

No one without experience of stage affairs is apt to guess how finally and completely damning to an actor's career is the suspicion that his capacity to appear nightly with the regularity of the returning hour is uncertain. What is an amusement to the rest of the world is the all-absorbing business of life behind the scenes, and any irregularity in any performer's relation to the performance is a thing vitally affecting the interests of all concerned in it. The "Two Orphans" is a play demanding so many people, and it has been running along so many years, that a substitution can be accomplished in its cast on short notice with altogether exceptional ease. Otherwise, even the good nature of the Star could never have

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availed to keep Dolignan in his place, for, as I knew, his record for the last few weeks had not been exceptionally good.

That night, when I arrived at the theatre I found him awaiting me at the stage door — not the one that he had once pointed out to me with so unpleasant a manner. He held out his hand to me silently. "God bless you," he said, as he held the door back for me to pass. I knew by this profound cordiality that he had conquered with the great Star, that he had a new engagement and some parts to his mind. To be sure, unintelligent logic might have led me to expect as much grateful consideration in the case of failure as in that of success, but sometimes my intelligence is sufficient to enable me to judge human beings without logic.

"I've got the engagement—for this season too—as his leading man," said Dolignan, stopping again in the passageway. "Do you know what that means? That means *Othello* and *Iago*, both." He stared down at me in triumphing silence for a moment. In answer to my congratulations and questions he said, "Yes, sir, my engagement begins at the end of the month. I've had luck. There's some kind of row on with the fakir they've got, so now they're going to fire him. I'm to give the Missus notice to-night. It's a little irregular, but she won't mind; I suppose, in fact, she'll be more than half glad to get me off her hands, now I've seen her through New York. Are you in a hurry? I'd like to speak to you a bit; there's not much chance after the piece is on; it's ten minutes yet till the curtain goes up. I'll only take a minute." We had gone into the dim, dusty, all but empty green-room; he placed a chair for me, sat down himself, and stared moodily at the floor. "It seems the damnedest nonsense when I come right up to it," he abstractedly remarked at last; he never used the mysteriously tabooed word to me when he remembered himself. "The fact is, Miss Addington," he went on, "I've got a kind of feeling as if you were a sort of mascot where I'm concerned. That's why I stopped you to-day—I suppose I ought to beg your pardon about that, come to think of it. But you see you *know*, you see for yourself what I could do. It seems——" He stopped.

"It seems to me as if that gave you a sort of claim on me, when I can serve you in anyway."

"Thank you, I suppose I had some such notion myself, though I shouldn't have got myself up to say it myself. I'm glad you did, though. I don't want to bore you, but I'm going to make the struggle of my life now—to stop drinking. I've got to stop, and" —a pause, he was looking at me now— "I believe it would be the greatest help in the world if you'd let me come and call on you a few minutes every day—for me to know that I had to show up to you."

There was an impersonality in this appeal that must have been witnessed to be fathomed; but withal, and despite all I detested about the man, despite my bottomless distrust of him in every conceivable non-artistic capacity, my heart melted, not only to the great actor, but to the creature himself.

No wonder Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that the strength of the maternal sentiment in women unfits them for political duties, by the bias it gives them in favor of those most needy and least worthy. At that moment I would have wrecked willingly all that worthy tragedian's prospects for life to give Dolignan what he called half a show. But then, you see, an artistic enthusiasm, too, weakened my sense of justice here; I believed Dolignan to be far and away the finer actor.

Well, it was surely a queer business —that institution of daily calls from Dolignan. Dolignan could furnish a remarkably emotional respect and regard for me at moments—for moments; all sentiments and opinions, good and bad, passed easily with him into momentary emotions, and I embodied to his notion several things to the reverend names of which he was professionally accustomed to thrill; but when it came to sitting down opposite me as an afternoon caller, and that not once, as an experiment in manners, but every day for two weeks, the nightmare of boredom with which he felt his superstition had saddled him lit his eye the first day he came as with terror. I saw

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that unless I bestirred myself my reputation as a mascot would be more than destroyed, its ashes would bring forth the grim fact that I had driven a fellow-being to suicidal intoxication. I did my best; I set him talking about himself. It was not hard to do, and yet I feel compunction at having put the matter so crassly, for most of us are more offensively vain in talking of ourselves than was he. It was not perhaps that his vanity was less, but his impersonal enthusiasms were more, and then he possessed such an exceptional advantage in having something to be vain about; his professional ardor continually led him into interesting digressions about people and performances unconnected with his own glory. We talked shop all but exclusively, there lay all Dolignan's interest; not an uncommon state of affairs with an actor, to be sure, but in him this typical condition was the outcome of causes typical, too, but unusually deep and single in their workings. He was, as we have seen, one of those fortunate people in whom the gift and the inclination met, and the one was as strong as the other was great; all the world moved before him as but the material and the scene for acting. The dramatic instinct of childhood was in him unaltered in kind, and it is only by remembering the unanalytical attitude of the child, the attitude that unhesitatingly accepts all the world's outward phenomena as mere suggestions for imitative play, that one can realize his real standpoint. It is not a logical position, even viewed merely as to the emotional force of acting; of course it is because there is a reality which it interprets that acting is moving, but Dolignan's mind was no such close-knit organ as to let this delicate pedantry stand in his way. He did not always, through every turn of life, feel that people ate and drank and loved and hated for the final enrichment of the drama; he, too, did these things, and, at the moment, for their own sake, and it was part of his admirable mummer's outfit that he should have an uncommon intensity in his feelings; but when these feelings, one after another, were past, all that remained with him—one might almost say all that united them in memory to give him identity—was his abiding sense of their value as the stuff of which acting is made. He had, in fact, to a degree calculated to force repudiation of it upon its most devoted exponents and expounders, the temperament which they defensively define as, *par excellence*, the artistic; that is, there was not the germ of character in him; the hour, the moment made him, and he was no more surely to be counted upon for evil, where a touch of purpose, of continuity were asked, than for good. To be sure, his temperamental brethren might impressively point out that he could act, when not overwhelmingly intoxicated, and, in fact, here was one fruitful passion that had the force and fixity of a principle; and he was right, however it may square with our ethical preferences, in believing it was only drunkenness that effectually crippled his career. I verily believe that he could have played virtue better after one of his most definite engagements with vice, fortified as he would then have been by a natural reaction, and seeing all the beauty of holiness with the discriminating appreciation of an outsider—so different are the moral ideas of the Maker of actors from those of some famous æsthetic essayists.

There are forty mysteries in the psychological processes of acting, and not the least, nor to me least painful, is that giving grounds for the proposition supported by Mr. Augustine Birrell, and as he thinks—with reason—by Shakespeare, that the practice of this entrancing, deep-rooted art is in itself demoralizing. I am too profound an optimist to assent to an opinion opening the way to such an alarming train of pessimistic admissions as I speedily perceive looming up in the background here, but though I imagine that there must be something greatly wrong in the fundamental conditions of our stage (the Greeks seemed to have managed better) to give occasion for such opinions, I recognize, as have so many great actors, that there is occasion for them not easily explained away; and it is not with any swelling sense of settling the whole difficulty that I humbly submit one little fact to the controversy, and that

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is, that no acting ever could have demoralized in the smallest degree the plastic Dolignan. I believe there are rarely lofty and simple natures of whom the same thing could be said; Dolignan's immunity, so differently obtained, was equally assured.

It appears there were more sides than one to his proud declaration that God made him for this business.

By singular good fortune he was to begin his new engagement in a fortnight. During that time I saw him, as he had planned, every day, sometimes for only a few minutes, sometimes for an hour. He was always perfectly sober, always a little distrait and half-crossly humble until the interview was launched, when, as you have seen on other occasions, he became unconscious of me, except as an audience. He said but little about his new parts, though he was having to work at them hard. He even expressed a feeling similar to Goethe's, as to the undesirability of talking about artistic work in the making.

"You just upset yourself gassing about a part," said he; "the more you like it the more apt you are to kind of turn yourself against it someway, telling what you are going to do instead of just lying low and doing it."

Nevertheless he did confide to me that *Iago* was the greatest thing an actor ever got hold of.

"Greater than *Othello?*" I asked.

"Well, of course that's according to how you look at it," was the answer, given with an air of impartial authority; "we've seen *Othello* played for all it's worth."

"It's worth a good deal," I ventured.

"You bet," he solemnly responded, nodding his head slowly; "it's just worth all that emotion can make a part, way-up emotion too, but I tell you there's a kind of go—I don't know what to call it—swing—I don't mean any two-for-a-nickel swagger either, but there's something to be gotten out of a villain that I never saw in leading business yet. It can't get sympathy, of course, but just for pure acting, well, *Iago* for me!"

"Do you have to give in to the stage management much about your ideas?"

"Some," he answered, rather gloomily; "of course you've got to knuckle to the star; it takes away most of my best points, but I expected that; but the little things, those that count most to yourself, whether you can make the house see 'em or not, the *way* I do the business they've laid out for me, I run myself. As long as I don't interfere with other people, I don't let 'em dictate to me there; Mac wouldn't, now that he's let me in at all; he knows I know my business, and he knows I know he knows it."

Toward the end of the fortnight he grew very nervous and moody. He told me, as if it were a joke, but with a question in his eye, that he'd get seats for me if I wanted to come to Philadelphia for his first night.

When that proposition was dismissed, to my great delight he invited me to come to his last rehearsal, in New York, of the play in which his hopes were centred, "Othello."

The whole play was not gone over, but the great scenes between the two men were acted rather than rehearsed, and some of them, with an exchange of parts, were acted twice; and there, on that gloomy, bare stage, with various superfluous people, stage hands in shirt-sleeves and actors in silk hats, drifting distractingly about, I had my poor best opportunity to take Dolignan's measure. At moments his acting triumphed over everything, even, incredible achievement, over the wretched necessity of frequently returning to his own every-day personality. But he had evidently put himself in some finely tempered state that enabled him to meet all the distractions of the occasion without lapsing from the exaltation of creation, and it was the most curious thing imaginable to see how this exaltation served him equally—no, not equally, but served him—whether he turned it into the agony of the Moor, or the unhuman, indefinably vivid life that burned in *Iago*.

He was not one without judgment as to his own work. It was in *Iago* that I, sitting solitary in the shadowy empty house, found him supremely fine. His *Othello* was often piteous and terrible, and, what you will perhaps find more

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singular, it was constantly informed with a simple nobility; inevitably it could bear no comparison in detail and finish with the playing it recalled; but it had a true ring of its own, and there were moments, sounds, movements that tore the heart and disqualified one for criticism. The man's symbols of feeling carried, they struck his auditor with the force he aimed to give them —an infallible proof of a high histrionic vocation.

But in the *Iago* (though I might well hesitate to make a statement so likely to be viewed as self-condemnatory)—I could feel no lack of detail, could conceive no higher finish, except the finish of setting, of fair opportunity. It was an inspiration; it was accomplished with so triumphant a union of identities—the actor's and the character's—that no experience, no refining could be expected to seriously better it. It answered, that is for itself and for the spectator—far be it from me to say more—the question of *Iago's* motive; no one could have asked it about this *Iago.* There he lived in his soldierly beauty and empty pride, telling with quick-changing voice and look and movement the dark story of his tremendous temperamental zest for life (that zest that was such a ready basis for his assumptions of bluff heartiness, such an element of universal fascination), and of his quick mind's disenchantment with all beneath the visiting moon, its utter despisal of the whole round of existence; a creature born without affections and with a wonderful, superficially penetrating, sceptical brain, perishing in the conflict between ennui and irrepressible impulses of activity, mirthlessly mocking at the barrenness of revenge, and playing with passion's fools around him without malignity, but—more awful—with the utterest, bitterest indifference to everything but his own fostered interest and entertainment in the poor, reckless sport—a devil rationally and subtly conceived.

But oh! the gap between written words, between mere cold mental analysis, things that this great artist would have contemned too much to try to understand, and *Iago's* presence, gratifying eye and ear and brain, and touching the soul with cold terror.

. . . . . .

You have divined that the man never played the part; that that day, when the weary, fearsome game had been played out, when the arch-plotter, caught like his victims in the death-trap he had set, had finally seen the end with a chill, bottomless carelessness that was like a glimpse of hell itself, the curtain fell on that performance forever. Dolignan never played with the great star. He drank himself insensible the day the engagement was to begin. I heard of him no more till I came upon this brief paragraph in a newspaper. "It appears that Henry Dolignan, an actor of some talent, and who was once a member of Wallack's company, died last week in Moline, Ill., of delirium tremens. Dolignan was known to no one in the place, left no money or valuables, and was buried in the Potter's Field. These facts have been brought to light by members of The Cellar Door Company, who have been playing in the place."

I had always found my sentiments about Dolignan the most wonderfully and hopelessly inconsistent I had ever simultaneously entertained. For the man I had felt too great a contempt for it to be otherwise than good-natured, and for the player, the unconsciously deep-sighted, the joyous, the heart-broken artist, my heart swelled with reverence simply, that irrepressible reverence which one who deeply loves an art, this art with its intensely personal quality of all others, pours out on the source of his expanded being.

Now, at last, in the stillness after the sorry end, my feelings resolved themselves into harmony, and at last I had a better comprehension of the big, bad, foolish, unguided child, with his one golden gift and his helpless temperament, who would have been good enough in a good world, and who in his wild stumblings through what was for him something like the worst of this one, had once reached out his hand to me for help.

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Medal of Charles VIII.

Medal of Anne of Brittany.

ANNE OF BRITTANY'S CHÂTEAUX IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

By Theodore Andrea Cook.

AT the château of Langeais, in the winter of 1491, was celebrated with great rejoicings the marriage of Charles VIII. of France to Anne of Brittany.

The little town upon the right bank of the Loire, some few miles west of Tours, is scarcely changed since the days when Philippe de Comines and the Duke of Orleans rode down the straggling highway talking to the Maréchal de Gié of the wars in Brittany. The château which Jean Bourrée built for Briçonnet, stands there too, towering above the houses and reflecting the sunbeams from its tall slate turrets, rising like vast extinguishers into the clear blue air. From either side of the main street, which seems to serve only as an approach to the great gates of the fortress at the end, there branch out little avenues lined with queer slanting roofs and curving window-frames, with a background of river-banks or of the sloping vineyards rusted red brown in the warm sunlight of Touraine. It is all but little changed, and the chief memory that hangs about the place is still the marriage that brought Brittany to France and joined the ermine to the *fleur de lys*. The château of Langeais itself is peculiarly happy in the good fortune that has given it the grace of modern habitation, the added charm of living presence, to lend a harmonious reality to the memories which its ancient stones recall; for within the walls where the royal marriage contract was drawn up, where the English garrison had been quartered in the days of the Hundred Years' War, where Du Bellay long afterward laughed with Rabelais, that prince of talkers, over the festivities at Rome or the latest fashions of Ronsard's cultivated muse, it is still possible to wander pleasantly from room to room, to people hall and stairway with the vanished ghosts of history, to recall the throng of men and women who once filled the château with a life so different to our own.

But rarely is it possible to follow out the destinies of one who has long ago passed from the changes of the world, in the very walls which once echoed to the falling of her footsteps or sounded to the murmur of her words; still more rarely can this be done in France, the land of revolutions, the land where all that had to do with monarchy has been so ruthlessly attacked, often so irrevocably ruined. But in Touraine this may yet be done. Along the valley of the Loire filled with the châteaux of the kings of France, and with the pleasure-houses of their greatest nobles, there is more left of the old life and its monuments of living stone than perhaps in any other space of equal extent in Europe. If there be a fault it is only the absence of the beautiful English parks that most strikes the stranger in this valley; in very few places are the old trees left standing, if ever they were planted. A perfect French Renaissance château, such as Azay le Rideau,

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set in the perfect surroundings of such a home as Hatfield, is apparently an impossible combination. But though sometimes, as at Chinon,

> "All within is dark as night,
> In the windows is no light,
> And no murmur at the door,
> So frequent on its hinge before;"

yet in the greater number of cases the old castles are preserved with a refinement and a good taste beyond all praise: so that, as with the great château at Blois, repairs have been so carefully made, that the freshness of the first realization of the Renaissance architect is put vividly before the modern traveller.

Throughout the whole land of Touraine are scattered numerous evidences, less in size, but equal in finished beauty, of the exquisite school of art and architecture that flourished along the fair valley. Such an instance is the Hôtel Gouin, at Tours, a house still lived in and still preserved with the clearness of its arabesques undimmed and the delicacy of its carving and construction unimpaired.

Anne of Brittany was still a Queen of France when this French school of art was on the point of reaching its perfection, when the wing of Louis XII. at Blois was possible, but Azay was not yet achieved; yet there remain but few châteaux in the Loire Valley that, either in beauty or in interest, can compare with the various homes of Anne of Brittany. At Langeais she first entered Touraine, where she was to live in Amboise, in Loches, in Blois, and in this last to die; and though she stayed but a little while in Langeais, it is, perhaps, of all her habitations, the one which survives in the greatest perfection at the present day; for by the care of its owner, M. Siegfried, its parks and terraces are fresh and verdant, its circling buttresses are strong, the very life within its walls is lived amid surroundings in harmony with the aged battlements of the fortress built in the reign of Louis XI. It needs but little reconstructive faculty to imagine the wedding procession crossing the drawbridge amid a blare of trumpets between the lines of the Royal Guards, and passing the great entrance gates, just a tinge whiter than they are now, to the hall whose windows can be seen from the courtyard within. Inside this hall was drawn up the formal contract in which was already shown the acute Breton instinct which was a characteristic of the Queen till death. It was a contract whose importance may allow us to linger a little, not unprofitably perhaps, in the great room hung with faded tapestry that looks out upon the park beyond.

The little bride who had been brought here from the west had not been won without a struggle, and had been worth the winning. She was born at the château of Nantes early in the year 1476, and very soon the troubles which beset her native duchy brought the young princess into prominence. When she was but nine years old, the little daughter of Duke Francis was made solemnly to swear, in the presence of the Estates of Brittany assembled, that, so far as in her lay, she would do nothing that would harm the independence of the duchy which she was soon to inherit as her own. From every side there threatened danger — from England, from Spain, above all from France the clouds were gathering. The two first were quickly disposed of, but the quarrel of the young Louis, Duke of Orleans, with Anne de Beaujeu, who was regent during the minority of Charles VIII., soon involved Brittany in a struggle which could have but one fatal issue for her freedom. The old story of the reign of Charles VI. seemed likely to be renewed; the regent was bitterly opposed by the princes of the blood, and when opposition became no longer possible at court, Louis d'Orleans fled for protection to the Duke of Brittany, the old enemy of Louis XI. A war became inevitable, and equally inevitable was the defeat of Orleans and his party at St. Aubin du Cormier. The shame of this reverse brought Anne's father to his grave, and she became Duchess of Brittany in her own right; but still the situation remained dangerous and uncertain, for the duchy was at the mercy of her husband, whoever he

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might be, and suitors were not wanting to carry off so rich a prize. Orleans himself had done his best, the Seigneur d'Albret had been tempted to alliance by the promise of the princess's hand, Maximilian, the son of the Emperor, was an acknowledged suitor, and to this last the ambition of the youthful duchess soon inclined her. To the amusement of all Europe she took her first step into the world of politics by suddenly announcing her intention of marrying Maximilian, but no further results followed than the solemn insertion of an aged German ambassador's leg into the ducal couch. Madame Anne was far from satisfied; and still the quarrel with France dragged on, unappeased and apparently interminable.

It may well have been the astute daughter of Louis XI. who originated the idea of settling the Breton question by pacific means, since stronger measures seemed inevitably fruitless. In any case, an entirely new suitor now came forward for the hand of Anne of Brittany, a suitor backed by the army of France, and offering a throne by way of wedding gift, a suitor whose claims were even pressed by his old rival D'Albret, and strangest of all by Anne's first flame, the Duke of Orleans, whose favor with the powerful Anne de Beaujeu was priced at the successful negotiation of the Breton marriage. Maximilian alone seemed to come off hardly amid this general reconciliation; his wife had been the heiress of Burgundy; he could not be allowed to gain still further footing in the great estates of France, and he had to look on grumbling while Charles VIII. not only spoilt his second attempt at matrimony, but also repudiated his daughter, betrothed to the young French king at the Treaty of Arras, that Margaret of Austria, who was to play so prominent a part in European politics afterward, and to leave an enduring monument of her love for art in the famous carvings of the church at Brou. The treaty was rapidly concluded; Orleans fulfilled his somewhat delicate commission faithfully, helped by the Prince of Orange and by Dunois; Brittany was to keep her independence, but the King of France should be her duke. Accordingly from having been the weakest spot along the Gallic coast for England to invade, the western headlands now became the firmest bulwark against the traditional enemies of France. Arts and industry recovered quickly when once the desolated province was at peace, and the church of Folgoat and the tomb of the Duke Francis at Nantes remain to this day proofs of the prosperity and talent that were rife in Brittany when its duchess had become Queen of France.

Thus it was that more than usual importance attached to the contract signed on that December morning in the château of Langeais, and the courtiers who were watching the firm young Breton queen in her first attempt at royalty, might well admire the courage with which she asserted her own independence and quietly claimed all that could be got in return for the rich dowry she was giving. Her foresight even extended to the provision that in case of her present husband's death without an heir, she should, if possible, marry his successor, and in any case keep the sole control and independence of her beloved duchy. Perhaps she alone, among the throng that filled the great hall, had courage enough to imagine the death of the rough, good-hearted young monarch who stood by her side; the rest were taken up with the pleasures of the fête, with dreams of the future, with all the aspirations of which Charles had already eagerly spoken to the young companions, who were only too ready to follow him in any hare-brained, chivalrous adventure. But the Court made only a short stay at Langeais and soon left it for Plessis-lez-Tours, the château of Louis XI., close to the town of Tours.

Of the castle whence Quentin Durward set out to escort the ladies of Croye, and where the frightened peasants watched the terrible old king battling with death during the last hideous months of his reign, little is left save one unornamental wing, a few dubious and evil-smelling excavations, and the traces of crumbling walls and towers scarcely visible amid the ruins of a long-lasting neglect, still further

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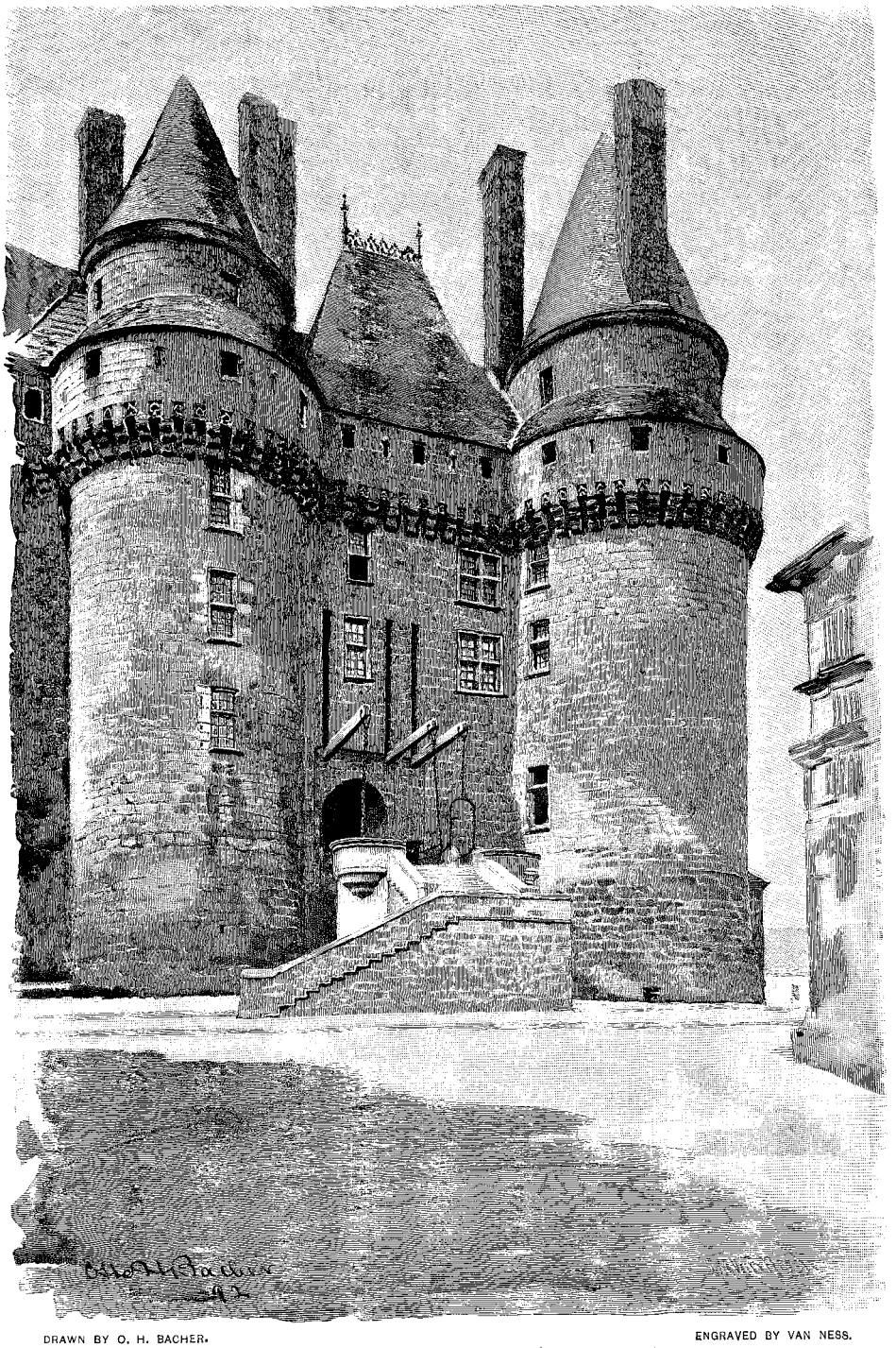

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER. ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

Entrance Gate and Drawbridge of the Château of Langeais.

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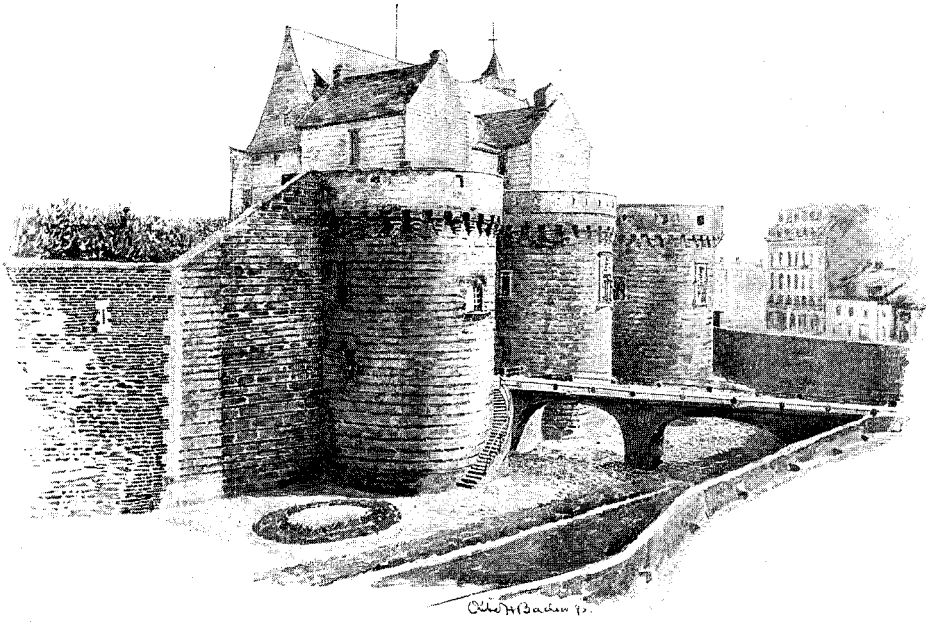
blemished by modern and odoriferous manufacture. Even when Charles VIII. brought his bride to Plessis the château which his father had surrounded with circle within circle of mantraps, gibbets, and other cheerful evidences of well-lived joy of children, boys who were to die in the first years of their youth; the king himself was not much in her company, for politics near home had to be settled, Maximilian and the English to be pacified, Spain more easily, for



The Château of Nantes.

come to the inquisitive stranger, cannot have been a pleasant place of sojourn. Anne must have been glad enough to find herself, later on, at St. Denis, clad in white satin, amid a rejoicing crowd of enthusiastic Parisians who welcomed her first public appearance as a consecrated Queen of France. Among the rest, Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, was watching her, and with the quick eyes of his artistic race noticed her small stature and her slight but perceptible limp, her smiling yet resolute face that knew already how to win a favor, her watchful jealousy of the young king who rode beside her with his coarse good-humored face, prominent eyes, and overpowering nose.

And now for a time she fades out of public life; her first reception by the good citizens of Paris was the best that was ever to be given to her, for her sympathies were not always the sympathies of France. She was to have the short-Ferdinand and Isabella were occupied with the conquest of Grenada; but all somewhat too hastily, for the young king's mind was set on foreign wars. New movements seemed to be in the air, America had but just been discovered, printing had but just begun to scatter broadcast the learning of the ancients and the research of modern students, and the easily excited brain of Charles VIII. was soon roused to the great expedition into Italy which was the result of all the dreams of chivalry and conquest taught him by his strange education at Amboise.

It was at the castle of Amboise on the Loire, between Tours and Blois, that Anne of Brittany waited and watched her children die, while Charles careered unopposed through the Italian towns, and grim Savonarola thundered that the long threatened scourge of God was come upon the delicate wickedness of Italy.

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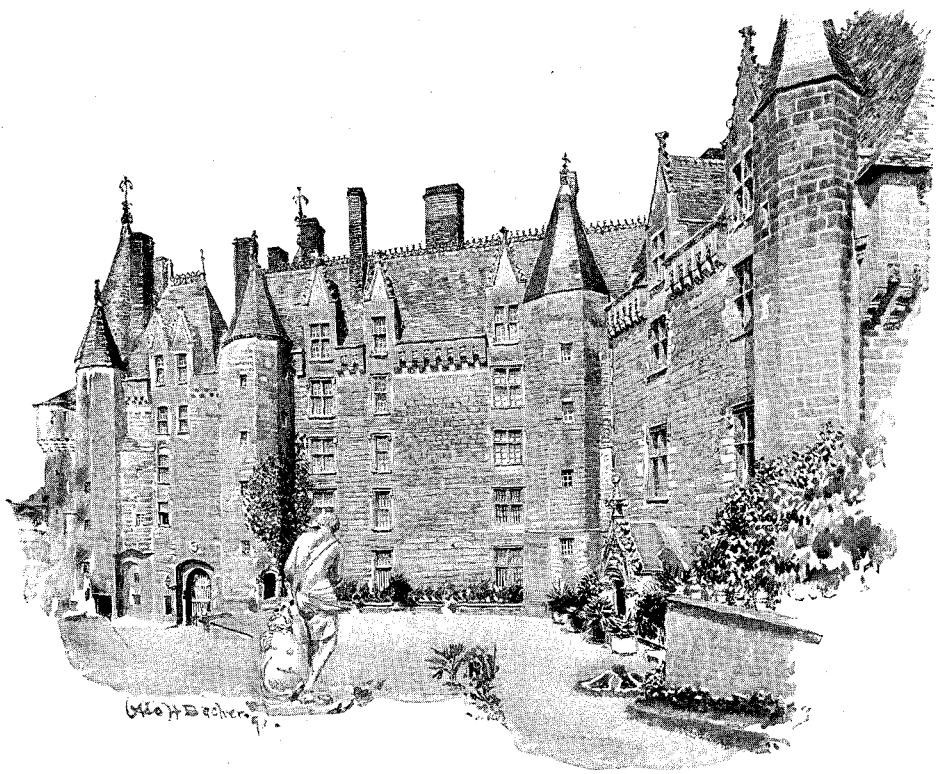
The view of the wide sweep of the Loire from the gardens of Amboise, poised high above the river-bank, is one of the finest among many in the châteaux of Touraine. The castle, that has but just been saved from ruin by the timely restoration of the Comte de Paris, now languishes again during his exile, and there is hardly a trace of its old splendors save in the great round towers that rise sheer from the town nestling beneath, and in the long façade wherein is the rusted iron balcony from which Catherine de Medicis and the Guises watched the slaughter of the Huguenots.

While the king was loitering at Lyons, on his return from Italy, came the news that the Dauphin, the only son left to him, was in peril of death. Within three days the boy was dead.

In the cathedral of Tours the most beautiful monument which the town can show is the tomb of the children of Charles VIII., which was originally in the great church of St. Martin.

"The grief of the queen," says Comines, "was violent and lasted long," and the king's awkward attempts at consolation could only make it harder to be borne, for in the dance that was produced to soothe Anne's melancholy the Duke of Orleans footed it the merriest of all, feeling himself a step nearer to the throne of France. The same historian tells us how Charles tried again to smother grief, this time in bricks and mortar; how he brought workmen from Naples and built the round towers at Amboise, in which the ascent is so contrived, with a gradual slope of red bricks without any steps, that it is possible to ride up on horseback to the top, as did the Emperor Charles in the next century when he paid a visit to King Francis.



Inner Courtyard of the Château of Langeais.

(To the right is the hall in which Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII.)

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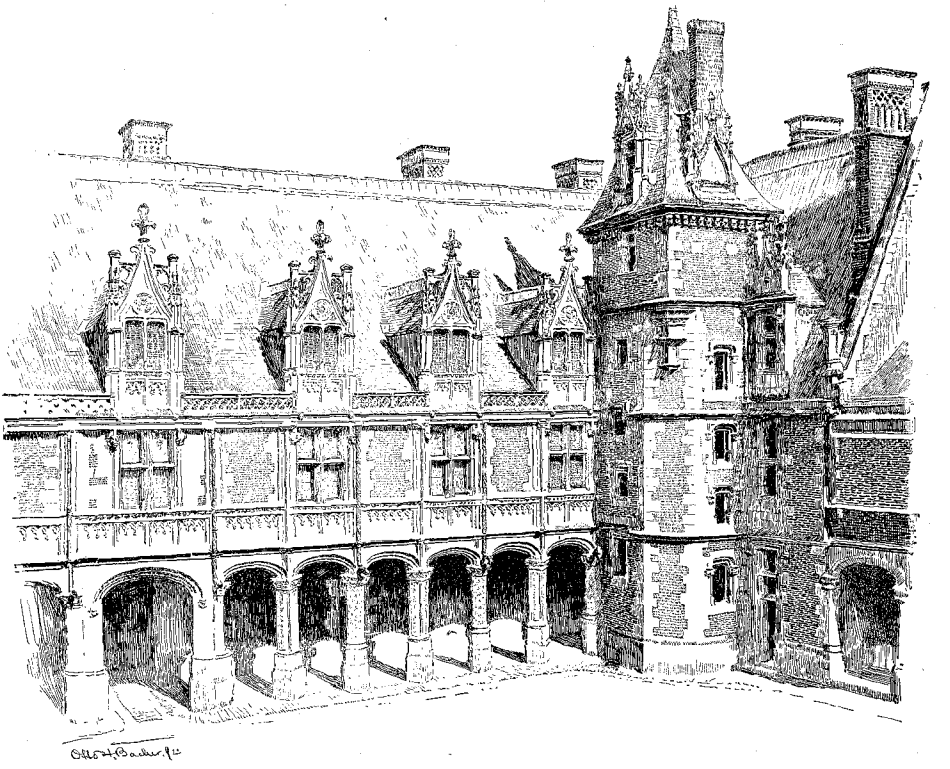
Beyond the grove of clipped lime-trees in the garden and at the western end of the long terrace on the river-wall, is a low doorway beneath which Charles met his death. This romantic dreamer and conqueror of Italy died in a very prosaic fashion. In passing through the low arch, to watch a game of tennis, he hit his head against the stone lintel and died after a few hours of unconsciousness.

The widowed queen left Amboise for a time; but we shall meet her there again, for the strange presentiment that may have prompted the last clause she inserted in the contract at Langeais came true, to the surprise of everyone. Charles VIII. was dead, and dead without an heir, and his successor, Louis XII., the same Duke of Orleans who had met Anne in her first youth long before, now divorced the wife who had been forced upon him, and married his first love in the Cathedral of Nantes in January, 1499.

He brought her home from Brittany to the famous palace of the Orleans family, the great château of Blois, where the statue of Louis XII. on horseback stands above the gateway of the wing he built.

Nantes and Langeais we have seen already; the first a type of the old Breton fortress hardly changed at all from the necessities of constant defence; the second with all the machinery of warfare still apparent, yet with a subtle difference just beginning to show in the arrangement of the rooms, in the facing of the inner court with battlements and embrasures, useless but appropriately decorative. At Amboise the vast round towers, the gardens hanging high above the town, the long embattled terraces and galleries, far removed from the dangers of attack, yet already instinct with a fresh charm of ease and habitation, show in the same way that the English have left France at peace at last, that the Black Prince's troops



Exterior of the Apartments of Anne of Brittany in the Wing of Louis XII. at the Château of Blois.

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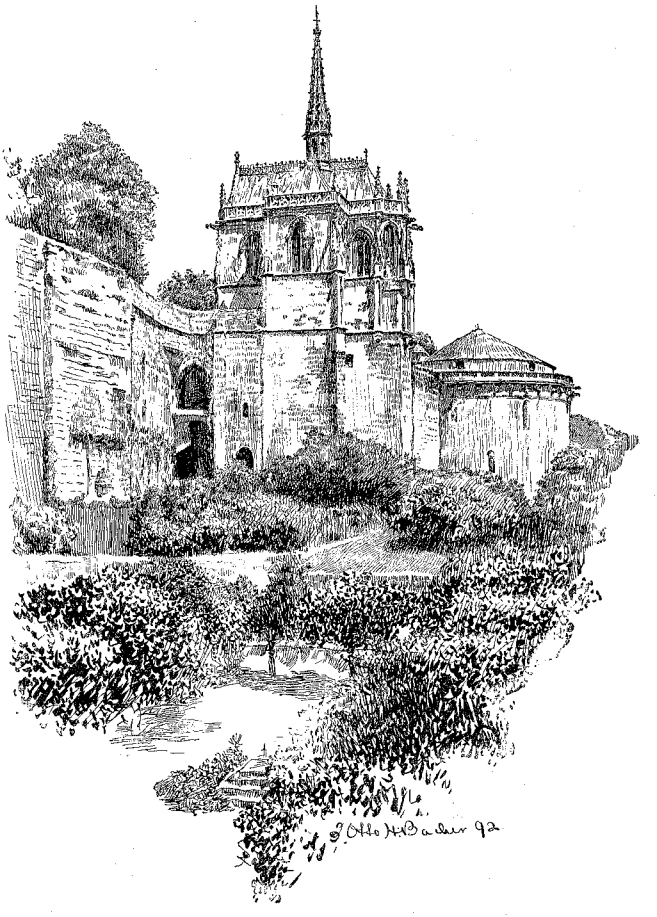
have ceased from harrying the green garden of France, that it is time to give a new grace to the castle that shall be dwelt in with a new sense of security, a new longing for the beautiful, unfettered by the stern necessities of war. At Loches we shall see this change in architecture strikingly emphasized; the old heavy-buttressed wall with narrow windows rises side by side with the smiling new building of the French Renaissance, the larger casements, carved and beautiful, flung wide to let in the light that had come, and come more abundantly. And so it is at Blois, where Louis XII. built his new palace without fear of invasion, with no thought but of what he knew of best and loveliest for man to dwell in. The old machicolated battlements with their grim meurtrières, their deep moats and cunning drawbridges have disappeared, and frieze and cornice, carved panel and sculptured niche are strewn in profusion across the entrance-wall in which all pretence of military architecture is well-nigh forgotten: while once within the court-yard the imagination of the old master-masons of the Loire, quickened by contact with the Italian influences which the Dukes of Orleans brought to Blois, gave itself full swing, in delicate carving above window and doorway, soft flutings and fretted embroidery to columns in the court, subtle ornamentations even to the chimney-stacks above the high pitched roof. The king could find enough that was solid and uninterestingly strong in the great keeps of Chinon, where the castle of the Plantagenets frowned across the deep ravine at the entrance of the French fortress, and that again was but an out-work to the intrenched Tour du Coudray within. Dungeons there were in plenty, and to spare, in the mountain of masonry at Loches, beneath which Comines wiled away his hours of prison with notes for his history, and where Ludovico Sforza ended his life of bloodshed and intrigue in blackness of darkness some hundred feet below the light of day. Blois was built to hold more cheerful guests; the old feudal fortress that the Counts of Champagne had reared upon the ruins of the Roman camp had gone like the rough times of fighting and distress that saw it built; the government of Louis XII., "The Father of his People,"



Chapel of St. Hubert, built by Anne of Brittany, at the Château of Amboise.

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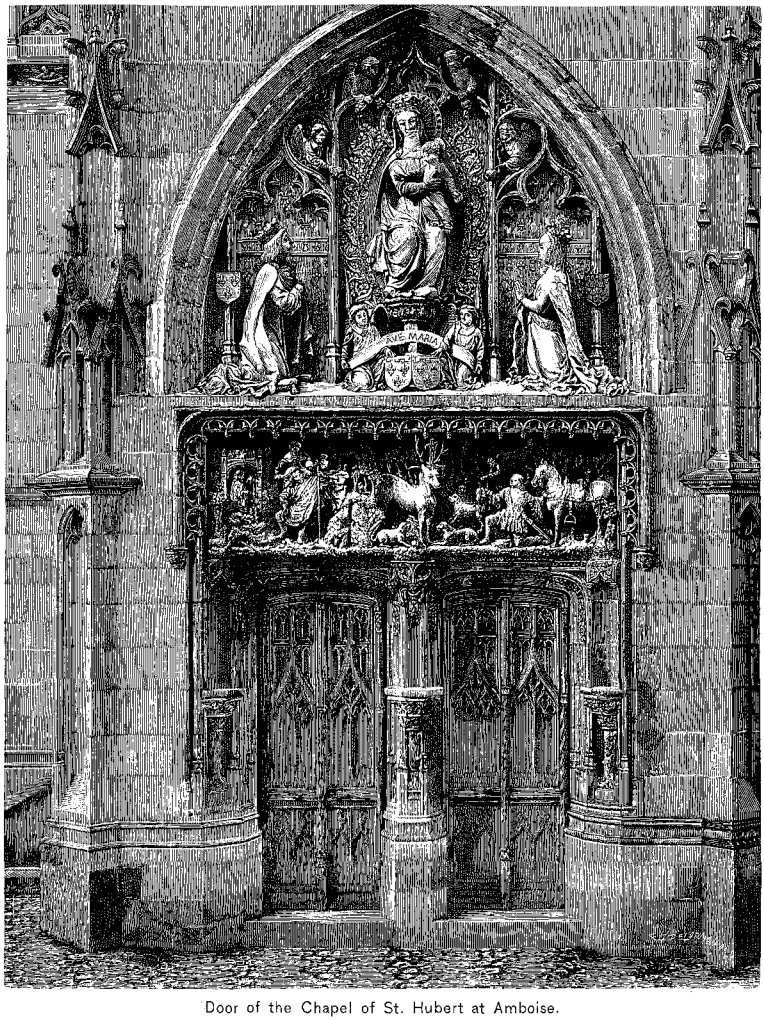
had begun, and the walls of his queen's favorite dwelling place at Blois were an earnest of the blessings of his reign, a promise of the still more beautiful additions to the architecture of France that were to leave their most exquisite



Door of the Chapel of St. Hubert at Amboise.

example in the carved open staircase of Francis I., in that side of the courtyard of Blois where Anne of Brittany, while the king was away across the Alps, strolled among her flower-beds or watched the faithful body-guard of her countrymen upon the Perche aux Bretons.

But life in her palace above the Loire was not always uneventful, and the king returned from one of his Italian campaigns to find Blois filled with preparations for a visitor of no small importance; the Scottish guard, with golden crowns embroidered on their white surcoats, were moving to and fro with the Breton soldiers of the queen, forming in line to greet the royal cortége that was advancing to the château. The Archduke Philippe le Beau (son of that same Maximilian whose ineffectual suit we have already noticed), with his wife Jeanne, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was travelling through France to visit his good friend Louis XII., and the court chamberlain of the time has left a minute description of the ceremonies, the furniture, the food, and

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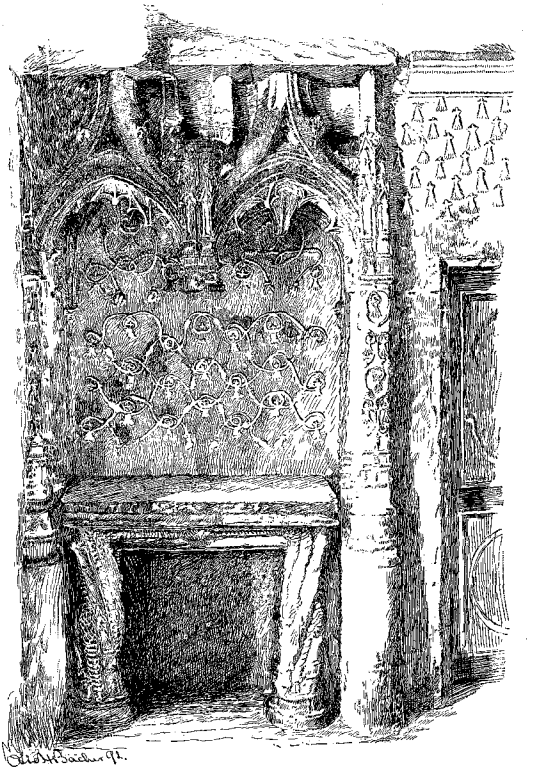
the amusements of the many dignitaries assembled together on the occasion. Claude, the little daughter of the queen, was not yet of an age to appreciate the elaborate greetings and processions of which she was the unwilling object, and doubtless much preferred the privacy of her own little room next to the king's, where she could admire the small lambs and ducklings, in beautiful pink and yellow down and feathers, playing about the folds of her tapestry, with various mottoes embroidered near them to point the hidden moral of their gambols, all of which might be watched at ease from beneath the great green canopy above the royal cradle, without fear of interruption from Madame de Tournon, who slept beneath the black hangings in the corner opposite. Expeditions might even be timorously made into her mother's boudoir, all hung with the figures of warriors fighting; or if this were somewhat too martial for the little wanderer, there was an enchanting kind of zoological garden in the bedroom beyond, which was filled with life-like representations of strange beasts and birds, and savages from unknown climes, of great and fascinating interest.

Meanwhile the weather outside was bad, and the royal guests had to amuse themselves as they could until they left the castle as pompously as they had arrived. But the visit had not been so entirely given over to correct festivities as the good chamberlain would have us believe. Unfortunately for Anne's reputation as a patriotic Frenchwoman, politics had their place as well, and the general unpopularity of the marriage then proposed between her daughter Claude and the archduke's son, and eagerly encouraged by the queen, was very clearly shown in the Estates which were held at Tours soon after.

That veteran in war and politics, the Maréchal de Gié, had ventured in vain to express his disapproval; the queen neglected his advice just as she disdained to notice the coldness of her reception by the citizens of Paris about this time; it was only when the king, who began to see clearly perhaps when his illness had given him the time to think, had solemnly betrothed his daughter Claude to the young Francis, Duke of Angoulême, that the queen felt herself obliged to submit, outwardly at least; but she was still far from acquiescent, and not the least dramatic among the episodes of her life is this silent struggle which now began between the Breton and the Savoyard woman, as to which should be the mother of the future King of France.

But Providence refused to bless Anne with a man-child; the terribly realistic entries in the journal of Louise de Savoie show how eagerly events were watched from Amboise, where the young heir Francis was playing with his sister Marguerite and little Fleuranges, under the watchful eye of the Maréchal de Gié. The tension was too great to last long without some sudden outburst of the pent-up feeling on both



Oratory of Anne of Brittany in the Château of Loches.

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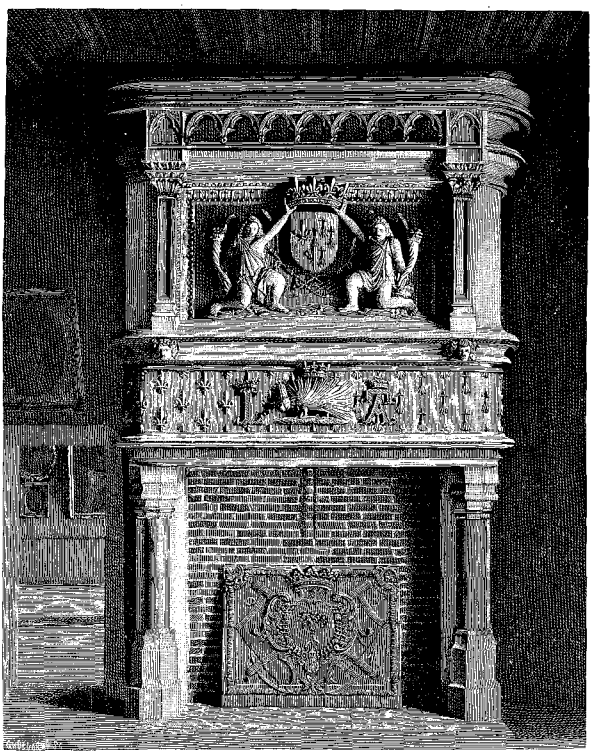
sides, and the blow fell on the least deserving, upon one who had put his trust in princes, and had taken no other care for his own safety than to serve them loyally. During the illness of the king, the cautious little Breton lady had sent several barges down the Loire to Nantes her life, she was never able to rest quiet for long without a visit to her duchy, and as soon as travelling was possible after the king was out of danger, she set out once more from Blois to Amboise on her way westward. It was on this journey that she built the marvel-



Room of Anne of Brittany in the Château of Blois.

filled with her private treasure to be safely stored in Brittany; and these De Gié stopped by virtue of his power as warden of the river-bank between Blois and Saumur. The queen was seriously enraged, and her malice against the honest old minister never ceased until, by the help of his former colleague, the Cardinal d'Amboise, she had deprived him of his dignities and driven him from Amboise in exile, though never in disgrace, to the castle he had built upon his own estates.

The Amboise we saw during the reign of Charles VIII. was now to receive a notable addition during one of the queen's many journeys into Brittany. It seemed as if, until the last years of lous little chapel at the corner of the castle court. Its light yet strong buttresses run upward like slender stems from the low soil to the parapets above, and there break into graceful fantasies of lacework and embroidered parapet, crowned by the tall thin spire. Within, the miracle of carving is still more delicate, clinging to the sculptured angles of the walls and draping every window with its twining foliage of stone. But the traveller in these days will find more to wonder at than the handiwork of the queen's masons; beneath a side window in this chapel is the stone which covers "what are supposed to be the remains of Leonardo da Vinci." It is a pitiful epitaph for the most wondrous intel

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lect of his age, for the great Italian artist whom Francis, the royal dilettante, brought from his home and left to die in an obscure corner of the valley of the Loire. The chapel is dedicated to St. Hubert, and in the extraordinary carving above the doorway is set forth the legend of the miraculous stag with the crucifix between its horns, which met the saint as he was hunting.

Still another of the shrines which owed their being to Anne of Brittany is preserved at Loches. The famous Collegiate Church had already been in existence there some time, standing between the tomb of Agnès Sorel and the donjon of Foulques Nerra; and the hollow pyramids that rise mysteriously above its nave still give it a character of its own distinct from that of any other ecclesiastical building in the world. The great porch, too, at its entrance, with its strange gray carvings in striking contrast to the cold white stone within, is one of the finest examples extant of Romanesque architecture.

But Anne was not content with the Collegiate Church. Within the new wing that had been built by Louis XII. was her private oratory, a marvel of stone-carving like her chapel at Amboise; everywhere is repeated the ermine and the twisted cord, the favorite emblems of her Breton ancestry; and though sorely handled by the vandalism of 1793, the altar where she prayed can still be recognized as the traveller passes through the little shrine from the winding staircase to the Revolutionary cells beyond. The very book the queen used in her devotions, "Les Heures d'Anne de Bretagne," is still to be seen, part in the library of Tours, part in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, filled with exquisite miniatures in the style of Fouquet.

At Loches the transition already noted, from the old architecture to the new, is most clearly to be seen; for next to the strong and uncouth walls of Charles, which branch out from the tower through which Agnès Sorel passed to meet her royal lover, rises the new wing of Louis XII. with its broad windows, its wealth of carving, its wide terrace looking out across the rugged town beneath, toward the abbey of Beaulieu. Here was another home of Anne of Brittany, though but a passing one, for either Amboise or Blois must have been far preferable as a settled residence. Loches can have had no more attractions than had Plessis, and was even more encumbered with memories of the prison and the torture-chamber.

But though she visited Amboise and Loches, perhaps Langeais too, or Nantes, it was at Blois that Anne passed most of her time while her husband was away on his Italian wars, and here was born her second daughter Renée, while the king was with her during a short interval between two campaigns. Jean Jacques de Trivulce was the small princess's godfather, and Madame de Bourbon held her at the font. Later on she married the Duc de Ferrara, and was the mother of Anne d'Este, whose son, the famous Henri, Duke of Guise, was murdered in 1588 in the new wing of Francis I. at Blois, which had not yet risen from its foundations. On these two daughters Anne rested her whole soul, and "ma fille Claude," or "ma fille Renée," as she always called them, were the constant companions of her last years in the château where Claude was afterward to live as queen with her husband Francis; for nothing occurred to rob Louise de Savoie of her cherished dream, nothing marred "the exaltation of my victorious Cæsar," as she calls him in her journal. Even when Anne was dead, and the aged Louis, to the consternation of his household, had the temerity to marry the strong young Englishwoman, Mary Tudor, the only result was that so much sudden dissipation and excess carried off "the Father of his People" to his grave before his time.

The last days of Anne of Brittany are perhaps those which leave us with the kindliest memory of her. Many pictures preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale show her sitting quietly in her rooms at Blois, writing letters to her absent husband, or receiving books from hopeful authors, amid a circle of the ladies of her court, the ladies whom she first brought to surround the queen's chair with their rustling

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robes and the quick movement of their busy fingers over the embroidery frame. The rooms in which she lived and died have been restored with the greatest care and accuracy in every detail of carving and of color; her arms, quartered with the arms of France, are above the mantels; her device, the ermine and the twisted cord, is scattered over the walls intertwined with the French *fleurs de lys* or curving round the royal porcupine, the badge which Poet Charles had given to the Orleans family.

In January, 1514, she died, amid the grief of all around her, and was buried in the church of St. Denis at Paris.

Anne of Brittany was dead, and her homes along the valley of the Loire were to know her no more; but she left more behind her than the mere carvings of oratory or chapel, or the emblems that covered the walls of her favorite rooms. With two things especially her memory is connected wherever we can trace her presence in the châteaux of Touraine—with the influence of women in the politics of France, with the value of Brittany to the nation of which Anne was twice crowned a queen.

The power exercised by women over French affairs, which had reached such a height already even in the days of Francis, and was to become still more remarkable in the days of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Stuart, had its rise in the "Cour de Dames" which Anne of Brittany originated in her home at Blois. Very different were these demure damsels of high degree sitting modestly beside the little Breton queen, each busied with her task of reading or of graceful handiwork, from the unabashed young ladies of the "escadron volant," who supplied Brantôme with half his stories for the "Dames Galantes." But even in the reign of Louis XII. the growing tendency toward this influence did not go unmarked, and the king was obliged to check his self-asserting little queen by a kindly proverb to the effect that women only lost by their endeavors to equalize themselves with men. "Comme les biches qui perdirent leurs cornes pour s'être égalées aux cerfs," a maxim not without its application in these days of "androgynes" and lady interviewers; which only shows how history repeats itself. The "Quinze Joies de Mariage" and the "Livre des Amis," two books published about this time, strike the same note of warning. Even in the cathedral of Rouen, near the great tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise, there is a stall which preserves in all the bold naïveté of the old oak carving a contemporary protest against the rise of women's rights.

But the memory of Anne of Brittany has a far more solid claim than this to the respect of Frenchmen. It was through her and through her daughter Claude that the great province of Brittany finally became an integral portion of the realm of France; its hardy mariners, its intrepid soldiers, its cunning carvers, both in stone and wood, now all contributed to the safety and the honor of the realm which they had once so bitterly detested. It is no new theorem of history that the Celt seems powerless to benefit himself or others while left to his own control: but whether under Frank or Saxon, this gifted race has shown itself capable of the highest devotion, of the most ingenious and pathetic art, of the most unselfish fidelity to its appointed leaders.

But above all, and apart from whatever results she may have contributed to produce, it is impossible to leave the homes of Anne of Brittany, and all the associations they arouse, without the sense of having met a clear and vigorous personality, a character not without faults, but firm, independent, and with a keen capability for action and resource. There would seem to be a reflection of this strength of will in the story of the ship Marie la Cordelière, which Anne first fitted out to help her husband chase the infidels from Christian waters. Her brilliant career was ended by an action that was worthy of her country and of the queen beneath whose colors she had sailed. In 1513, the year before Anne's death, fighting against the English off the Ile d'Ouessant, a small French fleet with La Cordelière as flagship was surrounded; the Breton captain, nothing daunted,

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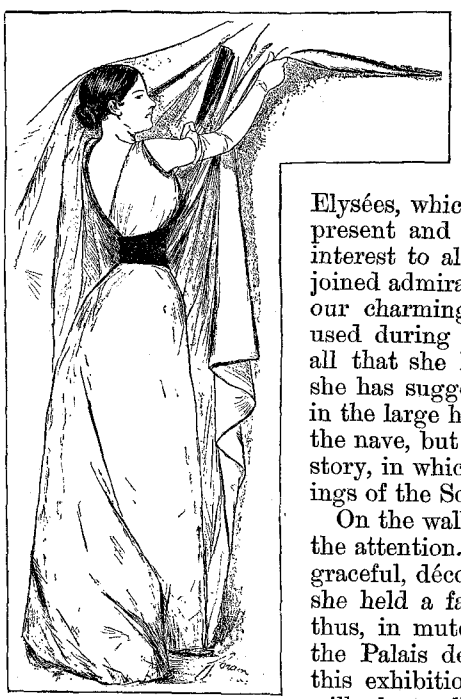
grappled with the English ships, set La Cordelière on fire and blew her up, while her companions sailed away in the confusion and got safe to Brest. The tenacity of purpose which Anne shared with these her Breton subjects was shown in a less favorable light in her dealings with the honest Maréchal de Gié, whom she pursued with an untiring hate, until he was no longer capable of resistance. It appeared again in her passionate and unremitting efforts to marry the Princess Claude to Maximilian's son, the future Charles V., a marriage which would have been absolutely fatal to the truest interests of France. Indeed, from this ill-omened attempt, and from her subsequent advice as to the alliance against Venice, it may almost be inferred that her energies were misdirected when they attempted more than the government of her own household or the protection of her favorite duchy. But to few women is it given to recognize their limitations; fewer still have to bear the light of so severe a scrutiny on all their actions as had this Breton queen, and if she were indeed no more than faithful to the country of her birth, and anxious for the welfare of her children, she would already be entitled to far more regard than many of the ladies who have lived among the royal châteaux of the Loire, and from Touraine have influenced the destinies of France.

THE ARTS RELATING TO WOMEN,

AND THEIR EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

By Octave Uzanne.



AT the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, there will soon be opened the Woman's Building, on the east side of the Midway Plaisance. Toward the end of 1892, an analogous exhibition was held in Paris, at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, which was entirely devoted to women, in the present and of the past. This was of the greatest interest to all those, and they are many, in whom are joined admiration for our grandmothers and love for our charming contemporaries. All that woman has used during several centuries, all that she has made, all that she has created or may create, and all that she has suggested, had been collected with great care in the large hall of our Crystal Palace; not merely in the nave, but also in the lateral galleries of the second story, in which are exhibited every spring the paintings of the Society of French Artists.

On the walls a poster, designed by Forain, attracted the attention. This poster showed a Parisienne, young, graceful, décolletée, dressed all in blue. In one hand, she held a fan, and with the other lifted a curtain, thus, in mute image-language, inviting one to enter the Palais de l'Industrie. I think that a sketch of this exhibition, though it must needs be incomplete, will please all those women beyond seas in whom artistic, literary, and historical curiosity is more aroused each day, and whose taste cannot remain indifferent to that which interested their forerunners.

In all times woman's highest achievement in art has been to inspire artists

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of the other sex. If this truth needed further demonstration, it could be established afresh by this exhibition. The skilful organizers to whom we owe it might have called it more exactly an "Exhibition of Arts *for* Woman," if it had not been more gallant, and consequently more just, to attribute wholly to those who inspired them the masterpieces, whether great or little, which had been laid at their feet. Needless to say that nobody had the idea that a single exhibition could fulfil the promises of such a title. To do that would, in fact, have been to ransack the history of art from the remotest time to the present day, and no matter how great the competence, the good-will, the taste, and the resources of a committee, such a task would go beyond what it is humanly possible to do. In the present case, we should rather thank the managers for having found a way to act well and quickly, and should be grateful for their intentions and efforts. For several months, from September to the end of November, 1892, the Palais de l'Industrie was crowded, and from the look of its approaches, blocked up with carriages and visitors, one would have said that it was "Varnishing Day" at the Salon.

The ground floor was reserved for the modern part of the exhibition. A carping spirit, regardless of the financial requirements of the organization, might have found food for criticism in many exhibits which had but a slender connection with art, but the public was frankly amused, and as it was not too critical of these commercial show-cases, we need not dwell longer on them. For my own part, I should be afraid that if I lingered on the ground floor, I might give way to unamiable reflections; I will, therefore, only say that Delaherche, Chaplet, and other potters, masters of the subtle art of fire, showed some fine pieces. That some goldsmiths and jewellers exhibited works of unequal merit. That furniture, ornament, dress, and every kind of allied industry were abundantly represented. But let us rather go up one flight to where we shall find the rooms reserved for the historical part.

Chronological order was followed as closely as possible in classifying the different groups of objects exhibited, antiquity being represented by a glass case of terra-cotta figures where one might admire the grace and the fashions of Greece and Asia Minor. I merely mention them without stopping, for epic quarrels, in which I have no wish to interfere, have already taken place over these frail and delicate statuettes. Photographs take us to Herculaneum, to Rome, and even to Byzantium, and enable us to follow the transformations and alterations, not only of costume, but also of the ideal of feminine beauty and grace. The Middle Ages, so far as I could see, were not well represented. It would have been easy to show by the aid of photographs how our limners of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries understood and expressed the woman of their time, whether great lady or citizen's wife. What a beautiful series of Madonnas could thus have been brought together! Perhaps we have too much forgotten that woman, even more than man, has been from all time a "Religious Animal." I should like to have seen her as she prayed; and I could have wished for some fine missals, or at least photographs of those illuminations where her graces and her soul shine with so sweet and persuasive a lustre.

Beginning with the sixteenth century, the pieces are numerous and the series more complete. In the show-cases, the objects of the work-box and the toilet-table accompany and explain the portraits, prints, and photographs hung on the walls. Here, exhibited by Braun, are the women of Botticelli and Titian, of Clouet, Mignard, and Rigault, of Rubens, of Rembrandt, of David, and Prudhon; and in the middle of the gallery of beauties, which surpasses that of the King of Bavaria, at the centre of this history of woman as told by the great masters, Mona Lisa smiles and gazes, understanding and excusing everything. Decidedly this is a spot to return to and dream one's fill.

And if you are curious to see how fashion, which is sometimes charming and often cruel, can set herself the task of deforming and torturing her slaves,

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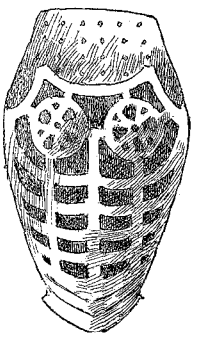
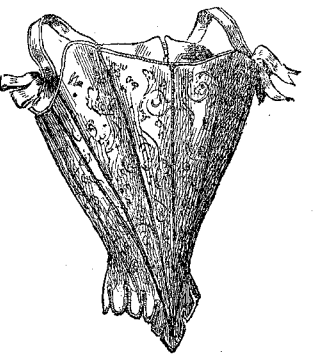
look at this iron armor of the sixteenth century, these primitive corsets called "corsetur" or "corsatus," which are so heavy, rude, and stiff that they look like surgical appliances. The exhibition of corsets from the time of Catherine de Medicis down to Empress Josephine, although incomplete, is nevertheless interesting. One might have added to them a collection of corset busks. They are to be found in public and private collections, sometimes with inscriptions like the following, from that of "la Grande Mademoiselle."



Iron Corset of the Sixteenth Century.



Corset of the Period of Louis XIV.

"I envy thee the joy of thy love's story,
Stretched softly ever on that ivory breast;
Share thou, at least, I pray, with me thy glory—
Her days be thine, but leave me all the rest."

Or on another:

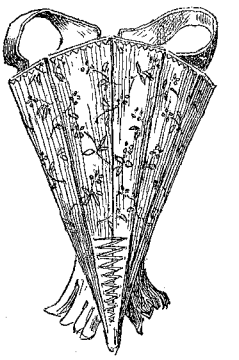
"Rather show than conceal."

Further on are to be seen in show-cases, and carefully labelled, the combs and fans, which are naturally very numerous.

To hide the modest shame she must affect
The painted paper shades her lovely brow,—
While 'twixt the slats her wanton eyes detect
In others what themselves care not to show.

As I have already written a book on the fan, I need not repeat myself here. The history of hair-dressing had been confided to the corporation of hair-dressers, or "Artists in Hair," let us call them. I could have wished, however, that the selection had not been left to them of the wax heads, which recall too much the native shop-window. This historical exhibition of hair-dressing was certainly one of the strangest attractions of those arts of woman, which drew a crowd to the Palais de l'Industrie. All the centuries pass before us in gracious countenances of women, crowned with their own hair; and at a single sweeping glance one can make a choice, and decide as to the taste of the different periods which, by coiffure even more than by costume, have interpreted beauty according to very definite tendencies.

Among these periods some appeared as in a kind of decadence, marked by grotesque exaggeration, shocking the eye and giving vexatious proof of the caprice of woman, who for the sake of change at any cost often dares too much, and tries her face so far as to lose beauty. Other periods, on the contrary, stand out resplendently in their absolute and established elegance, conspicuous among all as perfect types of taste.



Slashed Corset of the Eighteenth Century.

Two especially, the one supremely aristocratic, the other adorably frivolous, grow on one as the quintessence of fascination. I refer to the period, in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., and beginning of that of Louis XV., which was brightened by the youth of the Duchess of Burgundy, and then to that of the last years of Louis XVI., when the Trianon inspired fashions which later, under the exaggeration of the Directory, degenerated into prettiness without dignity. They are very different, but what subtile grace emanates from both! In looking at them,

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one asks one's self why, since we are bound to borrow our fashions from the past, we should seek anywhere else for our lessons and our models. These heads are really exquisite. In one the hair is piled high and waved, showing the forehead, with thick curls on the temples and long waves falling on the neck. In the other, a multitude of little curls surrounds the top of the head like a soft mist, and a cascade of light ringlets rests lightly on the shoulders as a frame for the delicate neck; both the one and the other shading the face and showing the soft and shining hair. Nothing of the kind can be more charming, nor more distinguished, and I heartily recommend master hair-dressers to study and to learn by heart these two periods, where their art reached its highest point.

In the rooms reserved for professional schools, those of foreign countries are especially attractive. The laces shown by the Imperial Museum and the schools of Vienna were much admired, as well as the characteristic peasant embroideries, sent by the Museums of Buda-Pesth and of Prague. This was certainly one of the most interesting and novel features of the exhibition. One room had been reserved for the arts of the extreme East, and another for our colonies; and to conclude, a diorama painted by M. Poilpot, and shown on the ground floor, attracted a crowd by a series of views of the Parisienne from 1790 down to the present day.

When we look into the show-cases of the historical section at jewels which once adorned fair shoulders, now dust, and brought the light of envy or of triumph to eyes long ago blank, it seems as if one could hear in the winter wind an echo of the eternal ballad of the "Ladies of a Bygone Day." But at the same time that we are reminded of the frailness of our vanity, these trinkets repeat in their own manner the consoling truth that no human effort is ever entirely thrown away. They preserve in the fancy of their decoration and in the delicacy of their material a little of the soul of their day. Above all, they keep in faithful charge all that was confided to them by the patient industry of the hands which made them, the feeling for art, and the sentiment of the humble artists who spent on them, hour by hour, a portion of their lives. But let us leave this subject.

Even in going on our way through the rooms devoted to artistic and professional instruction, it is possible, although the exhibition is incomplete, to find cause for many reflections, which are not always comforting. If one may judge by the specimens shown, the foreign schools are superior to our own, but better still is the simple work of the peasants of Bukovina, Galicia, Dalmatia, the Carpathians, Bosnia, or Herzegovina. The industrial museums of Vienna, Prague, Lemberg, and Buda-Pesth have sent a series of embroidered veils, caps, petticoats, and shirts, the ornamentation of which charms us by a character, to be found nowhere else, of naturalness, spontaneousness, and free invention, or rather of popular tradition, always living and young. It is in this untaught decoration, inherited from remote ancestors, and handed down from mother to daughter from one generation to another, that we find frankly explained a little of the soul of each race; and if one compares to these products of the national soil and national taste the ingenious designs and laborious complications of the school models, the classic arabesques, and the conventional handiwork of accepted professors, one is filled with sadness and doubt. Is pedagogy never to be anything but a methodical deforming of natural instincts? When shall we find the way to fill and realize the programme of that philosopher, who said that the salvation of our old humanity lay in a return to spontaneity by reflection?

It is for this reason that I cannot speak enthusiastically of the work of women painters and sculptors which abounds in this exhibition. It is remarkable, doubtless, but I do not find it convincing, and above all, not especially feminine. . . . All the same, there are some good portraits. To be sure, when one looks at the unequal but interesting collection of pictures brought together by the organizers of the Exhibition for our information as to the history of beauty and fashion; es-

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pecially when one looks over the beautiful collection of photographs lent by the house of Braun, it must be confessed that the best portraits of women have been signed by men. The reason is not far to seek. When Botticelli painted Giovanna Tornabuoni ; Titian, Laura di Dianti ; Leonardo, Mona Lisa ; Rubens, Helena Fourment ; F. Clouet, Elizabeth of Austria ; Rembrandt, Saskia van Uylenburg ; Prudhon, Mme Copia or Josephine Beauharnais, they not only gave us the portrait of the woman, but told us the secret of their most tenderly caressed dream of art. The sitter lives in her portrait with an intense and individual life, and at the same time all the personal taste of the master and the inimitable peculiarities of his manner are displayed in an interpretation which almost seems like triumphant possession.

In the case of the women portrait painters whose personality is strong enough to be recognized through their work, that which is specially noticeable is the stamp which a certain social condition, or a certain moment of fashionable life, has imprinted on the faces of their contemporaries. Take for instance Mme Vigée-Lebrun, several of her portraits are more than merely charming ; occasionally there is one, like that of Mme de Jaucourt, which is almost a master-piece. That which it especially recalls, however, is above all a fugitive and delightful hour of French society ; that which it preserves to us is the moral reflection of a period. If we desire to guess the quality of the thoughts or the dreams which moved gently between 1775 and and 1789, under the complicated or artistically simple head-dress of the great French ladies, to learn how they wished to please, and what light or sentimental emotions made their hearts beat under their neckerchiefs of transparent lawn, we must ask this feminine confidante. The women who paint nowadays imitate M. Carolus-Duran so closely that when our posterity knows that they had a great admiration for him, they will not know much else. However, one sees here and there a portrait where the desire to be true and an effect toward the simple are recognizable and refreshing.

I must pass by the show-cases containing what may be called the arms of woman—implements for needlework, specimens of embroidery, and all the curious little knick-knacks which are graceful in themselves, but of which one can scarcely speak emotionally without incurring the reproach of undue sentimentality. The group of wax figures representing the Sedan Chair, the Delights of Motherhood (after Moreau the Younger), or a Five O'clock Tea in a Parisian Drawing-room, are amusing to look at, but I prefer to attempt to interest my readers by going through a long gallery of fashion-plates, and showing rapidly the successive originalities and eccentricities of fashion for the past hundred years. The history of good and bad style during this time is an air with infinite variations upon a theme which seems to be ever the same, a conclusion which is both comforting and disillusionizing, as it shows us that the feminine mind has always shown itself as futile, as ingenious, as inconsequent, and as thoughtless as it is to-day ; but also that it has always impressed itself on the admiration of man ; as in the case of marvellously gifted children, the exuberance of whose nature is disarming and disquieting at the same time.

The paragraphs which follow are meant to evoke from the past the vanished reigns which have been swayed by the weathercock sceptre of fashion, and are written without pretence of historical learning, or politico-moral considerations. This little review, frankly frivolous, will be filled with the rustling of silk, the flutter of ribbons, and the echoes of fashionable life ; it will be a revolving mirror of feminine costume, reflecting the picture of our frivolities sketched in a few bright colors. What more is needed ?

Let us first look at the women of the Directory, about 1797, of whom some were called Merveilleuses—their draperies were as light and as transparent as those of the Athenians in the time of Pericles.

Nothing can be less French than the dress of fashionable women at the beginning of the fifth year of the Republic. We see nothing but Greek tunics, Greek buskins, Turkish dolmans, Swiss caps ; everything indicates travellers

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ready to go to any country. It is surprising, after the headdresses "à la victime" and "à l'hérissé," and the "Titus" where the hair was cut short like a man's, to see the preference given to wigs. A few years earlier, a pretty woman would have shuddered at the mere mention of such a thing, but in this Republican time the sacrifice of her hair was thought praiseworthy, and as in addition she wore flat shoes and gowns showing the leg, the result was a decided and masculine expression which went ill with her sex. For further headgear, she wore a hood somewhat like the close caps of an earlier time, or a Scotch cap with a high fluted crown and an eagle's feather. In the same year, shirred hats began to appear, and a sort of child's hood, made sometimes of lawn, sometimes of black, cherry-colored, purple, or dark-green velvet, with a flat cord on the seams, and gathered lace on the outer edge. Turbans were also worn with a flat crown trimmed with pearls and an aigrette, the fashion of which had been set by the arrival of a Turkish ambassador at Paris. One also saw the English bonnet-shapes trimmed with crêpe, peasant caps made of sheer muslin, a hat in the form of a balloon, caps "à la folle," trimmed with many-colored scarfs of tulle and of lace half hiding the face, white hats "à la Lisbeth," meant to be worn over a cherry-colored hood, which had been made the fashion by the actress Saint-Aubin, in the opera of Lisbeth at the Théâtre Italien. Scarfs and shawls were both much worn, draped negligently, and looped up without any rule; but that which is most interesting is the extreme immodesty of dress of our grandmothers. In daytime one saw nothing but chemises "à la prêtresse," and dresses of lawn supposed to be cut after antique models, à la Diane, à la Minerve, à la Galatée, à la Vestale, à l'Omphale, but all leaving the arms bare and showing the figure as though the folds had been wet. There was a passion for these thin, transparent costumes. Physicians insisted in vain that the climate of France, no matter how mild, was not suitable for the light draperies of ancient Greece; but no one heeded their Hippocratic counsels, and Dr. Delessart stated in the end of 1799, that he had seen more young girls die since the prevalence of thinly-veiled nudity than in forty preceding years. The most audacious of their sex, among whom was the beautiful Madame Hamelin, dared to go about entirely naked under a narrow gown of gauze; others showed the bosom entirely bare; but these shameless attempts were not renewed, for the good sense of the people revolted at them, and the foolish women, who had not been conscious of their immodesty, were made conscious of their impudence when they were chased to their houses by a jeering mob. Little by little, these transparent fashions became modified, for changes come quickly in the feminine empire. Toward the month of November, 1800, dresses "à l'Égyptienne," turbans and spencers "à l'Algérienne," neckerchiefs "au Nil," and caps "à la crocodile," occupied for a moment the mind of the frivolous. The campaign in Egypt set the fashion of enormous variegated turbans, with curved sides and feathers, the crown being of a plain color, contrasting with the border, while the reticule or ridicule returned to favor under the form of a sabretasche, with infinite variations, and mottoes, riddles, arabesques, cameos, and monograms took turns in ornamenting it. Hair was cut short "à la Caracalla" or "à la Titus," and made to stand out from the head, while on it were worn jockey caps, postman's hats, huntsmen's caps trimmed with scarlet velvet, while balloon hats (balloons were then the height of fashion) and hats made in the form of helmets had a great success. The multiplicity of the fashions which rivalled, crossed, and succeeded each other with lightning quickness between 1795 and 1799, was so great that two large octavo volumes are needed to show their different forms and principal characteristics. Even contemporary artists, whose nimble pencils were quick to follow from hour to hour the mobile physiognomy of Parisian women, were disconcerted by seeing themselves left behind through the rapid changes in feminine dress.

Let us now pass to the beginning of the century. The women who aspired

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to lead the fashions under the Consulate wore long skirts of extremely fine India muslin, with a half train and embroi-

1795.

dered all around the bottom, for which handiwork Mlles Lolive and Beuvry, the needlewomen most in vogue, had an especial genius. These embroideries were garlands of vine-leaves, oak, laurel, jasmine, or of nasturtiums; the body was separate from the skirt, cut like a spencer, and was called a "canezou;"* around the neck and sleeves it was embroidered in scallops, and the neck besides was usually trimmed with point lace or fine Mechlin; on the head was worn a little toque of black velvet with two white feathers; over the shoulders was thrown a beautiful cashmere shawl of bright colors; sometimes a long veil of point-lace was fastened to the toque and thrown to one side. This completed what was considered a toilet in the height of fashion. Long coats of India muslin lined with thin silk and embroidered with scattered flowers or stars, were also worn. All the women in the beginning of the Consulate were snowy apparitions and symphonies in white. The fashion of short hair gradually disappeared. The hair was dressed with "regrets assortis," and with locks brought down on the forehead; the fashion of turbans and satin hats returned to favor, almost all being white. Among ornaments we may mention as high in favor, crosses, bordered with pearls or diamonds, and bracelets made of a plaited ribbon of gold; the decoration of the high combs also especially exercised the industry of the jewellers, as day by day they improved on the elegance of design and purity of execution of the semicircle, in which were set cameos, diamonds, and other precious stones. Long wadded coats began to appear; they were worn touching the ground, with wide turned-back sleeves and deep round collars; their color was Florentine bronze, seal-brown, dark blue, or plum. The spencers, usually made of black Florentine silk, had very small lappels and round collars. India shawls and square shawls of fine cloth embroidered in gold were most in favor, and after them came long shawls of muslin, dyed crimson, brown, or dark blue, and trimmed at the edge with crochet work in colored silks. Various manufactories in the neighborhood of Paris made shawls printed in large patterns, which were called Turkish because their designs were supposed to be oriental. For half-dress, some fashionable women wore neckerchiefs of plum-colored, crimson, or dark-green tulle, embroidered in white. Fans were of crêpe, black, white, or brown, embroidered with steel, silver, or gold spangles, the patterns being chiefly arabesques, weeping-willows, cascades, fountains, and sheaves. These fans were relatively small, being only five or six inches long. Watches with their dials covered with painted flowers were worn round the neck. Gloves were very long and with-

1795.

* A corruption of Quinze août.

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out buttons, covering the arm entirely, and either white, straw-color, or a very pale green. There was never a time when women knew better how to wear the wrinkled gloves, which harmonized so delightfully with their costume.

Language, cookery, and furniture all passed under the yoke of fashion. The refinement of luxury was carried to such a point that a woman dressed like a Roman matron, was obliged to receive in a Roman drawing-room, and felt obliged also to make each day the toilet of her apartment, as well as her own. Was she dressed like a Greek? her furniture must be Greek also. Did she wear a Turkish turban and tunic? at once sofas were brought out and Turkish carpets showed their brilliant coloring. Was her costume Egyptian? then she must surround herself with mummies, sphinxes, a clock in the shape of a monolith, and drape her reception-room like an Eastern tent. The most fashionable piece of furniture was the bed, which was usually made of lemon wood or mahogany, in the form of a boat, with ornaments of finely-wrought gold. Cashmere shawls and India muslin edged with lace were used for the curtains. The pillows were covered with point-lace, the coverlet made of embroidered satin; the cost of such a bed was ruinous.

1797.

Let us pass to the women of the First Empire, of whom the personification was the charming and frivolous Empress Josephine, who received every year six hundred thousand francs ($120,000) for her personal expenses, besides a hundred and thirty thousand francs for her privy purse and her charities. One might think that this sum would be more than sufficient for the ordinary toilets of her gracious Majesty, but Josephine was so generous, so prodigal, so thoughtless, and even reckless in her whims, that she was continually in debt and obliged to dip into the purse of the Emperor.

1803.

Her apartment at the Tuileries was always in the greatest disorder, being incessantly besieged by relations, rich and poor, near and distant, by jewellers, goldsmiths, milliners, fortune-tellers, besides artists and miniature painters, who came to make the innumerable portraits on canvas or on ivory, which she distributed so lavishly among all her friends, and even to transient tradesmen and to her chambermaids. It was impossible for her to submit to any decorum or etiquette in the private life where her indolence was at ease in the midst of a confusion of half-arranged stuffs, half-unrolled carpets, and half-opened boxes. Her boudoir was a sort of temple of dress, to which dealers from foreign countries, and old women selling second-hand jewels and laces, had easy access. Bonaparte had forbidden the palace to this motley and sordid crew. He had made his wife formally promise not to receive these hangers-on of the Parisian Jewry. Josephine vowed to obey him, even wept a little, but the next day she found a way to have these ambulant bazars brought to her, that she might live as she liked in the disorder of Oriental silks, Persian embroideries, Parisian scarfs, and the trinkets which tempted her as bargains; her Creole nature delighted with the play of colors, the fineness of the text-

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ures, and by the element of the unexpected.

Fashion was still addicted, if not to veiled nudities and semi-transparencies, to the relatively nude. Despite the cold, our courageous compatriots appeared in the streets with their arms scarcely covered, and in gowns widely opened at the neck, their feet being delicately cased in silk shoes and open-work stockings, as if in a time when men braved death for glory they also dared affront its terrors for the sake of pleasure. The more chilly fair ones walked the Boulevards and made the round of the shops in a thin "redingote" with a swan's down collar, and a veil covering the bonnet, and sometimes a tippet was put on over a shawl, or a shawl worn underneath the redingote. Muffs were no longer the size of barrels, as in the time of the Directory. There was also more stuff in the gowns than formerly, although the waist was very short and made the bosom appear to be higher than it had been placed by nature. Many yards of muslin were used for the making of the skirt and body, and the back of a woman in full dress was widened by epaulets and cut across by the low body, which showed to the full the grace of her neck and shoulders. Little rouge or powder was worn, as a natural pallor was considered in good taste, as well as hair carelessly arranged. The Titus appeared again, but with more curls on the temples and the forehead. Diadems and Greek bands were generally worn, and on the skirts, which still clung closely to the limbs, a profusion of flowers was scattered.

1806.

Garlands of wild roses, heliotrope, jasmine, carnations, white and pink oleander, and blue roses, were all much worn in turn, especially toward the end of the Empire, when hats with crenellated borders, and sleeves "à la mamelouk," and hair cut straight across the forehead, brought a certain flavor of the Gothic and the feudal which went well with the gloomy, artificial, and sentimental romances of Ducray-Duménil, and of Mmes Radcliffe and Chastenay. From 1806 to 1809, women were so covered with jewels that they looked like walking shop-windows; their fingers were stiff with rings; they wore gold chains going often eight times around the neck, heavy pendants dragged down the lobes of their ears, while their arms were covered with bracelets of enamel and worked gold in every form; strings of pearls twisted or hanging in fringes were worn in the

1816.

1822.

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hair, making a roll in front and sometimes falling on the shoulder; long gold pins fastened the hair itself, which was drawn back à la chinoise, while diadems made on one side of a laurel wreath of gold and diamonds, and on the other of a branch of olives in gold and pearls, framed the forehead of the most fashionable. Combs were made of a branch of weeping-willow in gold, diamonds, and pearls, and many necklaces were worn, of which the most sought after was one called the Conqueror, which was a singular mixture of hearts in cornelian, palm-wood, sardonyx, malachite, and lapis lazuli, hanging from a gold chain. The most fashionable scent-bottle was called the rosebud; the outside being enamel and gold, while the flower, outlined in small pearls, imitated the form of a wild rose-bud. This profuse

1827.

use of jewels brought a reaction, and little by little they fell from favor. The first reform was to mount diamonds in almost invisible settings, and to string pearls, amber, amethyst, cornelian, and agate on simple silk cords; and then gradually all were relegated to the jewel-boxes, and the height of good taste about 1810 was to wear few trinkets of any kind.

A review of the fashions from 1815 to 1825, under the Restoration, is rather amusing, although the dress itself, which was very correct and very decent, offers nothing absolutely artistic; the return to white, and the snowy sheen of thin muslins, in the adornment of women especially marked the return of the Bourbons. Fleurs-de-lis, white scarfs and cockades, hats à la Henri IV.,

1830.

adorned with tufts of white feathers, dresses and long cloaks of white cambric, ribbons of undyed silk, puffed bonnets of white crêpe, and wreaths of lilies in the hair, were the principal features of feminine costume in the middle of the year 1814. Few jewels were worn, except a ring which was very popular because of its allegory; it was a twist of gold with three fleurs-de-lis of the same material, bearing the motto in white enamel, "Dieu nous les rend." The presence of the allied troops set the fashion of English, Russian, or Polish accoutrements without apparently offending patriotism. Numberless English bonnets, heavy and ungraceful pokes, pleated, fluted, and goffered, were seen; Russian toques with large crowns and small visors, helmets covered with

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1835.

cloth and trimmed with white cock's feathers, such as were worn by the allied officers; and occasionally a turban of white cashmere—all these adorned with white lilacs or pink hyacinths. Short dresses, scarfs passing over the shoulder and under the arm, and Scotch caps had some months of success. The white flag which floated over the Tuileries seemed to give the tone to dress.

The great preoccupation of fashionable women under the Restoration appears to have been head-dresses, and especially an immense variety of hats. From 1815 to 1830, it would be easy to count more than ten thousand shapes of hats and of bonnets. The fashion journals even neglect the description of gowns and cloaks, in order to devote themselves exclusively to these various coiffures; leghorn hats, small bonnets of plush, great helmets of velvet with cockades, hats of gathered silk or crêpe, caps of cambric, turbans of muslin, toques "à la polonaise," flat caps "à l'autrichienne," "Moabite" turbans, felt hats "à la Ourika," peasant caps of white muslin, or of black velvet edged with lace, made such a confusion, that it must have been easy to lose one's head before dressing it. And what hats! Imagine the head-dress of a judge, only disproportionately high, with a projecting pent-house like those of the fantastic dwellings of the Middle Ages. Try to recall the impossible shakos worn by the warriors of Napoleon, and add to these hoods as wide as they were deep; think further of the moulds used for tarts in the country of Gargantua, and you will have a vague idea of these massive piles loaded with ribbons, flowers, cockades, twists, knots of satin, ruches, aigrettes, and feathers. There were all sorts of warriors' headgear, bassinets, skull-caps, prodigious casques, bewildering morions—in a word, complete helmets with chin-straps, cheek-pieces, and visors. It is difficult to believe that such grotesque inventions could ever have protected the gay and charming faces of our grandmothers.

It must be said that grace did not abound then, and I cannot offer to my readers any models worth imitating. The ugliness of dress was almost universal, so we will pass quickly over some time and enter, if you will, the room of a fashionable woman toward 1830, at the somewhat late hour of her morning toilet.

Light clouds of perfumed vapor rise from a basket of flowers held up by a gilt tripod, and the torch of a cupid made of enamel and precious stones

1840.

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sheds in the chamber of the sleeper the uncertain gleam of a night-lamp. This soft light, now reflected in mirrors, now playing over delicate draperies, now penetrating the mystery of transparent muslin curtains, reveals an admired disorder, where we may see traces of pleasure, elegance, frivolity, and even sentiment—of all, in short, which goes to make the sanctuary of a happy

1847.

woman. Cashmere shawls carelessly hanging around, twenty shades of gauzes and ribbons waiting to be chosen, books and feathers, flowers and jewels, extracts from books and beginnings of manuscripts, embroidery in which the needle is sticking, an album full of sketches and unfinished likenesses, all these are there; beside the furniture, which is what was then thought sumptuous, ornaments supposed to be Gothic, paintings of gay and pleasing subjects, and an allegorical clock, which is just striking eleven to announce another day to the nest in which reposes all that youth and grace can unite to charm us in the person of a woman of quality.

The beauty in question wakes up slowly, her eyes wander uncertainly in the half-lighted room, she stretches herself languidly in the pleasant warmth of the sheets, passes her hand in a half caress over her forehead, which is still burning from the fatigues of the previous day, and her lips part in a light and careless sigh. At last she rings for her maids, in order to begin her first toilet, which is composed of a simple wrapper of white cambric, with a little embroidery at the top of the hem, and a chemisette of linen lawn, of which the turned-back collar and cuffs are trimmed with Valenciennes; to that she adds a silk apron of a delicate shade, bordered with an embroidered garland in very bright colors; a little scarf of lace knotted like a child's, under the chin, then half-gloves of pale straw color, embroidered in black. She also puts on little pointed slippers bordered with narrow fluted ribbon, such as Madame Pompadour wore, and in this

1850.

costume she goes to the dining-room, where her breakfast is served—a light and delicate repast, consisting, let us say, of humming-birds' eggs, with a tiny glass of Rancio wine to moisten her lips—and that is all. In the afternoon she will put on, supposing the season to be spring, a dress of challis covered with scattered bouquets or little garlands running up and down; the body being

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crossed in folds like a shawl, and worn over a "canezou" with long sleeves of embroidered muslin. She will take a scarf of plain gauze, a sash and knots for her wrists of "chiné" ribbon; her hat will be of chip trimmed with a simple bunch of feathers; and having also put on boots of light-colored silk, she will go out, reclining in a smart carriage, to drive about the city and make visits to those of her fashionable friends, whose reception day is marked on her little ivory tablets.

1861.

That was the time of leg-of-mutton sleeves and large hats, and also that of the fashions of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages. Our modern dress has taken many suggestions from these fashions of 1830 and 1840, and that period of feminine costume reminds us distinctly of to-day; women were then, as now, charming and graceful, covered with lace, and with delicate lingerie. The fashionable women of sixty years ago were marvellously dressed from head to foot, with an artistic feeling which reveals itself in the slightest detail of the toilet.

I cannot say as much for the fashions of 1840; the dresses were then fastened from top to bottom by means of little frogs and the wide sleeves "à la Vénitienne" were very open at the wrist; skirts began to swell over tournures and starched petticoats. One feels already that the horrible crinoline will soon appear, and were it not for the delightful caps trimmed with narrow ribbons, of which every elegant woman possessed dozens for all possible moments of her day, one could not really pause upon a single agreeable detail of toilet. In 1840, the fashionable dandies established in society a cant, or rather, as we say now, a snobbishness, which was all the more insupportable because it was artificial and parodied to excess the affected manners of our neighbors across the Channel. Imitation is not resemblance, and, as Carlyle wrote, one may take an air or a pose, just as one may steal the shape of a coat, but the comedy is fatiguing and the mask horribly hard to wear. The women and the dandies from 1840 to 1850 well deserve the caricatures of Gavarni, who sat in judgment in his comic tribunal on all the curious types of his time.

Generally speaking, the Revolution of 1848 did not bring any notable variation in costume; at most one saw, after the days of February, some tricolor ribbons worn on gowns and hats, and some little Girondist mantles, made of muslin with embroidered trimmings, but nothing eccentric appeared in the beginning of the second Republic. Good style was sworn to simplicity, and the really fashionable women followed the fashions rigorously, taking care at the same time never to exaggerate them. It was necessary for a woman of the world to have in her wardrobe for the morning what we should now call a tea-gown of cashmere lined with silk, and wadded, with wide sleeves; and over it a long polonaise made separate from the slip; the under-sleeves were of lawn or cambric with white embroidery, a ruffle of the same forming a fichu; other house-gowns were made of silk, soft-finished satin, or brocade, and were lined with ribbed silk, the ornaments being of lace, velvet, braid, or ribbon. By way of wraps for the morning, visiting, or walking, they wore long redingotes of thick silk, damask, or reps, with heavy ribs, the ground colors being green, black, blue or brown, with woven wreaths of flowers. These redingotes could be worn without trimming, but were often adorned with passementerie

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or worsted laces. By way of head dress, the milliners made a great many hoods

1870.

of taffeta silk, covered with crêpe lisse, others were of taffeta trimmed with silk lace; but perhaps the prettiest were those covered with taffeta, with wide shirrings going around the brim, the edge being trimmed with a triple row of narrow lace, and the crown with flowers made of velvet, pansies, auriculas, and primroses. As for caps, never were they more charming and coquettish; sometimes merely some silk blonde twisted in a spiral with bunches of flowers at the side; or a little puff of lace placed on a half wreath of pink morning-glories, of which the delicate branches fell back on the hair. Mechlin lace held up by little loops of ribbon, delicate coiffures of point lace or Chantilly were arranged with incomparable taste, and gave to the faces of the women, thanks to the simplicity of the hair and dress, and also to the little silk apron, which was also often worn in the house, an expression of modesty and piquancy, which recalled at the same time the soubrette and the great lady. The fashion was revived of large hats of Italian straw trimmed with ostrich and marabout feathers and tulips, roses, lilies of the valley, or fine wreaths of bindweed.

For summer weather, pattern dresses of barège were worn, or simpler gowns of cambric, muslin, and dimity with white grounds, covered with large chintz patterns. Small women who were afraid of disappearing under the width of skirts trimmed with three flounces only wore a single ruffle at the bottom of the skirt. One saw fresh and pretty dresses made of cotton prints, pink grounds with white patterns, white "canezous" with taffeta skirts, redingotes of white piqué, China crêpe shawls with white or colored grounds, embroidered in designs of all colors and of great richness, representing pagodas, fantastic birds, masses of flowers, and all the profusion of decorative ornament characteristic of the Celestial empire. For simple shawls, ladies threw over their shoulders large squares of white tulle imitating Valenciennes lace or shawls of black taffeta with palms woven at the border, recalling the Turkish embroideries and the India cashmeres embroidered in silk.

But the imagination of the dressmakers was chiefly displayed in ball-dresses. These were very full and trimmed at the bottom so that they made a wide circle; that which was suppressed at the top was carried to the

1876.

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hem, so that gowns trimmed with lace flounces had three or four puffs of tulle, over which the flounces were put; all the trimmings were arranged to hold out the skirts; for half dress, bodies cut square in front came into favor, for they lent themselves easily to much trimming of lace, puffings of tulle, ribbons, passementerie, and the like. A plate shows us one of pearl gray damask, the front being trimmed with puffs of tulle, through each of which a ribbon is run and knotted in the middle. The edge of the neck is trimmed with a blonde lace, which frames the front of the body, and also with a puff of tulle; the sleeves have two rows of blonde lace and are trimmed with the same puffs as the body. The fashion journals for 1850 alone give more than eighteen hundred models of different ball-dresses. Evening wraps lined with fur or of ribbed silk edged with fur were much worn.

1880.

In coming to the Second Empire I hesitate; for I have to record the ugliest phase of feminine costume that has ever existed from ancient times to our own day. Never in the whole course of the century has such defiance been shown to coquetry, to grace, and to beauty; never was the sentiment of art at such a low ebb and so outrageously contorted and ill-treated.

It is only necessary to look at the engravings of the time, at the frightful crinolines which made of woman a balloon, bobbing in a grotesque quantity of stuff; to examine the wide and ungraceful sleeves, the high boots, calculated to develop admiration for the calf of the leg (that stupid admiration of a whole generation); to look at the exaggerated hair-dressing, almost like that of savages, and scarcely hidden under tiny velvet hats or bonnets with flying strings; to notice the ugliness of the stuffs most worn, the vulgarity of the loud coloring, the violent patterns, the heavy ornamentation of all these fashions, which are now almost fifty years old, and one can imagine the profound amazement which will fill the minds of our successors, when in the next century the fashions of this one are passed in review.

It would be really difficult to bring together tones of color more violent, more contrary to the laws of harmony, than those which were so highly thought of under the Second Empire, and of which we still see only too often frightful specimens hanging up in the shops of second-hand dealers. How *could* they have thought of these star-

1885.

ing purples, those crude pinks, those unsoftened greens, those dingy browns, those dirty grays, those blinding yellows? All this coloring, which recalls that of a cheap child's book, was then the rage; shades were invented which were calculated to frighten a bull.

Despite its enemies, or perhaps because of them, crinoline soon reigned absolute mistress; many women, after

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having fulminated against it, accepted at last, as a compromise, starched skirts or heavy petticoats with ruffles, more graceful perhaps, than horsehair, but still very clumsy. The essential thing was to add to the idea of corpulence, to take away slenderness, and above all to follow the current of received ideas. Some really elegant women invented a skirt held out with whalebones, which looked somewhat like a bee-hive, all the fulness spreading itself over the hips, and the rest falling straight; others preferred hoops arranged like those of a barrel; the most modest lined their hems with bands of crinoline, and smothered themselves under five or six stiffly-starched petticoats of checked or corded muslin. What a weight to carry! As for the circles of steel which soon appeared, they were not only ungraceful, but they tilted to right and to left. Sometimes, as the skirt was short, it slipped inside the lowest steel, and as they passed women could see men smile slightly, which impoliteness, however, did not seem to annoy them.

1889.

Happily for us, crinoline, which reigned during twenty years, has entirely disappeared, and the fashions have come back to a delightful simplicity. The only extravagances of a modern woman are in her tea-gowns and her luxurious lingerie. Our contemporaries have become more and more mistresses of the art of fascination, they vie with each other, and employ their leisure in imagining original combinations for the arrangement of their toilets and their homes; they have a passion for all the novelties of fashion, striving to be the first to wear anything really new, or to give shelter to any passing fancy of decoration. These cares attack them feverishly at the beginning of each season, and they make it a real business to assist at the arrival of new English stuffs at the dressmakers, or to follow one by one the exhibitions of table

1892.

linen, of rugs, or of old stuffs, which succeed each other almost without interruption in the large shops of the capital.

Modern fashions show this inquisitive and artistic spirit of our contemporaries; dress now seeks its best inspirations from art, and some of our fashions are only copies of old pictures. Everyone is occupied with art for woman, all which can contribute to her grace, to the beauty of her figure and charm of her face, is studied with religious care. For the last ten years, old designs, old stuffs, antique laces, and old stitches, for which other countries were formerly famous, have come back into honor. Everywhere a woman chooses according to her own taste or the character of her physiognomy. In the same gathering, may be seen a long coat of the time of the Regency beside a bodice laced like that of the Marguerite of Faust; a body copied from those of the Restoration, not far from a skirt falling straight like those of the First Empire. We live in the past, and at the same time are cosmopolitan. We hunt up old fashion-plates, we take ideas from them, we unite and confuse them, and sometimes

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out of ten different toilettes, with twenty years' interval between, it is possible to create one type of costume which is original, charming, and of exquisite taste. The men and women dressmakers of Paris, such as Worth, Laferrière, Pingat, Felix, Rodrigues, Redfern, and many others, are past masters in the art of imagining and executing gowns and cloaks, and they revive in their toilets the whole history of France. Can fashion still exist despite so many fantastic creators? I am tempted to think the contrary, as the Fashion of Fashions is likely to appear. This new custom will inaugurate a sort of general uniform for busy people who dress in a hurry and without taste; and for the profane who buy their things ready-made; while it will give rise to a diversity of costumes which is without any absolutely definite character, without any cohesion, but original with each individual, and which will be always sought for by those women who wish to give to their clothes a distinct stamp of individuality.

It is easy to see that for the last fifteen years, women who are qualified to lead have more and more refused to submit themselves to the tyrannical influence of a reigning fashion. They all go forward, the crowd follows; but the vanguard uses its own inspiration, and borrows only of itself or of what may be called the creating dressmakers. Simplicity alone dominates everything to-day, and remains the mark of good style, of distinction, and of the real aristocracy of taste. In any case, fashion is only ridiculous when it begins or when it finishes. Who can say what our children will think of our costumes at another exhibition of the arts relating to woman toward 1910 or 1920?

HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE CRISIS OF THE SCHIPKA PASS.

By Archibald Forbes.

IN the last days of June and the first days of July, 1877, the Russian army had crossed the Danube at Simnitza, radiant with high hope of swift and easy victory over its Moslem adversary. A month later it lay supine and paralyzed between the Balkans and the Danube, its hope frustrated, its strategy thwarted, its ranks thinned by 15,000 men killed and wounded without having engaged in any great battle, and the necessity enforced on it, if the enterprise was not to be abandoned altogether, of remaining passive in the positions it had attained until large reinforcements should reach it from distant Russia.

Pending their arrival, the Muscovite situation was precarious in the extreme. Gourko's dashing raid across the Balkans had come to naught, and that gallant leader had extricated himself from ruin only by desperate fighting and a hurried retreat. On the right flank Osman Pasha had moved down the Danube from Widdin, occupied Plevna, shattered the first Russian force sent against him, hurled back in bloody wreck a second effort made in greater strength to dislodge him, and was now busily engaged in intrenching himself in the Plevna position, the victorious commander of 50,000 men. The left flank, from Rustchuk on the Danube to the Balkans westward of Kazan, was beset by Mehemet Ali with 65,000 Turkish soldiers, his intermediate chief positions at Rasgrad and Osman Bazaar. South of the Balkans, in and about Yeni Zagra, with the victorious army of 40,000 men which he had brought up from the Montenegro region, stood Suleiman Pasha, who might join hands with either of his two brother generals and take the Russians in flank, or might attempt to penetrate into northern Bulgaria independently by forcing his way across the Balkans in the Russian front.

The Russians had fallen into their besetting sin of beginning the campaign

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with inadequate strength. Unable to advance, and threatened as they were on flanks and front by superior forces, they perforce accepted the attitude of a passive defensive pending the arrival of reinforcements. They held an area of horseshoe shape, of which the Danube was the open heel-space, Nikopolis and Pyrgos (near Rustchuk) were the heel-calkins, and the Schipka Pass position was the toe-piece. From the Schipka to the Danube the Russian horseshoe was about eighty miles deep, its width from flank to flank about the same. Within this space the Russians had indeed the advantage of the interior lines, but that advantage was impaired by the conditions of their situation. Their adversaries, on the other hand, had full freedom of action, of which, fortunately for the Russians, they availed themselves with little enterprise. Nevertheless the Russians were harassed in an irritating desultory way which at any moment might become more energetic; and their method of defence was the hand-to-mouth one of dealing with difficulties as they cropped up, with the result that the commands had been dislocated, and details of different corps jumbled up in the most chaotic way—patching a hole here, hurried yonder to confront a threatened incursion, massed there all of a heap because of a vague rumor. The retention of their grip on the Schipka position was to them of supreme importance. It was the door which, kept surely and strongly barred during the period of enforced inaction, constituted their protection against the onslaught of Suleiman's army; the door which, if forced by him, gave him access into northern Bulgaria and opened the ominous probability that, assailed on front and flanks by three Turkish armies the Russians would be driven back across the Danube; the door, also, which, held until their reinforcements should arrive, was the appointed portal of the Russians to their further invasion into the heart of Turkey. In a word, the Schipka was at once their present bulwark and their future open sesame. And this all-important and isolated position was defended by a single Russian regiment and five Bulgarian battalions, with a few Cossacks and 30 guns – the nearest supports 30 miles distant! General Darozhinski, with a bare 5,000 men, worn already by hard fighting, looked down from Mount St. Nicholas to where, on the plain below, stood Suleiman Pasha with 30,000 fresh and eager Turkish veterans at his back.

In the Imperial head-quarters at Gorni Studen, early in the morning of August 22d, General Ignatieff informed me that "Suleiman with 40 battalions was hammering at the Schipka, whose garrison was but 20 companies strong;" and ten minutes later I was in the saddle. On the road from Tirnova to Gabrova I passed the strong masses of infantry which Radetski was hurrying by forced marches to the succor of the Schipka garrison; and I passed also vast encampments and long melancholy processions of miserable fugitive families from the villages beyond the Balkans, where, since Gourko's retreat, the Turks had regained their full sway of rapine and murder. The whole of the road between Drenova and Gabrova might have seemed to the casual passer-by one vast picnic; but a closer glance revealed the inexpressible mournfulness of the great hegira. My artist companion revelled in the picturesqueness of the dresses of the women and children, but he had no heart to sketch the bivouacs in their profound misery. We were the witnesses, not of a few groups of casual fugitives, but of the universal exodus of the inhabitants of a whole country. There were peasants, but there were also families of the better classes – families whose women were dressed, not in Turkish trousers, in gaudy-patterned skirts, in bodices of all the hues of the rainbow, but as the American lady of to-day dresses. There were women to whom one felt as if it were not quite the thing to speak without an introduction, yet whose only habitation now was the shade of a tree, whose only means of conveyance was a miserable pony, on which they sat with a child in front and another clinging behind. Many had no means of conveyance at all, save what God had given them; and one saw ladies plodding painfully, carrying infants in their arms, whom they tried to shade from the sun with parasols, poor fond things—the tender thoughtfulness

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of motherhood, when homes were blazing behind them and misery about them and before them.

The sound of the distant cannonade in the mountains came echoing down the passes, and along the quaint, old streets of Gabrova, as I rode through the place, whose inhabitants were gathered at the street-corners in awed, anxious groups, and whispered with pale lips at the roar of the guns. It had volumes of ominous significance for them, that sullen booming up yonder in the Schipka, not six miles from their doors. While the Russians stood their ground there, the pale citizens were safe; but let them be worsted, and two short hours would see the swarms of murderous Circassians riding down the main street and scattering to their deviltry. Up in the Schipka were Bulgarian soldiers who belonged to Gabrova, and who, with pitying eyes, had seen the forlorn pilgrimage over the pass. To know that on their stanchness depended the fate of kith and kin, and hapless ones of their own race and faith, must have nerved their arm in the long, stubborn struggle. And I was sure that the Russian soldiers whom I had passed, on march to the Schipka, would fight there all the more stoutly because for hours together they had tramped with pitying hearts and consoling words through the miserable fugitives cowering in their path. I had seen the kindly hearted fellows empty the contents of their haversacks into the laps of starving Bulgarian women and children, though the gift left themselves foodless, with no idea when they should eat next. I had seen them fish from recondite pockets the few poor copecks of their meagre pay, which they had been saving for vodke and tobacco, or mayhap to carry home to their own young ones in the humble cabin in far-off Russia, and bestow them instead on the gaunt children of the homeless fugitives, with some expression of rough jocularity which was a mere bluffing mask for genuine tenderness.

Following for some distance beyond Gabrova the beautiful valley of the Jantra, the road suddenly bent sharp to the left and struck up the mountain-side. For about three miles there was no cessation in the sharp, tortuous ascent; and then, a little way beyond the hut which had been the Turkish custom-house, the beginning of the so-called "Pass" was reached.

The Schipka Pass is not a pass at all, in the ordinary sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile; no spot where 300 brave men could "make a new Thermopylæ." It has its name simply because at this point there happens to be a section of the Balkans of less than the average height, the surface of which from north to south is sufficiently continuous, although of broken and serrated contour, to afford a foothold for a practicable wheel track. The "Pass" is in reality a long, narrow saddle, or backbone, of rock, flanked on either side by depressions which are now deep hollows, now cavernous gorges. They shallow as the saddle between them gradually rises to the summit-level at Mount St. Nicholas, beyond which there is an abrupt fall southward to the village of Schipka. Taken by itself the position in a military sense is weak, since for some distance northward from the summit the central saddle is flanked on both sides, on the further sides of the intervening depressions, by lateral spurs, from which a commanding fire can sweep it. An adequate defensive position might have been obtained by the occupation to right and left of the St. Nicholas summit, of the Berdek hill and the Bald Mountain, the heads respectively of the east and west flanking spurs. But Darozhinski, with his bare 5,000, could not venture to extend thus far, and those lateral positions were seized by the Turks. The Russian general had not only to hold the intrenched position of Mount St. Nicholas; he had also to do his best to maintain his rearward communications along the saddle. St. Nicholas he garrisoned with a Russian battalion, stationed another and two Bulgarian battalions on the neck behind. Among some hillocks farther back were two Russian and three Bulgarian battalions, and when on the 21st another Russian regiment arrived from Selvi, bringing up his strength to about 7,000 men, it was stationed among some knolls still farther back. The guns were dis-

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tributed along the position to the best advantage, the larger proportion about St. Nicholas. Darozhinski's second in command was Colonel Stolietoff, the gallant officer who in the following year was the head of a Russian mission to Cabul.

On the morning of the 21st the Turks established a battery on the Berdek hill, and at noon assailed with desperate fury the left flank of the St. Nicholas position. Again and again, with fierce shouts of "Allah," they charged up almost to the muzzles of the Russian cannon, but were steadfastly repulsed with heavy losses. Their attacks lasted until after sundown, and their final rush was made in the moonlight; recoiling from the stanch defence, they maintained a heavy fire throughout the night at close range. On the 22d they confined themselves chiefly to artillery fire and the development of their positions, until by nightfall, in spite of the Russian fire, they had established batteries in front, on either flank, and indeed all but in rear of Darozhinski's position. Their infantry were in full occupation of both the flanking spurs, whose cross-fire and that of the Moslem guns swept and searched the whole of the bare central saddle held by the Russians, while the road in its rear was threatened from both sides.

The morning of the 23d brought no respite to the sorely tried defenders of the Schipka. Suleiman's guns thundered on their front and flanks; his ardent and supple infantry hurled themselves forward in a general concentric attack. All through the long day raged the fierce struggle—the unequal fight between some 7,000 worn Russians and Bulgarians and 30,000 fanatic sons of the Prophet. It could not endure. The Christians indeed fought on, but against hope, and simply bracing themselves to die hard. The reserves were engaged to the last man. The ammunition was all but exhausted. Nature defines her limits; and those brave men on whose stanch exertions Darozhinski looked with a melancholy pride, had been under a constant cross-fire for forty-eight hours, were blistered by the fierce heat, were parched for lack of water, and weak for want of food. The wounded who could move went rearward to the field hospital in so great numbers as to give to the yet unwounded men the impression that a general retreat had been ordered. And this moment of confusion and wavering was well chosen by the Turks for an advance in great force from the western flanking spur toward the high road in rear of the Russian position, while another column from the eastern spur moved down simultaneously to join hands with it. Well might Captain Greene, the American military *attaché* with the Russians, whose admirable work is the authentic record of the war—well might he write that "the moment was the most critical of the campaign." It was indeed the "historic moment" of the war. For the few ragged companies of devoted soldiers whom the gallant Lipinski rallied to confront with feeble, despairing volleys, the oncoming Turks, could have availed but little against the overwhelming force masterfully climbing the steep slope to gain the road, give the hand to the co-operating column, cut off the retreat of the Russians, and pen them up in their narrow and exposed position.

The moment was dramatic, with an intensity to which the tameness of civilian life can furnish few parallels. The Russian general, expecting momentarily to be environed, had sent out from between the fast-closing tentacles of the great octopus which was embracing him, a last telegram to the Czar, defining the inevitable issue, telling how his brave men had striven to avert it, and pledging them and himself to hold out, with the help of God, to the bitter end and the last drop of their blood. As the afternoon shadows were falling, Darozhinski and Stolietoff stood in the Turkish fire on the peak of St. Nicholas. Along the bare ridge below them lay the grimed, sun-blistered men, beaten out with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst; reckless, in their despondency, that every foot of ground was swept by the Turkish rifle fire. Others still doggedly fought on down among the rocks, forced to give ground, but doing so with sullen reluctance. The cliffs and valley echoed with triumphant shouts of "Allah il Allah!" The glasses of the chiefs anxiously

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scanned the visible glimpses of the steep, brown road leading up from the Jantra Valley, through thick copses of sombre green and yet more sombre dark rock. Stolietoff cries aloud in sudden excess of excitement, grasps Darozhinski by the elbow, and points down the Pass. The head of a long black column is plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the rock. "Now God be thanked!" utters Darozhinski, solemnly; he was a dead man thirty-six hours later. Both chiefs cross themselves and bare their heads. The troops about them spring to their feet. They descry the long, black serpent coiling onward up the brown road. Through the green copses a glint of sunshine flashes, banishes the sombreness, and dances on the glittering bayonets.

The Turkish war-cries were drowned in the wild clamor of cheering which the wind carried from the sore-pressed defenders of the Schipka, in glad welcome to the comrades hurrying to help them. As the dark serpent-like column neared the rearward position it seemed a strange kind of reinforcement, as seen from the St. Nicholas peak. A big man on a big horse rode in front; behind him followed, to all appearance, a column of cavalry—a force all but useless on the rugged summit of the Schipka. The big leader was stanch old Radetski, the corps commander; his following, a rifle battalion which he had mounted on Cossack ponies and hurried forward. The rifle brigade to which the battalion belonged—the same rifle brigade which had fought so hard with Gourko in his daring advance and masterly retreat—was close up in rear; it had marched fifty-five kilometres straight on end without cooking or sleeping, and was now climbing up from Gabrova, burning to come into action. But Radetski did not wait for the arrival of the brigade. He would strike promptly with the battalion which was already to his hand. He dismounted the nimble riflemen from the Cossack ponies and formed them up; then he sent them with a rush down into the rightward valley on the flank of the Turkish column threatening to enclose the position. Before this dashing charge the Moslems gave ground. The Russian riflemen chased them through the valley, strewn thick with the dead of the previous fighting, hunted them fiercely up the wooded opposite ascent, carried their advanced trenches, and drove them into their fortified position on the Bald Mountain Ridge. Radetski himself waited by his mountain battery, in action, till the rifle brigade came up; and then marched it forward through the long gauntlet of the Turkish fire, dropping a company here and a half battalion there, until, with part of the command still at his back, he joined Darozhinski and Stolietoff on the St. Nicholas peak.

A single weak brigade was not in itself a very important reinforcement; but Radetski was able to tell that Dragomiroff with his whole division was hurrying on at best speed. The Turks seemed to realize that their opportunities were on the wane, and attacked again and again with extreme fury. But now the Russians, although suffering heavy losses, confined themselves no longer to the defensive, for it was felt that for them there could be no safety, far less elbow-room, until the Turks should be expelled from that dominating ridge looming so menacingly on their right flank. Early on the morning of the 24th, General Dragomiroff reached the position with his leading brigade, consisting of the Podolsk and Jitomer regiments, which had marched thirty-eight miles on the previous day. The Podolsks he left in reserve, and they later assailed, without definite results, the Turkish flank on the Bald Mountain spur. The Jitomers he led forward along the road under the heavy fire with which the Turks swept that *via dolorosa* throughout the day. About 10 A.M. Dragomiroff was ranking his soldiers in preparation for an attack, when he was severely wounded by a bullet in the knee-joint. We carried him to a less exposed spot, where the surgeons bandaged the wound, and then he was placed on a stretcher and conveyed to the improvised field-hospital back near the spring.

Suleiman no doubt had learned of the arrival of reinforcements, and could not doubt that more were coming. His chance of success was fading out, and his last hope lay in prompt and vigorous

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action. He resolved on a final desperate attempt to conquer the St. Nicholas position. His valiant troops rushed to the assault with extraordinary enthusiasm. The foremost regiment was commanded by a reckless Scotsman named Campbell, who was afterward killed in South Africa. Straight at the Russian trenches he led his Moslem soldiers, who carried them with a rush at the point of the bayonet, and then mingled with the Russian defenders in a wild *mêlée*, in which the bayonet and clubbed rifles were the only weapons used. The hand-to-hand struggle lasted for many minutes, but in the end the resolute Russian doggedness gained the mastery, and such of the Turks as survived the close conflict of cold steel were heaved back over the trenches by dint of main strength. The interior of the position, gained and held by the Turks for a short time, was like a shambles. Campbell was among the few survivors of his command; it is all but strictly true that his regiment was annihilated.

During the rest of the day the regiments of Dragomiroff's division continued to arrive, and by nightfall the Russian position on the Schipka must have had a garrison of nearly 20,000 men. Throughout the afternoon Radetski had been launching attack after attack on the Turkish positions on the Woody and Bald Mountains, one of which the stout old warrior led himself. He was not successful in reaching the hostile batteries on the ridges, spite of his determined endeavors, but he had enlarged his borders considerably by taking and holding the advanced trenches of the Turks; and it was very significant that ever since the bloody repulse of their furious attack on Mount St. Nicholas at noon, the latter had steadily refrained from renewing the offensive. When the Russians approached threateningly their main positions, they warned them off, so to speak, by showing in strength and by maintaining a heavy fire. But they were content with beating off their assailants, and made no attempt to follow them when they withdrew. The Turk is stubborn as well as ardent, and there was little doubt that there was to be much hard fighting in front of Radetski before he should clear his flanks of the persistent enemy, and regain unquestioned dominance of the Balkan region in the Schipka vicinity. But it appeared to me that thenceforth he would at least be no longer the assailed, but could be the assailant; and that, in a word, the Schipka was now safe. In that belief, on the evening of August 24th, I left Schipka for another section of the theatre of war.

Events justified the belief. There was hard fighting on the 25th and 26th, but the initiative was thenceforth with the Russians, and the Turks confined themselves to holding their positions on the defensive. The five days' fighting had cost the latter nearly 12,000 men; the Russian losses were about 3,500. On September 17th Suleiman, after a heavy cannonade lasting for four days, again assailed the Russian position with extraordinary fury; but a repulse with the loss of some 3,500 men sickened him of any further efforts. Radetski stoutly held the Schipka until the new year, when, in accordance with the Russian scheme of campaign he quitted the position he had so long held, and descended into Roumelia with his face set toward Constantinople. The story of his advance, January, 1878, on the Turkish army in its intrenchments on the southern base of the mountain range, made in three columns through snow in places ten feet deep, and of the surrender of the whole Moslem force to Skobeleff, cannot here be told, but was one of the most brilliant and striking exploits of the war. That achievement could not have been performed had the Turks succeeded in wresting from its scant Russian garrison the Schipka position in August; and that they would have done this is certain but for the dramatically opportune arrival of Radetski with his advance guard of reinforcements on the memorable afternoon of August 23d.

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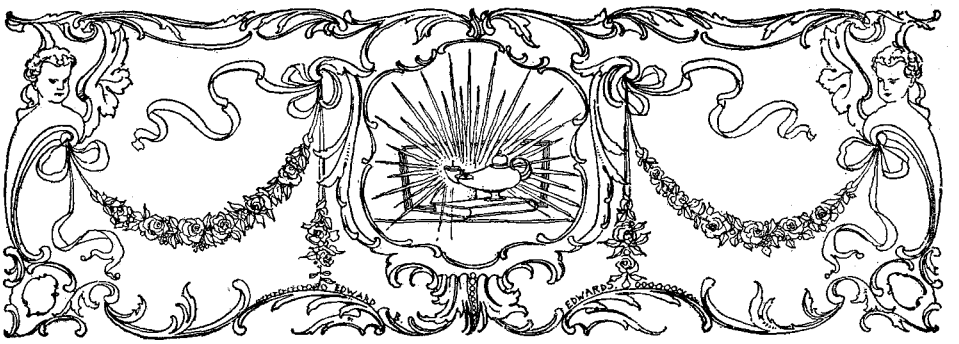

THE POINT OF VIEW.

My brother Mundanus and I, having baffled for the moment the penury that habitually suppresses our noble rages, dined together the other night at Delmonico's. After we had well eaten and pretty adequately drunken, my brother's emotions being stirred, he lifted his voice in reproachful protest at certain untoward flukes of fortune to which it seemed due that he and I had been barred out from the large possibilities of a life of luxury and possible pride, and restricted to the more meagre chances of laborious virtue. There was our grandfather, that thrifty and sagacious merchant whose annual accumulations were of such a satisfactory size for so many successive years. If only his talent for investing money had equalled his ability to make it, what an edifying variety of roses would have bordered our pathway through life. Drinking with decorous respect to this gentleman's memory, my brother recalled an incident, to us the most pathetic in our grandfather's career. It happened rather more than sixty years ago. A succession of prosperous seasons had swelled his bank balance to unusual proportions. In his quest for an investment he learned of the budding promise of a Western town named Chicago. His mind dwelt upon it until he finally converted fifty thousand dollars into portable assets and travelled out to look at the ambitious Western place, determined, if he liked its appearance, to buy himself a collection of its corner lots. Alas! he found the town was swampy, and he caught cold there, and brought his assets home again, and presently put them with divers others into woollen mills, some of which burned down, and others after a time hung fire, and were sold at a grievous valuation just before the war broke out and made the everlasting fortunes of their purchasers.

At this harrowing reminiscence a tear ran down my brother's nose and fell into his champagne; but restraining his feelings he went on to recall how one or two decades later, our father, at that time a vigilant young attorney in Gotham, had formed a favorable opinion of the tract known as Murray Hill, and, borrowing a convenient sum of money, had purchased some acres of land in it, intending to hold them for future possibilities. But in a year or two, having a salutary horror of debt, he took counsel of precaution, and sold his land again and bought back the notes he had given for the purchase money. Which of the contemporary Crœsi owned the lots now my brother did not know, nor did he care to learn.

Coming down still another generation, my brother recalled the time when, not many years ago, he and I were solicited to share the ownership and fortunes of a journal whose infant soul was just on the point of fluttering into life. But, mindful of the mortality statistics of infant journals, we withheld our hands and stayed where we were. Alas again! That infant throve prodigiously, and now its erstwhile anxious owners rejoice in town and country domiciles and invigorate their energies behind fleet quadrupeds on the Riverside drive. But my brother and I still dwell in modest hired tenements, and rely upon the street-cars for our transportation.

Seeing that these reminiscences seemed to have a depressing effect upon my broth-

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er's spirits I hastened to suggest to him such consoling considerations as came into my mind. I reminded him, in the first place, that inasmuch as we and our fathers had lived in times of prodigious industrial development, such opportunities as we and they had missed had been the common lot of their and our contemporaries, and it was the exception to find a man born to fair possibilities in life who could not recur in his family annals to just such chances of being very rich as he had recalled. I told him of the perennial despondency with which my friend Robinson looked back to a day when a friend of his had come to him with a handful of Dhudeen & Popocatapetl mining stock which he had entreated him to purchase at eight dollars a share. But Robinson, being a prudent man, had declined, and year after year since then had watched the gradual uprising of that D. & P. stock until each of those eight-dollar shares was now represented by certificates readily marketable at two thousand dollars.

I went on to remind him that if our grandfather had bought those corner lots in Chicago, our family, which is large and not of an especially frugal temperament, would have tried very earnestly to live up to the possibilities of life which such a purchase would eventually have opened. One thing I thought worth mentioning was that if our father had inherited such a great fortune he would not have found time to raise so many children, and my brother and I might never have been born or might have died in infancy from some costly foreign fever. I reminded him, too, that our sisters would doubtless have married counts or possibly spendthrift dukes, and would have lived abroad at great expense to the estate, and our older brother, who had a prejudice against work as it was, would undoubtedly have enjoyed life in a manner that would have made necessary some heavy mortgages; so that it was easily possible that we would have found ourselves, at our age, no richer than we are now, and much less capable both of earning a living and of living on such incomes as we could earn.

My brother demurred gently at my gloomy estimate of the demoralizing tendencies of wealth, but I continued. I admitted that if our father had held on to his Murray Hill lots the property might have lasted our time, but I reminded him that in that case we should now have been middle-aged men who had experienced expensive pleasures and eaten and drunk rather too much for our good for at least twenty years. Our characters would have been feebler for lack of most of the effort and self-denial we had practised during that period; the money we had spent would be gone, and we would have detriment rather than benefit to show for it. The pleasure we had had, being past, would be of no value to us at all, and would impair rather than increase our abilities to enjoy in the future. A continuance of the sort of life we had been leading would not be affirmatively pleasurable, but merely a necessary condition of tolerable existence. If we had had children, we should be apprehensive of the effect of our examples on their welfare; but the chances were that we should be childless clubmen, with shining scalps, and just beginning to be disturbed by ominous twinges in our great toes.

As to that last chance my brother had alluded to, of our gaining a competence by our own sagacity and good luck, that seemed to me to offer a more reasonable opening for regret. Nevertheless I explained to him that even if we had been in easy circumstances for only eight or nine years, we should not have been quite the same men that we were, nor would our possible gains have been unattended with losses. In my own case I was sure, for example, that a lucky stroke ten years ago would have made such a difference in my associates that I never should have fallen in with my present wife. My children, in consequence, if I had had any children, would have had different colored eyes and hair, and would have been different children altogether. I could not think with equanimity of myself as married to a person, however estimable, who is to me in fact an entire stranger; or as the father of a young brood with whom, as things have gone, I have no acquaintance, and in whom I take only a remote and dispassionate interest. The man I might have been, I said, is as much a stranger to me as the Prince of Wales. The man I am—that I have worked over, and endured, and sat up nights with—is inextricably associated with my most intimate concerns. For

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better or worse, I would rather go on with him as he is than change him for a richer, or even a better man, developed on different lines, under different conditions, and living with a wife and children that belong, as it is, to somebody else.

"As for you," I continued, "not being married, you are not affected by all the considerations that influence me. But if you had made a lucky hit ten years ago you probably would have married; and when you consider the various chances of matrimony, including the cost of children's shoes and the propensity of male offspring to go to the dogs, are you sure that you would dare to shift blindfold out of the shoes you occupy now into those of the man you might have been if you had had better luck?"

My brother sniffed a little, but very gently. I think my arguments impressed him somewhat; but his philosophy is a trifle less ascetic than mine, and it is only on clearer days than common that he can fix his gaze upon the promised land intensely enough to drive the flesh-pots of Egypt out of his head. He may still be mourning in his heart over those corner lots in Chicago. I don't know. But even if my arguments failed to have a convincing effect upon him, there are some hundreds of thousands of other vainly regretful Americans with whom possibly they may find more favor.

When some social philosopher, who will need a large infusion of the quality himself, some time undertakes that uncommonly interesting book "A History of Courage," he will have a very entertaining task in pointing out the changes that have taken place in the popular ideal of that first of human excellences.

On purely gladiatorial and military courage he will have to spend little space, of course; the conception of it probably has not changed much either way in a matter of three or four thousand years, and takes very little thought of motives or morals. So with what is called gallantry, dash, or what you like; now and then someone will write of "mere intrepidity," or some rather frigid hero like the Great Duke will say, "What the devil was he doing, larking there? I shall not mention him in the despatches;" but in the main the common judgment of these qualities is unchanged and unchangeable—sound and healthy enough, if sometimes discouragingly undiscriminating.

When it comes to the other and more complicated courage, however, the "courage of conduct," the author of the great work suggested will find puzzling changes; among which I hope he will choose for attention a particular phase in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which seems to me not to have received the proper notice from moralists. It is not a change of ideal which shows any loss in the popular estimate of the relative value of courage—on the contrary; it is in one sense a still further proof of Emerson's remark, that all mankind give courage "the first rank; they forgive everything to it." But it certainly shows a change in the kind of courage to which they forgive.

I mean the admiration that has grown up for the "nerve" of that modern type known by many names, from financier to wrecker. "You may say what you like," I heard *à propos* of one of the "young Napoleons of Wall Street," "of course it's all wrong, and I have no idea of defending the man, but I can't help admiring his nerve." And when the recognized head of the master "wizards" died, every account of him dwelt upon his daring as the great redeeming trait.

Now, courage has never been altogether bound up with morals, and nobody has ever cavilled at the entering of that plea for a Danton, or would probably dispute the right of a man to discriminate among the qualities of Dick Turpin; but this kind of thing seems to me, and I trust will seem to the author of the "History of Courage," provocative of a different feeling. The Dantons have had great ideas behind them, however misconceived, and the Dick Turpins are at least in open rebellion, with its personal dangers and candid notice to the world at large. But was there ever before a popular disposition to find a virtue of courage in the ingenious betrayal of trusts (commonly so as to keep within the letter of the law, and so avoid even the greater personal risks) and the skilful evasion of promises? The fox and the lion have furnished plenty of apologues, but not with this moral.

The talk about the value of primitive conditions and simplicity is largely perfunctory and traditional; no one who thinks has any

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doubt that the complexity of civilization has raised rather than lowered the standard of general morality; and the worst that can be alleged against it is that it has made it a matter of more care and pains to do the right thing—a lazy plea for a moralist, surely. As Becky Sharp said it was easy to be good on five thousand a year, so we might reply that it was a comparatively trifling matter to practise the virtues when they were clear black and white, and when the question whether to rob and kill a man was simply whether you should rob and kill him, and not whether, by a certain course of action, you should so bring it about that he should lose his savings and die poor. The modern applications of morality may be intricate. But the moment you infuse the idea of pluck into the pursuit of a clever system of quasi-legal appropriation, you are introducing a false quantity into the whole complication, and one of a particularly deceptive and seductive sort. The reason why cheating at cards has always remained a thing which men would not own to who would confess most other sins and wickednesses, is the intrinsic cowardice that lies in it; even "gambler's nerve" is not applied to men who are not playing by the laws of the game. The historian of Courage will find a very radical change, indeed, confronting him when he finds anyone willing to praise the "nerve" with which a player cheated; and yet, *mutatis mutandis*, what is this but just what is done when that saving grace is claimed for the contemporary type referred to?

A VERY acute dispute has been carried on in one of the English weeklies for several months as to the relative happiness of the old and the young in these days and in the days of our grandfathers, and as to the relative responsibility of each class for what many of the writers agree is the less happy condition of the old. It was started by a gentleman who owned to "something over fifty-five years," and who complained that he could not manage to maintain intercourse of sustained interest and sympathy with his sons and daughters. Like most discussions of the sort, this is pervaded by much generalization on limited data. The facts that seem generally agreed upon are, first, that the young have much more freedom than fifty years ago, and second, that a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen over fifty think that their own lives would be more comfortable if this freedom were decidedly restricted. There has undoubtedly been a like change, and apparently with a like result for the elders, in some parts of our own complex society. But though I cannot pretend to be a typical American parent, I am bound to confess that family infelicities cannot fairly be charged either to the young or to the old exclusively, and that merciless self-inspection, to ascertain the causes of such infelicities where they exist, is at least a more promising process than criticism of the parties of the second part.

That is not a very novel moral for the tale of the better part of a lifetime. It was anticipated as long ago as in the days of Confucius, and it involves the essence of the teaching of the Founder of Christianity. It is not, I suppose, on that account the less practical. Of course there are terrible exceptions. Now and again the most unselfish parental devotion is repaid by painful ingratitude, and Goneril and Regan spring from the same loins with Cordelia. But if the law that brings the greatest happiness in the long run to the unselfish be not so uniform in its operation as the law of gravitation, it yet remains far and away the best guide to such happiness as life permits. In the light of this law, the discussion of more or less "discipline," or respectful obedience, or sympathetic regard among the young may be interesting, but its interest will come chiefly from the personal experience and bias of the disputants, and will be profitable only as that experience can be shaped according to this law. The "present generation" must be taken practically as the dwindling portion of the last and the growing portion of the next. Among those who compose it, unquestioning obedience to the principle of religious authority is not spreading, and probably waning; but he must be a dull observer who has not discovered, when he has arrived at the possession of a family, that the golden rule is the supremest sense. If the mixed or vexing questions of intimate daily relations cannot be settled on that basis, the disagreeable but inevitable truth seems to be that they cannot be settled at all.

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FROM A PASTEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

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A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN

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